

PUBLIC LIBRARY
FORT WAYNE & ALLEN CO., IND.

GENEALOGY DEPARTMENT

ASEMENT

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01746 7157

GENEALOGY

974

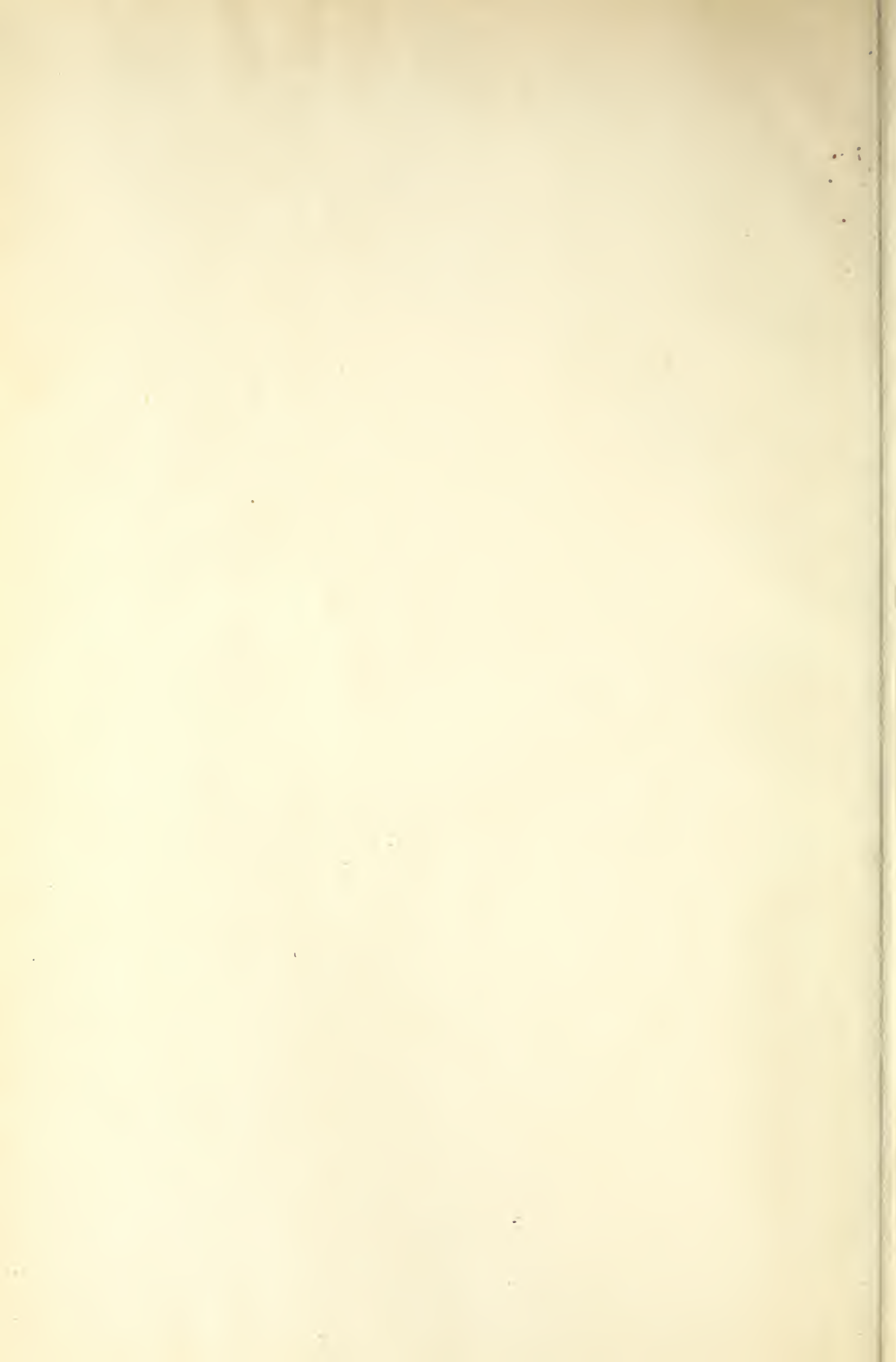
N4215

1913



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

<http://archive.org/details/newenglandmagaziv49bost>



OUR FIRESIDES

HOW much of the beauty of our beautiful New England pertains to the fireside glow of the old homestead? All in all, though as an artist less masterly than others, Whittier is our most indigenous poet, and "Snow Bound" his most characteristic utterance. We make no apology, therefore, for breaking our series of out-of-door views by a number illustrated throughout with in-door New England studies.

The charm of the New England fireside, what is it? It is not in the curling smoke-wreathes, nor the snapping flames, nor the dying embers of redolent wood. We have all seen this imitatively carried out to the last detail. Let us look for it rather in the honest thrift and industry from which its cheering abundance flows. When each member of the household justifies his or her place by some active and useful toil, there arises mutual respect and a reverence for individuality that cannot be transgressed. An atmosphere of idealism envelopes all, and lends to each familiar word and act the sweetness and beauty of poetry.

These are qualities, happily, not dependent upon the size of the hearth nor the fuel consumed thereon. They are not at all ashamed to come as near to radiators as to open fireplaces. It is the get-rich-quick schemer, with his showy and spendthrift ten-dollar-a-cord wood fire in a costly fireplace, that drives from his doors the individual sanctities upon which the home is built.



MRS. HARRIETT BEECHER STOWE, IN HER STUDY AT HER PORTLAND HOME



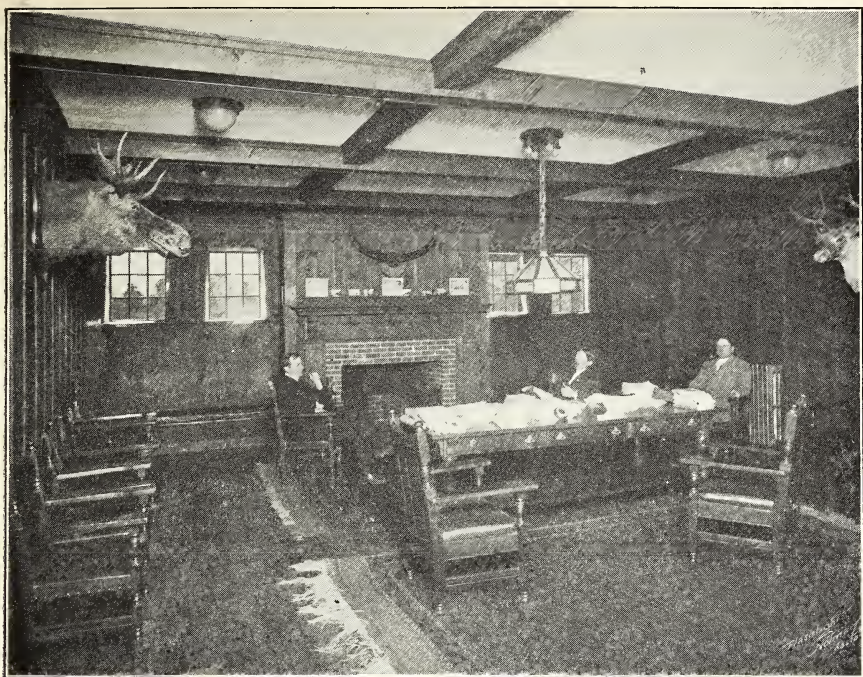
48801



GRANDMOTHER'S ATTIC TREASURES
THE OLD FOUR-POSTER



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE "HARRIETT BEECHER STOWE" CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE



SMOKING ROOM IN THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE
UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY'S PLANT



THE CUTTING ROOM OF A CONGRESS
SHIRT COMPANY'S PLANT

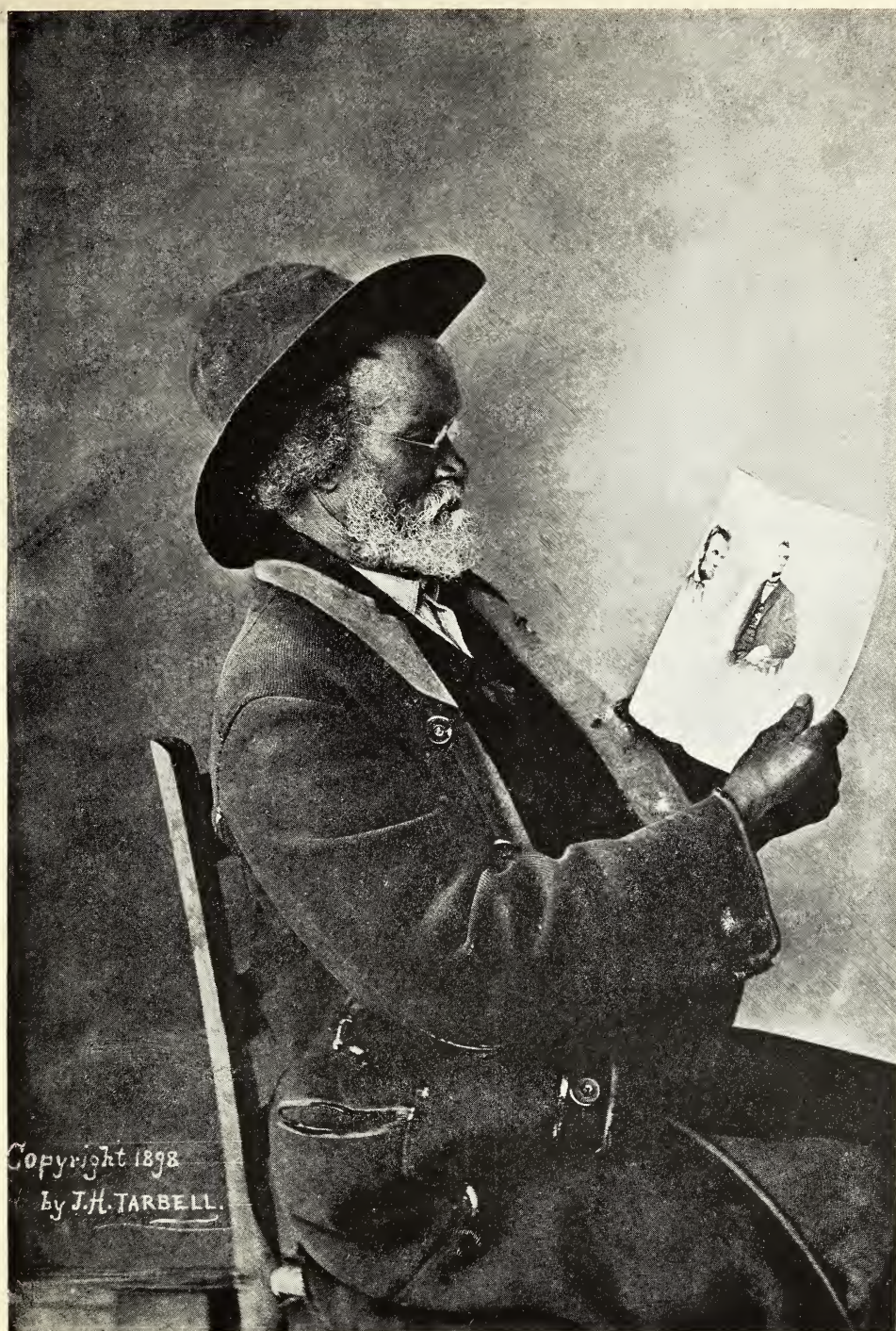
TWO COZY NEW ENGLAND FACTORY INTERIORS



AN OLD ENGLAND HEARTH



A NEW ENGLAND HEARTH — WHITTIER'S KITCHEN, AMESBURY



Copyright 1898
By J.H. TARBELL.

THE BELOVED FEATURES OF THE EMANCIPATOR

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE takes a special pleasure in publishing the following article by Mr. John F. Moors, the concluding part of which will appear next month.

Mr. Moors is a well-known Boston banker, of the firm of Moors & Cabot, and is a prominent and active member of the State-created Boston Finance Commission, which exercises large control over Boston's expenditures.

These positions in Boston's commercial life attest Mr. Moors's conservative and thorough way of examining any project he may take up. His expressed judgment, therefore, is entitled to every credence as having been reached only by the most careful method, and as containing only facts and conclusions from which, owing to what Mr. Moors ascertained, there was no escape.

The persistent attacks on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, during the last six years have exercised a very disturbing influence in New England, and have unsettled many holders of railroad securities. Mr. Moors began his investigation largely in the interest of such of his customers as were stockholders of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. That he was making an investigation was unknown to the railroad people. He felt that it was highly important to get at the truth.

The revelations in Mr. Moors's article are startling. There can be no doubt that the business interests in New England will be grateful to Mr. Moors for the time he has given to his investigation and the fearlessness with which he has faced and placed his facts.

The attitude of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is entirely non-partisan. Its pages, therefore, are open to any statement of the other side of the case that is equally sincere and authoritative.

Betraying New England!

By JOHN F. MOORS



Gulliver New England The Pigmies at Work

IT is doubtful if the average citizen of New England adequately understands the real motive of the attacks made in recent years on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company and its allied lines. All have been directed against President Mellen, and the real purpose of these attacks may perhaps rest forever within the minds of those who have made them.

Would the gentlemen who have led

these attacks have New England's progress retarded?

Would their aims include disaster to New England?

These are the thoughts which have naturally been awakened by the opposition to the railroad system, which within the last ten years has made for tremendous progress in the New England states.

The leader in the fight against the transportation system of New England

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE takes a special pleasure in publishing the following article by Mr. John F. Moors, the concluding part of which will appear next month.

Mr. Moors is a well-known Boston banker, of the firm of Moors & Cabot, and is a prominent and active member of the State-created Boston Finance Commission, which exercises large control over Boston's expenditures.

These positions in Boston's commercial life attest Mr. Moors's conservative and thorough way of examining any project he may take up. His expressed judgment, therefore, is entitled to every credence as having been reached only by the most careful method, and as containing only facts and conclusions from which, owing to what Mr. Moors ascertained, there was no escape.

The persistent attacks on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, during the last six years have exercised a very disturbing influence in New England, and have unsettled many holders of railroad securities. Mr. Moors began his investigation largely in the interest of such of his customers as were stockholders of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. That he was making an investigation was unknown to the railroad people. He felt that it was highly important to get at the truth.

The revelations in Mr. Moors's article are startling. There can be no doubt that the business interests in New England will be grateful to Mr. Moors for the time he has given to his investigation and the fearlessness with which he has faced and placed his facts.

The attitude of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is entirely non-partisan. Its pages, therefore, are open to any statement of the other side of the case that is equally sincere and authoritative.

Betraying New England!

By JOHN F. MOORS



Gulliver New England The Pigmies at Work

IT is doubtful if the average citizen of New England adequately understands the real motive of the attacks made in recent years on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company and its allied lines. All have been directed against President Mellen, and the real purpose of these attacks may perhaps rest forever within the minds of those who have made them.

Would the gentlemen who have led

these attacks have New England's progress retarded?

Would their aims include disaster to New England?

These are the thoughts which have naturally been awakened by the opposition to the railroad system, which within the last ten years has made for tremendous progress in the New England states.

The leader in the fight against the transportation system of New England

is Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, who is prominently mentioned as a possible member of President-elect Wilson's cabinet. It is time that specific information and an analytical chronology of these attacks should be set forth in order that all New Englanders should be aware of their nature.

THE FIRST ATTACK

Mr. Louis D. Brandeis began his attack on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and on its president, Mr. Charles S. Mellen, in June, 1907. At that time he was counsel for the Lawrence family of Medford, large, and until then, influential holders of Boston & Maine stock. This is the interest which Mr. Mellen clearly had in mind in his recent "two-column statement," in which he charged that the attacks on the New Haven road originally sprang from his refusal to pay an exorbitant price for a particular block of Boston & Maine stock. There can be no doubt that at the outset of his attack Mr. Brandeis was counsel for the Medford Lawrences. The Boston *Herald* of June 11, 1907, said, "Mr. Brandeis appeared [at a legislative hearing] in behalf of the Lawrence interests of Medford and of the Veterans' Association of the Lawrence Light Guard." The Boston *Globe* of June 19, said, "Louis D. Brandeis, who represents the Lawrence interests in opposition to the merging of the Boston & Maine Railroad with the New York, New Haven & Hartford system." On June 20 the *Globe* said, "The only vote passed was one to notify Louis D. Brandeis, who is counsel for William B. Lawrence, a large Boston & Maine stockholder." Even more conclusive is the following from the Boston *Globe* of June 19: "Hon. William B. Lawrence, of Medford, when asked if he cared to make any comment about the speaker's bill, said that, inasmuch as Mr. Brandeis had spoken and as the latter was his legal representative." Whatever doubt may be felt as to Mr. Brandeis's present position, there can

be no doubt that in June, 1907, he was counsel for the interests represented by Mr. William B. Lawrence.

The position of that gentleman at the time thus becomes pertinent. One of the prime reasons, as then outlined by President Mellen, for the merger of the New Haven and the Boston & Maine railroads was a connection, under Boston, of the North and South Stations. In June, 1907, having at great cost improved the New Haven system, he was convinced that the great block to further progress was the break in transportation service at this center. This part of the merger plan, still apparently as far as ever from realization, must be understood to grasp the point of view in June, 1907, of Mr. Brandeis's principal, Mr. Lawrence.

In the *Globe* of June 6, 1907, Mr. Lawrence expressed great fear of watered securities. "The truth is," said he, "the water has already been prepared [i.e., in the New Haven securities] and now the Boston & Maine is asked to furnish the soup. Our road is a solid, conservative corporation." "Mr. Lawrence," continued the *Globe*, "dwelt repeatedly on the idea that the whole scheme is worthy of Jay Gould in the palmy days of his railroad operations, and that it will mean the exploiting of a solid, economically managed road." "A man with half an eye can see the result of a single union station. Rich or well-to-do people from all over the country who come to New England summer resorts, and who now remain awhile in Boston and who sometimes spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in our stores for high-class goods of one sort or another would simply be switched onto another track in going through." "Will such a proposition as that be acceptable to the business men and the people of Boston? I don't think so."

Acting for a principal with such a point of view and so anxious to have the public believe that the Boston & Maine was to furnish the substance for the new "soup," and the New

Haven only the water, Mr. Brandeis introduced into the Legislature on June 11, 1907, a bill making it a penal offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment, for the New Haven or for individuals acting in its interest to acquire Boston & Maine stock. The first attack was thus begun.

That the merger would be promptly effected was taken for granted immediately after Mr. Mellen had announced the proposition. Governor Guild sought only to safeguard the interests of the state in rates and quality of service. The Boston Merchants' Association sent a public-spirited representative, Mr. Jerome Jones, to the State House. His chief plea was that the word "Boston" should not be removed from the Boston & Maine cars. Corporation Counsel Babson, appearing for Mayor Fitzgerald, expressed the opinion that the proposed merger was legal. The New Haven stock to be issued for the exchange with Boston & Maine stock was listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Several Boston & Maine directors were elected directors of the New Haven.

On the other hand, the cause of Messrs. Lawrence and Brandeis was espoused by prominent Democratic politicians, notably by Mr. Vahey, Mr. Daniel C. Kiley, and Mr. Frank J. Linehan, and by Mr. Norman H. White, a Republican, who recently overshot the mark in attacking the New Haven.

There were elements in the situation which made their cause popular with the masses. It was then as now axiomatic with the average citizen that monopoly is a curse. Furthermore, Massachusetts had consistently asserted its right to approve or disapprove railroad mergers within its borders; yet interests identified with the New Haven and with its New York or Connecticut bankers had bought over 100,000 shares of Boston & Maine stock, thereby practically assuring control before the Commonwealth even guessed that a merger was contemplated.

Mr. Mellen explained his failure to inform the authorities of the deal on the ground that another road would have bought control of the Boston & Maine if he had not, that he had to work quickly, and after the time had expired for the introduction of new business into the Massachusetts Legislature. Pressed as to the name of the other road, he said it was the New York Central. His final announcement expressed a desire to co-operate for the public good. He was fully prepared to have the state protect its interests by suitable regulations. Both in spirit and to the letter he promised to fulfil his promises of improved service. "The power to control, to regulate, is unquestionable," said he. "The creature cannot become greater than or independent of its master."

Until this time Mr. Mellen had been popular in this community. He had not only greatly improved the New Haven road, but he had been friendly in his public utterances. In June, 1907, however, he allowed himself to be exasperated by Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Brandeis. At the legislative hearing of June 11, the committee room was crowded. At the morning session Mr. Brandeis introduced his bill, and Mr. Lawrence was the principal speaker. The latter said that the Boston & Maine stockholders were in danger of being "sandbagged" by the New Haven. In the afternoon Mr. Mellen's statement of his own position was clear and constructive, but of Messrs. Lawrence and Brandeis he spoke as follows:

"I listened to remarks this morning of a particularly mendacious character. I cannot believe that the people who have talked on this matter are so ignorant as not to know the facts. We all know that a six-track railroad in New York City is different from a double-track railroad in the country. When this campaign of mendacity is closed, perhaps some gentlemen's good faith may be impugned besides mine."

"Have you read the Brandeis bill?" he was asked.

"I have, I could see but one objection to it,— it wasn't strong enough. I would amend the bill by requiring the New Haven road to sell the stock and prohibit any one from buying it. That would be most effectual. And I'd put anybody in prison who discussed the subject."

After the committee had asked Mr. Mellen such questions as it cared to, Mr. Brandeis sought to propound some. But Mr. Mellen turned on his heel, and, saying that he was ready to enlighten the committee, but not to give ammunition to the enemy, left the room, Mr. Brandeis shouting after him.

On June 28, 1907, under the leadership of Speaker Cole, an act was passed allowing the New Haven interests to hold till July 1, 1908, the Boston & Maine stock already bought, but without the right to vote or to consolidate during that period or to control the Boston & Maine. Thus in effect the *status quo* was maintained for a year, to allow the Legislature time for deliberate consideration of the subject.

Though this was a serious setback for the proposition, Messrs. Lawrence and Brandeis maintained that the act was not sufficiently drastic. Mr. Linehan in the Senate called the legislation "Mellen's bill." Mr. Vahey said, "The action gives Mellen a slap on the wrist instead of jail."

THE FIRST ATTACK — PART TWO

Mr. Brandeis's second attack was made in December, 1907, just six months after the first. A pamphlet then appeared entitled, "Financial Condition of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, and of the Boston & Maine Railroad, by Louis D. Brandeis." In form, size, and general appearance it resembled the annual reports of large railroad companies, such as are published by the Union Pacific and the New York Central Companies, and by the New Haven itself. In substance the pamphlet is so extra-

ordinarily inaccurate and misleading that it seems hardly possible that a man of Mr. Brandeis's intelligence could have been the author of it. Yet no other name appears on the pamphlet. No engineer or expert accountant is anywhere quoted in it. Mr. Brandeis's name is on the cover, on the title-page, and at the end (*i.e.*, the foot of page 41, before various tables and appendices). He is clearly responsible for the publication of this document and for what it says.

The main proposition in the document is that the New Haven had become under Mr. Mellen's management a very weak company, while the Boston & Maine had been becoming a strong company. The New Haven's debts had swollen, its revenues for the stockholders had decreased, its bookkeeping had become lax, while the condition of the Boston & Maine had steadily improved. This is in keeping with Mr. Lawrence's assertion six months earlier.

The foundations for the proposition are unsound. Mr. Brandeis has two summaries in italics, one preceding his analysis of the New Haven, showing its weakness, the other preceding his analysis of the Boston & Maine, showing its strength. In the New Haven italics he says, "About one-half of its outstanding capitalization represents properties other than steam railroads." The truth is that if \$10,955,000 invested in the Milbrook Company, controlling the New York & Port Chester and the New York, West Chester & Boston roads, now the equivalent of high-grade steam railroads, but electrified, is included in steam railroad property, the steam railroads represented \$218,814,476.06 of capitalization, the other properties \$100,412,053.95, a difference of over \$118,000,000. (See Report of the Commission on Commerce and Industry, pp. 98-101, inclusive.) If the Park Square property, bought for railroad purposes and now being sold, is included in railroad property, a difference of about \$123,000,000 is shown. If neither the Milbrook Com-

pany nor the Park Square property is included, the difference is about \$107,000,000. Presently he says, "Its stock is not tax exempt." This statement, made categorically, is the exact reverse of the truth. On page 8 of the document the reader gets an inkling that the categorical statement was only a subtle legal distinction in the author's mind between the "old" New Haven road and the "new" New Haven holding company. Here, too, however, the statement is made categorically: "The tax exemption does not apply to such company." The italicized summary says, "This year's fixed and miscellaneous charges will reach \$20,000,000." This statement is later repeated twice in the report: first on page 11,—in spite of figures on the same page showing that, including guaranteed dividends of the company's Massachusetts trolley system, the fixed charges the previous year had been only \$16,267,177.70,—a second time on page 23 where the figure "not less than \$20,000,000," together with certain charges which the author would make against income for betterments and improvements, is the basis for the conclusion, also italicized, that the "dividend balance would be . . . less than enough to pay during the year three per cent in dividends,"—a sensational assertion. The truth is that the fixed charges for that year proved to be only \$17,259,832.05, as might have been foretold and was foretold at the time by a writer in the *Boston News Bureau* commenting on the Brandeis document. Finally, in italics much larger than the other italics, the summary of the New Haven weakness says, "If solvency is to be maintained, *a large reduction in the dividend rate is inevitable.*" Yet for five years since then the eight per cent dividend rate has been maintained.

The Boston & Maine summary is altogether favorable and concludes thus: "During the last six years its [the Boston & Maine's] financial condition has been growing steadily in strength, and it is in a sound condition

for further development of its transportation facilities." Yet it is the almost universal opinion of the financial world that but, for the supporting arms of the New Haven, the Boston & Maine would before this have been in the hands of a receiver.

Note also this in the introduction to the document: "The New Haven Company, instead of being strong, is financially weak. The Boston & Maine, instead of being hopelessly weak, has been growing steadily in financial strength. A review of the financial operations of the two companies during the past six years should convince the reader of these facts."

What extraordinary figures follow this introduction and the New Haven summary! Seeing them in print and stated with an air of authority, the modest reader is not inclined to question them. But he is only the more astonished when, on analysis, he finds how untrue they are.

For example, on page 9 the opening line of a chapter on capitalization is as follows: "Stock,—the outstanding capital stock of the *new* New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company on June 30, 1907, was \$121,878,100." The assertion is absolute, and is not made the less so by the following paragraph, fourteen lines below: "The 247,977 shares of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company's 'full paid stock' now held by its subsidiary companies may, in the discretion of the management, be sold in the market without notice to the public from time to time at any price,—a serious menace to the market value of New Haven stock."

"The 247,977 shares" of stock have not been mentioned up to this point in the document, and there is nothing here to indicate to the reader that the outstanding stock was not, as quoted above, \$121,878,100 but, \$24,797,700 less than this, or \$97,080,400. The reader is simply led to believe that another menacing situation is being disclosed. The balance sheet of the company stated:—

Capital stock	\$121,878,100
Less: held by subsidiary companies	24,797,700
	<hr/> \$97,080,400.

Yet, Mr. Brandeis asserted without qualification that the outstanding stock was \$121,878,100 and made this large issue compare unfavorably with only \$91,878,100 old company stock outstanding about six months earlier (*i.e.*, previous to May 31, 1907), and mentions the 247,977 shares in the treasury, not to subtract them from \$121,878,100 but simply to darken the picture.

On page 25, under the title "Causes of Financial Decline," this statement is made: "The aggregate capital obligations outstanding in the hands of the public of the New Haven system (including besides the railroads owned or leased and commonly known as the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, also the controlled railroads operated separately, and the trolleys, steamships, electric light, and other interests) increased from \$158,883,443 on June 30, 1901, to \$498,849,805 on June 30, 1907, or \$339,966,362."

From these figures the reader was to deduce that there had been a sensational increase of capitalization.

A table on pages 42 and 44 gives in detail this increase. Included in this table are the following items: "N. Y., Ont. & Western R.R. Co. stock \$28,955,783, bonds \$26,025,000," or, together, about \$55,000,000 of liabilities. Nevertheless, on page 28, near the close of the chapter on "Causes of Financial Decline," this statement is made: "New York, Ontario, and Western.—The 291,600 shares of common stock in this company [no effort is made to reconcile this \$29,160,000 of stock with the \$28,955,783 in the table on page 44] purchased by the New Haven at about \$45 per share, or \$13,105,185.62, on November 1, 1904, were selling in the market on December 2, 1907, at \$32 per share." The purpose here is to show, that the New Haven Company made a serious loss on the in-

vestment (without the slightest allowance being made for the fact that the quotation of December 2, 1907, was in the midst of an exceptionally severe panic). But the real significance of this quotation is in disclosing the author's knowledge of the true facts when he piled up indebtedness against the New Haven Company. The debt of about \$55,000,000 which he charges against the company is really an investment of about \$13,000,000. The New Haven Company owned the \$29,000,000, more or less, of New York, Ontario, and Western stock, and was under no further obligation with regard to it. Nor was it under obligation to pay the bonds any more than the other stockholders were. Nor did it pay par for the stock. The \$13,000,000 should have appeared as part of the company's assets, and not as \$55,000,000 of liabilities. The money to pay for the stock had created part of the company's other liabilities.

The bonds of the Central New England Railway Company, of the lines leased by the New York, Ontario & Western, and of the various leased lines of the New Haven, for which the New Haven has no more than a contingent liability, are also included.

On page 28, under the sub-heading, "Other Properties' Purchased at Excessive Cost" appears first: "Central New England Railway Company. This railway company showed for the year ending June 30, 1907, a net deficit from operations of \$431,046.92, and, after payment of fixed charges, a net deficit of \$647,568.72. In the operating expense for the year was included expenditures for rebuilding and strengthening the Poughkeepsie bridge." If the author had had the justice to indicate to the reader that the New Haven Company was making over the Central New England (the rebuilding of the Poughkeepsie bridge was only part of this work) and had shown its strength by earning its own dividends, with a comfortable balance, notwithstanding so large a temporary deficit for one of its branches, he would have avoided a pitfall. The New

Haven report for the year ending June 30, 1907, said, but Mr. Brandeis did not quote this, "The rehabilitation of this property [the Central New England] is so far advanced it is believed practicable to commence payment of a rate of interest, probably not exceeding three per cent, upon the general mortgage income bonds from the net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1908." The earnings of this sub-company "purchased at excessive cost" have indeed proved so prolific that last year the net earnings above all charges amounted to \$813,685.27. As the total investment of the New Haven in the Central New England, including its investment in the income bonds of that company, amounted at the outset to only \$6,500,365.63, the excellence of the net return is manifest and will become more so later in this narrative. The New Haven officials use the Central New England as an example of what they expect eventually to do with the Boston & Maine.

In his conclusion Mr. Brandeis says, "The New Haven's credit is strained to the uttermost." Could words more damaging than these to a company's financial standing be uttered? Yet since then the company has met every obligation, has supported the Boston & Maine, and has paid about \$60,000,000 in dividends. He also reiterates the following erroneous statement: "The taxability of its stock in the hands of the holder must further contract its financial resources." Always on this point he has in mind only the holders in Massachusetts. The wonder is that Mr. Brandeis with his clear mind and legal training should have no thought for the stockholders in Connecticut, the home state of the Company, or in New York, where, it is charged, the control lies. In Massachusetts the stock is still non-taxable.

In all his analysis of the New Haven road the author of the document has not a single word of praise. The analysis of the Boston & Maine is as unsound as that of the New Haven.

Beginning with the summary on page 31, every word is a word of praise. The Boston & Maine was said to be growing steadily in financial strength; the securities were savings-bank investments; the stock was tax exempt. But note the following on page 35 under the title "Net Income"; "The reported net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1907, of the lines operated by the Boston & Maine Railroad were \$10,101,410.11. The sum of \$741,668.83 expended for new equipment charged against the year's income is included in operating expense; and \$493,248.88 expended for betterments and improvements is charged against the year's income, instead of being charged to operating. . . . If the method of accounting had been followed in the year 1906-07, so as not to include in operating expense either the \$741,668.83 expended for new equipment or the \$493,248.88 expended for betterments and improvements and charged against the year's income, the net earnings from operation would have been \$10,843,079."

Now adding \$741,668.83 to \$10,101,410.11 does make \$10,843,079, but adding \$493,248.88 to \$10,101,410.11 makes quite a different figure. Mathematics could hardly be more shocked than by the statement that adding either of two different sums to the same sum will produce the same sum. Next note that the \$493,248.88 was "charged against the year's income, *instead of being charged to operating.*" Nevertheless, if accounting methods had been adopted, "so as *not* to include in operating expense" this sum, a different figure would have been produced. Lastly, what is the difference between charging betterments to income and charging them to operating?

Under the title "Elements of Financial Strength" the document (p. 40) says of the Boston & Maine, "Its net earnings in 1906-1907 per mile of track owned or leased were \$2,507.92 per mile as compared with \$3,506.64 per mile on the New Haven, although the freight rates on the New

Haven were 32.71 per cent higher than on the Boston & Maine."

As a categorical statement, this comparison hardly reflects credit on the Boston & Maine, for the New Haven's earnings per mile are thus shown to be 39.82 per cent larger than those of the Boston & Maine. Even this "element of financial strength" is arrived at by subtracting \$3,000,000 from the New Haven's net earnings, making them arbitrarily \$14,751,854.61 instead of \$17,751,854.61, as reported by the company, this fact being admitted only in a foot note. Even after this the Boston & Maine is weak by comparison, whereas the heading leaves the reader to believe that strength is shown.

The only ostensible author of this inaccurate and unsound document is the same Mr. Brandeis, who now, five years later, is so merciless with the New Haven, if there is a mistake in a delivery of freight or an engineer ignores a danger signal.

Two other quotations from the document in line with all the rest should be made in closing this chapter. First, on the luckless page 35 appears the following paragraph in praise of the Boston & Maine: "This increase in net earnings has been made in spite of heavy charges for maintenance of way and equipment, and for improvements and betterments and new equipment charged against operating expense or income throughout the whole period, whereas the New Haven reduced its pro rata charges for maintenance charged against operating expense or income during the year 1906-07 nearly one-fifth as compared with the average of the four years preceding Mr. Mellen's régime." Comment on this is reserved till the report of the Commission on Commerce and Labor is discussed. Secondly, on page 38 this statement appears: "The amount required for the dividend upon the common stock outstanding . . . is \$1,871,768. There seems to be no reason to doubt that the net income of the company will be ample to pay this dividend."

Yet, as is well known, dividends on Boston & Maine common stock have been reduced from seven per cent to four per cent, and for the past two years even this small return has been only about one-half earned.

THE FACTS

In July, 1907, the members of "The Commission on Commerce and Industry" were appointed, consisting of Joseph B. Warner, chairman; George G. Crocker, William L. Douglas, Charles F. Adams, 2d, and Edward Cohen. Mr. Cohen died in December 1907, and Mr. James R. Crozier was appointed in his place on February 5, 1908. A commission thus composed was clearly entitled to respect. It was, in brief, "to pursue any line of investigation bearing upon the future of the industries of the Commonwealth." In October, 1907, the commission decided that its greatest usefulness lay in a study of and report on the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the Boston & Maine railroad companies. It employed two expert accountants: one, Stephen Little, an accountant whose disclosures of rottenness in the old Atchison Company, and whose subsequent work had won for him a high national reputation; the other, Josiah F. Hill, the careful and accurate statistician of Messrs. Lee, Higginson & Co. As that firm had, however, acted as brokers in the acquisition of Boston & Maine stock by the New Haven, the criticism has been made that conceivably Mr. Hill might be prejudiced. There is no question that he was appointed simply because of his skill as an expert.

The commission reported in March, 1908, just three months after the Brandeis document appeared. Accompanying the report is the report of the accountants to the commission.

Both in its general tenor and in detail the report of these experts is a complete refutation of Mr. Brandeis's outwardly imposing document,

though neither that document nor the author is alluded to in the report.

The experts pointed out that the New Haven accounts had "been examined by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., chartered accountants, whose reputation, both in this country and abroad is of the highest," and had been approved. "The Boston & Maine's accounts have not been audited by independent accountants."

Note the following (p. 103): "It should be understood that the New York, New Haven & Hartford has no liability for any outstanding securities of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad Company or the Central New England Railway Company, its sole interests in those companies being those of a stockholder or bondholder."

Note next the following (p. 104): "For the period of seven years ended June 30, 1907, the companies show the following surplus income over and above operating expenses, fixed charges, and dividends:

New York, New Haven	
& Hartford.....	\$7,057,074.00
Boston & Maine.....	1,080,484.00

"We have made an analysis, see [Exhibit XI, hereto annexed] of the amounts charged to operating expenses, representing expenditures for maintenance of way and structures and maintenance of equipment of the steam railroads, from which it appears that, apparently by reason of the greater amount of improvement work charged to operating expenses, the New Haven's operating expenses for maintenance were greater in proportion to the mileage of track and in proportion to the amount of equipment maintained than those of the Boston & Maine; and that, if the New Haven had restricted its operating expenses for maintenance of its steam railroads and their equipment to the scale of similar expenses by the Boston & Maine, the surplus income of the New Haven, over and above operating expenses, fixed charges and dividends, instead of being \$7,057,074, as re-

ported, would have been increased to \$19,675,000 and the comparison of surplus income above operating expenses, fixed charges, and dividends, would have been as follows for the entire period of seven years ended June 30, 1907:

New York, New Haven	
& Hartford.....	\$19,657,000
Boston & Maine.....	1,080,484

In addition, the New Haven had accumulated fire insurance and accident funds of \$1,225,992.51.

The experts add: "We have analyzed the maintenance expenses of the street railways also, using as a basis of comparison the maintenance expenses of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railways [Massachusetts electric companies], from which it appears that the New Haven's charges to operating expenses for maintenance of its street railways were on a scale so much higher, in proportion to the miles of track and number of cars maintained, as to lead to the conclusion that the New Haven charged in operating expenses of its street railways large amounts for additions and improvements." Consequently, the New Haven "might have shown for the fiscal year 1906-07 (the year most attacked in the Brandeis document) surplus income of more than \$3,000,000 after paying operating expenses, fixed charges, and dividends instead of the surplus of \$1,988,053 actually shown."

The New Haven, the experts show, charged off in the seven years for betterments, additional property, new equipment, etc., \$19,861,439.11, somewhat more than the amount (\$19,006,978.96) received from premiums on stock. The Boston & Maine in the same period charged off only \$493,248.88, and still carried as liabilities the premiums received amounting to \$5,059,510.65.

"We conclude that depreciation, both of roadway and equipment of the New Haven's steam railroads, whether during the last seven years or during the last year, has been more

than provided for by charges to operating expenses or income."

Yet Mr. Brandeis admitted in a foot note that he had subtracted \$3,000,000 for the last year from the income of the New Haven, in the effort to make that company compare unfavorably with the Boston & Maine.

The analysis of the higher freight rates on the New Haven than on the Boston & Maine — Mr. Brandeis would have his readers believe the community would not long stand this, as he presented the facts — shows that they were practically altogether due to the acquisition, July 1, 1900, by the Boston & Maine of the Fitchburg Railroad, with its "very large amount of through low-class freight, much of it for export." The average distance hauled per ton in the year 1906-07 was somewhat less on the New Haven than on the Boston & Maine (90.20 to 98.74), accounting also for a somewhat higher rate. For the year ending June 30, 1900, the charges on the New Haven and Boston & Maine were nearly the same, 1.451 and 1.440 cents, respectively. The next year, after the acquisition of the Fitchburg, the ratio was 1.479 to 1.158, and this ratio was about the same in 1906-00; viz., 1.436 to 1.114. In 1906-07 fifty-nine per cent of the New Haven freight was high-class, commanding higher rates, 41 per cent low class. On the Boston & Maine 40 per cent was high class, 60 per cent low class. Mr. Brandeis figures thus fall to the ground when examined.

Three years later another official board reported on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company. This was the so-called "validation" commission. On the whole, this commission had reason to be unfriendly to the New Haven road. A majority of the commission was made up of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission, which felt that the rights of the Commonwealth had been circumvented through the New Haven's use of its Connecticut charter. Stock had been issued without obtaining the consent of the railroad

commission; bonds had been issued in excess of the amount allowed under Massachusetts laws; and otherwise the road had disregarded Massachusetts tradition.

Nevertheless, the report of the commission was strikingly favorable to the New Haven's financial strength. This commission was not only a commission created by special statute of the Commonwealth, but it consisted entirely of state officials, the three railroad commissioners, the tax commissioner, and the bank commissioner. It would be hard to find a commission which could speak with more authority or be less biased in favor of the company.

This commission made two reports one under the resolve of 1909, the other in 1911, under the acts of 1910. The latter is the so-called validation report.

The physical valuation of the New Haven properties was placed in the hands of Professor George F. Swain, of Harvard University, the investment and accounting divisions in the hands of Messrs. Stone and Webster.

In addition, the commission "made its own independent examination of the properties and securities so far as was deemed necessary. The bank commissioner, accompanied by seven assistants, went to New Haven, and counted the bonds, stocks, and notes represented by the schedule of assets of the company, verified the cash on hand and in national banks and trust companies by sworn certificates, and checked the total amount of bonds and capital stock issued and all other liabilities as shown on the balance sheet of the company. Members of the commission from time to time examined the physical property of the company, both owned and controlled, including a special trip over the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad in the state of New York, and the Central New England Railroad and the old New York and New England Railroad in New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. Mr. Bishop of the railroad commission, in

addition to his annual inspection of the Massachusetts lines of the company, made special trips of inspection over the main line between New York and Boston, and over substantially all of the Rhode Island and Connecticut trolley lines. He found the properties in excellent condition and well maintained."

This official testimony in 1911 is interesting when contrasted with the irresponsible hue and cry in 1912, about ministers drawing rusty spikes with their fingers from rotten ties, about disreputable equipment, and positive danger in traveling on the lines of the company.

The following quotations from the report are interesting:

"The widest latitude was assured to the experts in revision and adjustment, it being distinctly understood that the judgment of the commission should not be substituted for their judgment, nor, on the other hand, their judgment for that of the commission. The commission has, however, under the act and in pursuance of its duties, acted as its own board of adjustment in reaching its independent conclusion with respect to values. It is to be observed, however, that the commission is limited under the terms of the act to the duty of examination of the assets and liabilities for the purpose of validating the present outstanding securities of the company after an examination of its property, and it, therefore, is not incumbent upon it to make any report of the value of the assets other than to find that they are sufficient to secure its outstanding capital stock and indebtedness. The commission has found that the assets are sufficient for the purposes of the statute and filed its certificates accordingly."

Having thus performed its legal duty, the commission proceeds:

"The accompanying reports indicate a value of assets very largely in excess of capital stock and indebtedness."

Particularly noteworthy is the following on "intangible assets," not

only as showing that they were not included in the reports either of the commission or of its experts, but in view of recent attacks on the management:

"The word 'assets' is of sufficiently broad definition to include the entire property of all sorts belonging to a corporation; and would permit the commission to appraise the value of intangible assets, so called, including all the franchises of the corporation, together with its value as a going concern. . . . Without undertaking to place a value for any purpose on such intangible assets, it is enough to say that taken together their value would be very large. The monopolistic character of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company's system, the densely populated districts which it serves, the very large number of industrial and commercial enterprises along its lines and in the vicinity, and the efficiency of the management of the company are factors, although not exclusive ones, that, it will be readily conceded, make for values of an intangible character."

Less than two years ago, then, "the monopolistic character" of the company was not a source of weakness, and the management was manifestly efficient.

The report of Professor Swain on the charges of the New Haven to depreciation is as follows:

"The depreciation charges likewise have been carefully determined and represent, in my opinion, a very conservative judgment. . . . It is the unanimous testimony of every one concerned in this work, who has examined the line or any part of it, that the property is maintained in remarkably good condition."

Is this the same property which the Brandeis document purported to describe or which thousands are now being induced to decry?

The description of the Central New England, the first road mentioned by Mr. Brandeis as having been bought "at excessive cost," is illuminating. Says Professor Swain:

"The stock of the Central New England was acquired by the New Haven at a very low price [excessive cost indeed] the preferred standing at about \$25 a share, and the common at about \$16 a share. When the New Haven acquired this road, the Poughkeepsie bridge required extensive strengthening to superstructure and substructure, to enable it to carry heavy trains. This strengthening was carried out at a cost of over \$1,000,000 and was only completed a year or two ago. The cost of the work was charged entirely to operating expenses, though a large part of it, if not the whole, might have been capitalized, inasmuch as it was to increase the capacity of the structure."

Yet, notwithstanding such conservatism in bookkeeping, Mr. Brandeis stated that the New Haven net earnings in 1906-07 were \$3,000,000 less than those reported by the company.

Says Professor Swain: "Had the above net income of \$415,000 [that for the year ending June 30, 1910] been distributed, the rate of return on the preferred stock would have been 7 per cent, the rate of return on the common 3 per cent on their par value, or 27.6 per cent and 19.17 per cent respectively on the book value of these stocks to the New Haven. On the basis of earnings, therefore, capitalized at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, the stock should be taken at 155 for the preferred, and 67 for the common."

As if this were not refutation enough, last year (*i.e.*, the year ending June 30, 1912) the net earnings from the Central New England Railway were \$813,685.27, or nearly twice as large as when Professor Swain reported.

Professor Swain says, "It is certainly conservative to appraise the preferred stock at \$90 and the common at \$30 per share, and these values have been used." In view of later developments it would certainly seem so.

The Harlem River and Port Chester Railroad Company, belonging to the New Haven, is an extraordinary road.

Professor Swain valued it at \$41,222,191. It was then valued by the New Haven at \$25,334,833.38 and is now valued by it at \$26,531,825.45. Yet it is only 11.17 miles long. The possession of this road and the comparison with it on a per mile basis of the Boston & Maine exasperated Mr. Mellen in June, 1907. The road constitutes the New Haven's freight terminals in New York City. Professor Swain says, "The right of way and other real estate, originally acquired many years ago, has appreciated enormously with the growth of values in upper New York."

The value of property of the New England Navigation Company is written down from \$17,569,572.38 to \$8,710,174.84. Likewise the New York, West Chester and Boston road, which had cost the New Haven \$21,020,094.62, was written down to \$12,066,921.18, because nothing was allowed by Professor Swain for "the cost of franchises, control of the situation," etc.

The Rhode Island Company stock was even more drastically written down by Professor Swain, but his remarks in doing so are noteworthy. He said:

"The value of the Rhode Island Company stock is thus seen to be quite uncertain. However, when it is considered that the lines have a mileage of 320 miles of single track, serving the second largest city in New England; that the earnings are increasing; that the property has been put in excellent condition; and that the leases are for a very long term, it seems probable that the ultimate value of the property will be great. For the purposes of this report, which is designed to be very conservative, however, the value of these shares is placed at \$6,000,000 or about \$62 a share, that is to say, about one-fourth the cost to the New Haven."

The net result of the additions and subtractions by the experts of the validation commission was to find a net surplus for the New Haven Company of \$101,612,074.38 above all

liabilities, including capital stock. In other words, the whole New Haven property seemed to the experts to be worth over \$100,000,000 more than the value at which it was carried on the New Haven books.

Mr. Brandeis has never retracted his 1907 document or publicly indi-

(To be concluded in the April issue)

cated a desire to change his figures. On the contrary, on December 22, 1912 (see the Sunday *Herald* of that date), answering Mr. Mellen's "two-column" statement, he spoke of "the folly" which "was made public five years ago" without any qualifications whatever.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN MASSACHUSETTS

By WM. DOHERTY

II

THE campaign of 1858 resulted in the election of the Republican state ticket, and the return of a solid Republican delegation to Congress. In this year national questions had largely occupied the attention of the Republican party in the nation; and Massachusetts, from her position as an anti-slavery state was fully aroused. The attempt to force the pro-slavery Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas, against the wish of a majority of its inhabitants, a scheme in which the slave power had the active support of President Buchanan, was but another exhibition of the aggressiveness of the South. The Massachusetts delegation firmly opposed it (the Douglas Democrats in the state, and the Republican party were outspoken in their condemnation of it), and though by open threats and sinister influences, Congress passed the enabling act, coupled with a bribe to the people of Kansas to induce them to accept the proposed pro-slavery constitution. Kansas by a majority of ten thousand votes, refused to come into the Union as a slave state. The result politically was to make Massachusetts more radically Republican than ever. Mr. Andrew declined a re-election to the Legislature.

The year 1859 was especially marked by the ill-starred raid into Virginia of John Brown, who, on the sixteenth of October of that year, with a force of fourteen white and five colored men, entered Harpers Ferry, stopped the railroad trains, seized the United States Amory buildings, and held the town for little more than a day. His force was then overcome by a body of United States marines, under the command of Col. Robert E. Lee, subsequently famous as the commander-in-chief of the Confederate States armies. Eight of Brown's followers, including two of his sons, were killed or mortally wounded, six were captured — the others escaped. He was tried and hung under Virginia law. Among those who were familiar with Brown's plans, and who aided him with arms and money, were several citizens of Massachusetts, who had been prominent in anti-slavery movements, and had acted at times with the Republican party. While Brown's act was neither endorsed nor excused by the Republicans of Massachusetts, but generally condemned as illegal and unjustifiable, and calculated to retard the growing anti-slavery sentiments of the state, there was a feeling of pity for him and his family, which found expression in a movement to secure for him as fair

a trial as was possible. A fund was raised for that purpose, and in collecting this fund, and arranging to secure him legal counsel, John A. Andrew was very active. This, with the fact that Massachusetts men, had, as above stated, furnished money and arms, afforded the Democrats in the state and nation opportunity to arraign the party in Massachusetts as responsible for Brown's attempt, and as justifying his acts. But failure waited upon these charges. No proof of even the slightest nature could be found to sustain them.

It may not be inappropriate here to say that the Governor of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, who had been deeply impressed by "the courageous fortitude and simple ingenuousness" of Brown—to use the Governor's own words—was most courteous and kind in his treatment of Brown and his friends, writing to Mrs. Brown a letter expressing his "sympathy with her affliction," and an assurance that his "authority and personal influence should be exerted to aid her in securing the bones of her sons and her husband for decent and tender interment among their kindred." Such words reflect honor upon the man and the official—they speak volumes also, for the character of the man whose demeanor won their utterance. Brown spoke of his jailer, Captain Avis, as "a most humane man, who, with his family, has rendered every possible attention I have desired or that could be of the least advantage." The story set forth in this digression illustrates and helps to explain the words spoken by Mr. Andrew, at a meeting called to raise a fund for the family of Brown after his execution. "I pause not now to consider, because it is wholly outside the duty of this assembly to-night, whether the enterprise of John Brown and his associates in Virginia was wise or foolish, right or wrong. I only know that whether the enterprise was the one or the other, John Brown himself is right." If Governor Wise, the slave-holding chief magistrate of the slave-holding state which Brown

had made terror stricken, could speak of him as a man of "courageous fortitude and simple ingenuousness," then any one might well say "John Brown himself is right."

The campaign for the presidency in 1860 was the most notable in the history of the nation. In its inception it was not marked by the ebullient enthusiasm which the hard-cider and log-cabin features of the Harrison campaign in 1840 aroused; nor had it the inspiring and romantic elements of the "John and Jessie" "Pathfinder" incidents of 1856. Deep down in the hearts of the North was the conviction that this was a campaign, not only for God-instilled principles and the right to believe in and hold them; it was also a contest for their enforcement. The Republicans were well aware that if they succeeded in the election, the radical element in the slave-holding states would seize upon that fact to urge a secession of their states from the Union. That purpose had been boldly avowed and was firmly fixed in their minds. The extremist leaders of the South had for years been awaiting an opportunity to secede; had bent all their energies to instill into Southern minds, the advantages which would result from a new nation of slave-holding states, with slavery as its cornerstone and cotton as king; and the dangers to Southern interests and Southern supremacy if the anti-slavery men got control of the National Government. For years they had been seeking "to fire the Southern heart."

While the majority of the Republicans did not believe that secession would be attempted, yet there were those who justly feared it. They had been observers of the trade of the Southern movement, and the ambition and purpose of prominent Southern leaders since the time of the agitation for the annexation of Texas. It was, therefore, with a fixed purpose to afford the South no just cause for the threatened action, and yet with a purpose no less fixed to adhere to and assert the cardinal principles of the

Republican party that the leaders of that party issued the call for its National Convention.

The National Convention of the Democrats was first held; meeting at Charleston, South Carolina, May 23, 1860; the leading candidate before that convention was Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, who doubtless had a majority of the delegates, but by a rule of Democratic Convention, then and since enforced, the nominee must receive the votes of two-thirds of them. In 1858 Mr. Douglas had incurred the enmity of Mr. Buchanan and the extreme Southern element, through his failure to support them in the attempt to fasten the pro-slavery constitution upon Kansas, and they were bitterly opposed to his nomination. But Mr. Douglas' following was sufficiently numerous to adopt a platform so objectionable to the delegates from the slave-holding states, that those from Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas, and others from other states resigned their seats in the convention and retired; organized in another hall, and adjourned to meet in Richmond on the second Monday of June. The regular convention, after a session of ten days, balloting without result, adjourned to meet at Baltimore on June 18. It met, but only to signally fail in its purposes, for the entire delegation of five more states and a few others retired from it. Douglas was nominated by those who remained. The bolters from it met in a convention of their own, adopted a platform acceptable to the anti-Douglas wing of the party, nominated John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, and Joseph Lane of Oregon, for president and vice-president respectively, and adjourned. The Convention of the first seceders at Charleston met, adopted the same pro-slavery anti-Douglas ticket and platform, and adjourned without delay. The Democratic party was rent in twain.

The remnants of "The American party," augmented by a body of so-called "Conservatives," formerly Whigs,

Bombonish in temperament, who had found no new political abiding place, also met in National Convention at Baltimore on May 9, of the same year and taking the name, "Constitutional Union Party," nominated John Bell of Tennessee, for president, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts, for vice-president. Both of the nominees had been prominent members of the Whig party in its palmy days. This convention adopted as an all-sufficient platform, "The Constitution of the Country, the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the Laws."

"A party platform to, just level with the mind."
Of all right-thinking honest folks that mean to go it blind."

—James Russell Lowell in "Biglow Papers."

The Republican party held its National Convention at Chicago, May 16, adopted a platform in opposition to the principles of the pro-slavery Propaganda and proceeded to nominate its candidates for president and vice-president. The delegates from Massachusetts were largely in favor of William H. Seward of New York, for president. Mr. Seward had had a long career in public life, had been governor of his state, and its representative in the United States Senate. For many years he was openly identified with the anti-slavery movement and as a member of the National Senate, its advocate and defender. New York presented his name; Illinois that of Abraham Lincoln, and other states named favorite sons. On the first ballot Mr. Seward received one hundred seventy-three and a half votes. Mr. Lincoln one hundred and two. On the second ballot Mr. Seward had one hundred and eighty-four votes and Mr. Lincoln one hundred and eighty-one. On the third ballot Mr. Seward had one hundred and eighty votes and Mr. Lincoln two hundred thirty-one and a half; two hundred and thirty-three being necessary to a choice. Then various delegations changed their votes to Lincoln, and he was on motion declared to be the unanimous choice of the Convention as its candidate for president. Hanni-

bal Hamlin of Maine, received its nomination for the vice-presidency. Massachusetts Republicans, though at first disappointed at the defeat of Mr. Seward, loyally rallied to the support of the nominees, and under the lead of the radical element in the party, nominated John A. Andrew for governor, and John L. Goodrich for lieutenant-governor; gave the electoral vote of the state to Lincoln and Hamlin, and placed John A. Andrew in the gubernatorial chair, there to sit through re-elections, for five successive years; years of such stress and storm as had never before fallen to the lot of any of his predecessors. As is well known, the election of Lincoln afforded the secession element of the South the opportunity it had long awaited. South Carolina was the first to secede, followed at different times by all of the slave-holding states, except Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky.

During the period between the election of 1860 and the inauguration of President Lincoln, various attempts were made by bodies of conservative citizens in the country to arrest, if possible, the secession of the Southern states, by trying to bring about the respect of laws which were distasteful to the South; laws passed by several of the Northern states for protecting the rights of fugitive slaves, or intended to restrict the extension of slavery. This would require that Massachusetts repeal its "Personal Liberty Law" to satisfy Southern demands, and open its borders to the admission of slavery. So much, at least, Senator Mason of Virginia informed General-elect Andrew, the South would insist on. The conservative men, as they called themselves, prepared a petition to the Legislature of this state, praying for the repeal of the obnoxious law, and this was signed by "thirty-five gentlemen of eminent respectability." Virginia proposed a peace conference at Washington (to which all the states were requested to send delegates) to devise some com-

promise by which the Southern states should be held in the Union. Governor Andrew, while distrustful of this plan, as a matter of courtesy appointed the delegates, taking care that they were men who would not be unmindful of the true sentiments of the ancient Commonwealth.

There was even in the Republican party in Massachusetts, a considerable number who wished Massachusetts to recede from her high position. They were the men who had opposed the nomination of Andrew for governor and they had the support of some republican journals of marked influence. Governor Banks in his valedictory address upon retiring from the governorship, had spoken of the "Public Liberty Law" as an inexcusable public wrong. In addition to the clamor of these conservatives, Governor Andrew was also subjected to the criticism of many of the radicals, who feared that he might yield too much, and who did not hesitate to express their fears to each other.

During the first month of his administration the Governor, through personal and confidential correspondence from Washington, was informed that an organized body of secessionists were preparing to seize the government property at Washington, displace the National authorities, make that city the capital of the Southern Confederacy, and prevent the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. He was asked to take steps in conjunction with other loyal governors to quietly organize a force which might be relied upon to prevent this treason. In accordance with this suggestion, an order was issued on January 16, 1861, by the terms of which all members of the militia of Massachusetts, who from age, disability, or business relations, were not able to respond to a call for active service, were to be discharged and their places filled with able bodied men who were. Arrangements were made to provide overcoats, blankets, and knapsacks. Routes to Washington were considered. A list

(Continued on page 33)



2110 & FOR. BY N. CORRIER.

152 NASSAU ST. COR. OF SPRUCE N. Y.

MATILDA.

THE OLD-TIME NEW ENGLAND GIRL

BIRDS OF THE MONTH

SOME WINTER WANDERERS THAT COME WITH FEBRUARY SNOWS

By WINTHROP PACKARD

Field Secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

OUR mid-winter birds are often wanderers from regions far to north and west of us.

Most of these birds are injured to the most severe cold. Some of them were hatched at times when the temperature outside their cosy, feather-lined nests was near zero, and the snow and ice of the northern winter still lay deep on all their world. The Canada jay, for instance, nests under such conditions, the eggs deposited deep on a cosy mass of feathers which protect them from the extreme cold when the mother bird is briefly absent from the nest. So it is with other

birds of the North. But the deep snows of winter always cover part of their food supplies, and when, for any reason, food is scarce they wander far South in search of it.

The grosbeaks and crossbills find much of their sustenance in winter in the seeds of cones; fir, pine, spruce, and hemlock furnishing these, usually in plentiful supply. Yet there come years when for some reason there is a scarcity of cones. On those years the crossbills and grosbeaks must migrate or starve. Hence, with no regularity or seeming method in their wanderings, they appear in our woodlands, at



OLD LANDSCAPE WALL PAPER



DINING-ROOM OF AN OLD HOUSE IN WAYLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

our roadsides, or even at our very doors. The pine grosbeak, the spruce partridge, and the Canada jay all have their true home in the great Canadian belt of coniferous forests, which stretches from the Maine woods diagonally across the continent to Alaska. Their true home touches New England only on the northern boundary, and from it the Canada jay and the spruce partridge rarely wander. The partridge has always a food supply in the spruce buds which, whatever the crop of cones, are always to be had in abundance. The jay is said to lay up stores for the winter, tucking nuts and berries into crannies and holes in trees much after the fashion of the squirrels. Be that as it may the bird clings closely to his home, and is not to be commonly seen south of it. The Canada jay, should one venture

to the neighborhood of Boston, could be easily mistaken for an exaggerated chickadee, clad in gray feathers which have in winter time singularly the appearance of fur, so well are they fluffed out to keep him from the cold.

But the pine grosbeak often comes our way in February, indeed has been seen far south of our latitude, casually as far as Washington. He, too, is so densely and fluffily feathered as to seem as if clad in fur, a sleek roly-poly bird which one wishes to stroke at first sight, and which under ordinary conditions may often be approached almost closely enough to permit it. He is a gray bird, too, but his gray is all flushed with a rose-red color, which makes him most beautiful to see. No doubt his gray mate thinks so too, and she in turn has an olive yellow tint set over her quaker-like

feather cloak, which is equally interesting. The flocks, slow moving, and quite regardless of man, search the cone-bearing trees for food and hunt the roadsides for sumac berries, weed seeds or any other fodder which fortune provides.

There are several birds of the month whose males show this rosy flush over

northern bird in the main. One hears the splendid song of the male far more numerous in the pastures of northern New England than he does in those of eastern Massachusetts.

The mountain ash trees have been stripped of their berries by the flocks of migrating robins, now gone on to the South. But the white ash seeds are



OLD ANDIRONS AND CHAIR

their other colors, a flush that seems as if it might be caught from the reflection of the aurora borealis on the northern snows. There are the purple finches, for instance, which flock about at this time of the year, busy seekers for seeds. To be sure, the purple finch breeds sparingly in all New England, but he is for all that a

little cared for by these early migrants. They remain for the purple finches, which come for them in flocks, and sometimes repay the tree with a song twittered in its branches, not a full throated warble, such as they pour forth in the delight of the nesting season, but a fine little song for all that. The grosbeaks love the white

ash seeds as well as do the purple finches, and the crossbills. The male crossbills are red, a duller color than that of the finches and grosbeaks perhaps, but still a distinct red in the red crossbills, so-called, though the female is of a curious dull olive green, and the males of last year's brood show a mixture of both. But the

clearer flush of this color than on any of the before mentioned birds. The redpolls are little sparrow-like, red-crowned chaps, that hop twittering about in the shrubbery when the ground is bare, or run over the snow, searching for the leafless stems of weeds which protrude, still crowned with seeds. Like the tree-sparrows



KITCHEN AND LIVING ROOM

white-winged crossbill male is flushed with an auroral pink which is as admirable as that of the finches or the grosbeaks.

Nor are these the only winter-wandering birds touched with the colors of dawn. In February we may look for the redpolls, and when we find them note on their breasts a softer,

they take toll of the birches, skipping about among the limbs and shaking the seeds from the cone-like pistillate aments, or seeking those which every wind scatters on the surface of the deep snow. In this our snowiest month many seed-eating birds would fare ill if it were not for the seeds of the gray birch. Other seed sources have



"O. W. HOLMES" MANTEL IN THE WEST CHAMBER OF AN OLD HOUSE IN WAYLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

been by this time somewhat depleted, or else buried beneath the drifts. But no depth of snow can cover the birch storehouses, nor can any flocks of birds which come exhaust them, and so they hang and are scattered in every wind till the snows pass and the earth is green again.

There is a fascination about the search for these dawn-tinted wanderers from the far North which excels that of any other winter bird hunting. No one can predict on what day they will appear or where. They will be tame and friendly while they stay, but any moment may see the flocks in the air again winging their way to some other mysterious destination. Then they may appear no more until another winter, or perhaps for many winters. Most mysterious and interesting of all, however, to the New England bird student is the evening grosbeak, a bird a trifle smaller than

the pine grosbeak, somewhat similarly formed, but of such striking plumage as to immediately cause comment and question among even those least familiar with birds. The evening grosbeak comes in a motley array of yellow, white and black, and he comes rarely. Two years ago flocks were seen in many places in New England. Since then they have not appeared. Before that they had not been seen for many years, but during the winter and spring of 1900 there was a considerable incursion of these beautiful birds.

Like the other grosbeaks they are seed eaters, but they are birds of the far northwest, being common to the pine forests of the northern Pacific coast and of British Columbia. Commonly in winter they wander east and south into Manitoba, and often farther east, but their visits to New England are rare and are always hailed with delight by bird lovers. The seeds

of the box elder, a western tree hardy in New England, and planted here in many places, seem particularly to attract them, and on winters when they are to be seen at all they may be sought with best chance of success in the neighborhood of these trees.

Nor, among the winter wanderers should one forget the good old snowbunting, which in the northern New England states is so common a winter visitant. In southern New England, especially back from the coast this bird is not so common, yet he goes far south of that, most likely to be seen along the coast. It is the only one of our sparrow-like birds which has white predominating on wings and tail as well as body. In its far northern home in the breeding season, the male snow buntings are conspicuously beautiful in white and black, but when they reach our fields in winter they are wearing their winter coats of rusty brown. Even then they are beautiful birds, and a flock of them

about the door is worth all the cold and snow that brings them. I have seen a single male snowbunting hanging about in the shade of a dock on the St. John's River, near Jacksonville, Florida, in winter, seeming to realize that he was out of place so far South, and to wish to be in the shade and as inconspicuous as possible. The bird only rarely occurs in our extreme southern states, however, and indeed is not common in Massachusetts.

Although the snowbuntings often wander from their far northern homes to our fields in winter, and even farther South, the North is not without the cheery presence of other flocks. An observer writes of seeing them in mid-winter in the far North, fat as butterballs, chasing one another over the deep snows in zero gales, and singing blithely the while. Even these were very likely wanderers from regions still farther north, for this beautiful bird nests as far north as the land



INTERIOR OF THE PICKERING HOUSE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS



GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK AND CHAIR

extends, and sings its dainty song wherever mid-summer gives a bit of grass peeping through the gray tundra moss left bare by the melting Arctic snows.

The snow buntings come down from the North with the shore larks, which also are birds bred in Greenland, Labrador, and Newfoundland, and the flocks mingle along the marshes of our eastern coast. With them, too, come often the Lapland longspurs, sparrow-like birds with curiously long hind toenails, and their breasts heavily marked with black. Their possible presence among the shore larks and buntings gives the flocks added interest to the observer who seeks them among

the rocks and snow by the seaside, or along the wind-swept winter marshes.

NOTES

The most far-reaching measure for bird protection ever seriously considered by a legislative body in the United States, says Bird Lore, is the McLean Bill for Federal Protection for Migratory Birds, which is now pending in the Senate at Washington, and the Weeks Bill of a similar character now on the calendar in the House.

Since George Shiras, 3d, first introduced in Congress a bill of similar character in 1904, similar attempts have followed, but all have met with the same fate, viz., death at the

(Continued on page 47)



THE CHINA CLOSET

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from page 24)

of steamers suitable for transporting men and munitions of war was made out. This was all decided upon in the early days of February, 1861.

These preparations, the reasons whereof, were not generally appreciated by the most of the people of the state, they not believing that war would come, were the result of the personal investigation of Governor Andrew, who before his inauguration had visited Washington, conferred with public men of both sections of the country, had arranged that he should receive the earliest information possible as to future movements, and established communications with a prominent congressman from Massachusetts, by whom he was duly posted as to what was in progress. Immediately after his inauguration he sought the advice of men who had been officers in the regular army of the U.S.A., as to the necessary equipments for troops in active service, and in camp; learned from men familiar with the shipping of Massachusetts, what vessels suitable as transports could be had, and was informed by persons of experience what routes to Washington and other places were the preferable.

It has been claimed for Gen. Benj. F. Butler, if not by him, that it was upon his advice that the Governor took these steps of preparation for the impending conflict. On this point, Henry Lee, an officer on the staff of Governor Andrew, at the time of the inception and carrying out of the steps above mentioned, says, "I beg to state that General Butler's advice upon this matter was neither asked nor received by Governor Andrew, and his first and last word was a request that a mill in which he was a director, might manufacture the cloth

for the overcoats." In 1892 Mr. Lee wrote on the same subject as follows: "Contemporaries attributed these preparatory movements to Governor Andrew and blamed and ridiculed him accordingly; they rightly held him responsible, for it was he, and none but he, who took the wise initiative which placed Massachusetts then in the van." It is well that we have as authority on this subject one who was so close to Governor Andrew, so familiar with the facts in the case, and whose word as to the true state of things will not be successfully questioned.

By the first of April the militia had been filled up with men ready for active service. Contracts for two thousand overcoats, blankets, and other equipments had been made; and when on April 15 the call came for twenty companies of three months men for the defence of the National Capital, Massachusetts was ready. The first armed body, fully equipped, to land in Washington were sons of "The Old Bay State," who had, on April 19, fought their way through Baltimore, over streets reddened with their blood, re-consecrating that date to the cause of Freedom and Human Rights. Requisitions for more men were made during the week, and were filled. In six days after the President's call, the quota of Massachusetts, 3,120 men, and an excess of several hundred, were on their way to the front. For nearly four years, and during the whole period of the war, her full share and more of the public burdens was borne. Her sister states in New England responded with equal spirit. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, each and all forwarded, as soon as possible, the

men they were called upon to furnish. The conduct of affairs was in the hands of the Republican state authorities, and there was a tendency to hold them responsible for any mistakes, and to criticize their action. For instance, when steps were taken to have in readiness overcoats, blankets, and equipments in anticipation of the call which later came, it was a subject for merriment, and Governor Andrew was the target of ridicule on the part of his political opponents.

The patriotic outbreak of April, 1861, and the unselfish sentiments of devotion to the Union which were developed when Fort Sumter was fired on, and which found expression in the popular uprising of those days, did not later save Governor Andrew's administration, and the National administration from severe criticism and active opposition. The later day critics were not all outside the Republican party, and the opposition took form at the state election in 1862, when some good men, doubting the capacity of the President, grieved at the disasters to the Union armies on the peninsula before Richmond, in the Valley of Virginia, and at the second Bull Run, and carried away by their admiration of General McClellan, who had been removed by the President after his failure to follow up and attack the Rebel army on its retreat from Antietam, united with the Democratic party in Massachusetts, and styling themselves the "People's party," nominated General Charles Devens for governor in opposition to Governor Andrew. This nomination was adopted by the Democrats, but their ticket was signally defeated. A part of the scheme of the People's party managers was to defeat the reelection of Senator Sumner, whose term expired March 4, 1863. A Republican Legislature returned him for another six years. General Devens retained his position in the field, returned to the Republican party and later received high honors at its hands. In his early years as a Whig, he had held the office of United States Mar-

shal in 1851, and 1852, during the administration of Vice-President Fillmore, who succeeded to the vacancy caused by the death of President Taylor. When Governor Andrew had held office as such for nearly the traditional three years, which was the time allotted to successful candidates, there were ambitious aspirants who hoped to succeed him. A movement, large in point of numbers was started, but notice having been served upon its originators that they would be fought in every school district in Massachusetts by Governor Andrew's friends, they prudently dropped out of the fight and Andrew was elected in 1863, and again in 1864, without further serious opposition. But the years of his service were years fraught with danger to the nation, and full of anxiety to him. Calls for additional troops must be met; the depleted ranks of the veteran regiments must be filled; new regiments must be raised and hurried forward. Massachusetts was not laggard. A draft was ordered by the authorities at Washington in the summer of 1862, but was twice postponed, when it appeared that so far as Massachusetts was concerned her quota would be filled without it, and filled it was, for her governor overcame all difficulties, not the least of which was the red tape of the United States mustering officers, whose chief duty seemed to be to retard the raising of troops; refusing to muster and pay the volunteers unless the rules of the circumlocation branch of the War Department were strictly followed. In the early fall of 1862 the Governor telegraphed to the Secretary of War. "We have more than 5,000 nine months militia ready to go into service immediately, who are depressed and discouraged by these refusals. Why cannot mustering and disbursing officers be appointed by you who will co-operate heartily in the recruitment instead of inventing obstacles. . . . If the whole recruitment, transportation, and equipment were left to the state, as last year, we should be a month ahead of our present condition."

While this work was going on the Republicans of Massachusetts were inspired by the hope and belief that the President would soon issue the Proclamation of Emancipation. It was urged upon him by the Governor, the senators, and other men high in the councils of the state. It lay very near to the Governor's heart, and was advocated by him on all suitable occasions. Speaking at a Methodist Camp Meeting at Martha's Vineyard, on a Sunday in August, he said, referring to the hoped for measure, "But I have seen no discouragements; I bate not one jot of hope; I believe that God rules above and that, either with our aid or without it, He has determined to let the people (*i. e.*, slaves) go. *But the confidence I have in my own mind that the appointed hour has nearly come*, makes me all the more certain of the final triumph of our Union arms, because I do not believe that this great investment of Providence is to be wasted." Governor Andrew was a man of strong religious convictions and deep religious faith, as witness the incident related by Mr. Edward W. Kinsley which happened about this time. The Governor had sent for Kinsley, who went to the State House, and found the Governor alone, who said to him, "Somebody must go to Washington. I command you to go. There is something going on . . . this is a momentous time." "He turned suddenly to me and said" (Kinsley adds), "You believe in prayer, don't you?" "I said, Why, of course." "Then let us pray," "and he knelt right down at the chair, we both knelt down, and I never heard such a prayer in all my life, I was never so near the throne of God, except when my mother died, as I was then."

In September, 1862, the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued and Andrew's efforts in that direction were crowned with success. From his young manhood he had labored for the freedom of the negro, and his Thanksgiving Proclamation of 1862, replete with scrip-

tural quotations, was a poem of praise which showed that he was a close student of the Bible.

The first day of January, 1863, found the negro a man — a free man — and Governor Andrew took up another work, a work not only for the country, but also for the newly enfranchised race. The negro must be a soldier. By persistent agitation he secured from the Secretary of War, authority to raise "crops of infantry for the volunteer military service," and a concession that they might "include persons of African descent, organized into separate corps." Andrew, by January 30, 1863, had picked out the men he wanted for colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the proposed negro regiment, and the work of recruiting it commenced. This was the famed 54th regiment. Early in May its ranks were filled, and then another colored regiment, the 55th, was organized. Later, during Andrew's administration a regiment of colored cavalry, the 5th Massachusetts was raised and sent into the service. 48861

Naturally the chief concern of Governor Andrew's administration, during its first four years, was to do all it might to sustain the National administration in the prosecution of the war. How well this was done history has told. Massachusetts has no reason to blush for any shortcomings in that regard. When the first telegram calling for troops came, the laconic answer of her Governor was, "Despatch received. By what route shall we send?" Following it up the same day with a request for permission to send three regiments instead of two, as called for. He maintained the same attitude during the war. The internal affairs of the state were not neglected. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was chartered and funds appropriated for its support. Agricultural instruction was established under the auspices of the state; Teachers' Institutes inaugurated; Normal Schools fostered; work upon the Hoosac Tunnel resumed and legislation for the common good passed.

(To be continued)

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XIX

'GENE COMES HOME

'GENE was very happy on the road from Boston to St. Croix. The weather remained fine most of the way, but when it was foul he had no difficulty in finding shelter. There was not a farmer's wife who did not put her best on the table when, with his blue eyes brightening in his bronzed face, he asked for food in return for work. Sometimes the farmer himself, to the disgust of his wife as a rule, insisted upon actual work in payment, and when this was the case 'Gene worked cheerfully enough. But more often than not he was received as a welcome passer-by, for when questioned he was ready with stories of the tropics which made the eyes of his listeners grow big in wonder. More than one farmer's lass went to bed hugging close the memory of this brave adventurer as her hero. At first he told his tale in a spirit of fun, but as he watched its effect and saw how readily it was believed he grew serious until he half believed the narrative himself. It wasn't his fault that he had missed the reality by the margin of a night.

If under ordinary circumstances the truth of his yarns would have been questioned, his bronze face, his youth, and, above all, the parrot left not a shadow of doubt. He had grown fond of this bird. The pretty red and green creature perched upon his shoulder during his long daily walks had furnished him both companionship and entertainment. The bird was a constant surprise and taught him many new nautical terms of which he made good use. In his turn 'Gene taught him to say "Julie," and by careful training schooled him to avoid com-

bining the name with some of his pet oaths. There was nothing sentimental in the bird's earlier wild expression of "Damn. Damn. Julie. Shiver me timbers — damn Julie."

In true sailor fashion 'Gene thought little of that other girl he left behind him. He had absolute confidence in Bella's ability to get along by herself, and he had been as generous as it was possible for him to be in leaving her all of his last week's salary. The furnishings of the flat would bring enough to clear the rent, and so he did not see why she was not as well off as before she met him. He liked to feel that she would miss him for a little while and probably would cry a little, but when all was over she would settle back into her old rut. Possibly some day he might return to Boston and look her up. He had no definite plan in mind. He was too content, too full of life, to do any scheming.

In this way he reached St. Croix on the thirteenth day of his departure from Boston. The sky was blue and the air crisp when after a night in the woods he arose, washed his face in a spring, and going on to the village secured a breakfast from a friend. He next visited the village store, where he was readily given credit for a new blue suit, a blue flannel shirt and a loose black tie. At the barber shop he secured a hair cut and shave. When in the middle of the forenoon he finally started for the home of Julie, he looked like a hardy and prosperous seaman.

He discovered himself a good deal of a hero, and passed through the town stopped by dozens who wished to hear further of his adventures. By the time he neared the Moulton house he was very well content with himself.

Then, at a turn in the road, he met Flint. The latter had drunk just

enough to be comfortably hospitable. At heart he too was a vagabond and he greeted 'Gene like an old friend.

"Glad to see you home again, 'Gene," he said, extending a long thin hand. "Where ye been?"

"Just off on a little cruise," answered 'Gene nonchalantly.

Flint's faded eyes brightened. He had pleasant, gentle features, and in spite of gray hair at his temples looked more like a boy than a man.

"To Jamaica? Don't tell me ye've ben to Jamaica."

In the single year which embraced the sum total of his own adventures Flint had visited that port. All his pet stories centered about that corner. He cherished it as his own.

"No," answered 'Gene. "Just to South Americy. To Rio mostly."

"Ye don't tell," answered Flint with a sigh of relief.

He looked cautiously about. He beckoned 'Gene mysteriously into the bushes by the side of the road. He extended his hand again.

"It's good to meet a shipmate," he said. "Do ye ever taste anything?"

"Don't care if I do," answered 'Gene with a touch of bravado.

Flint produced a bottle from his pocket and offered it. 'Gene drew the cork and swallowed a couple of mouthfuls of what tasted like crude petroleum. But it went to his head instantly. It was all that was needed to clinch his self-delusion. He handed back the bottle with a hypocritical smack of his lips.

"Good stuff," he averred.

Flint held the bottle to his own mouth and nearly emptied it.

"I reckon ye seen a thing or two? Eh?" Flint coaxed him.

"More'n you'd find in this town in a hundred year," answered 'Gene.

He sat down and began his yarns all over again. But he elaborated them now as never before, and as he talked on he seemed to see Julie listening to him in wide-eyed wonder. The vision soon grew so entrancing that he felt eager to be off to her. He concluded briefly.

"So I shipped back to Boston and here I am."

He rose.

"Any of that stuff left?"

Flint willingly handed over the bottle, and 'Gene took another long drink.

"I'll return the favor some day,"

'Gene assured him, as he moved off.

"Sorry I can't stay longer, but I've got some important business, very important business."

"Good luck, mate," muttered Flint, as he dreamily waved good-by.

'Gene walked the remainder of the distance with his mind inflamed with desire of Julie. No dream that his heated brain conjured up now seemed too wild to come true. The parrot caught the contagion and chattered like a magpie.

So he came to the clean white house sitting quietly back from the road.

CHAPTER XX

A PROMISE REDEEMED

ON Friday afternoon Nat had begged Julie not to go home until the next day.

"The auction's to-morrow," he explained.

"What auction?" she asked, as though this were news to her.

"At the Lovell place. I told ye we could pick up a lot of nice things for the house."

"What house?" she inquired.

"Your house," he answered.

Her cheeks flamed scarlet as she met his eyes.

"Nat," she protested, "you have no right to say such a thing as that."

"I'm only tellin' ye the truth," he replied.

"It isn't the truth. It's absurd for you to say so. Why — why, it's ridiculous."

"I told ye from the beginning that I built the house for you. From sill to roof I built it for you, Julie."

"But you can't do a thing like that. I told you from the beginning that you mustn't."

"But I *did*," he explained simply.

"But you shouldn't."

"But I *did*."

"Nat," she exploded petulantly, "I can't seem to make you understand anything. You always go ahead and do as you please."

"Will you come to the auction?" he asked, returning to his first point.

"No," she refused flatly, "I'm going home to-night."

Her refusal hurt him. She saw that. But he was always forcing her to hurt him. And in doing that he was always forcing her to hurt herself, for in spite of her indisputable right to her position it cut her to the quick to see that look of dumb resignation creep into his eyes.

"If you would only be reasonable, Nat," she added.

"What do ye mean by reasonable?" he asked.

"Why — why, doing as I tell you," she answered.

"I do all I can that ye ask me," he said.

She smiled.

"The trouble is that you do more," she protested.

"And that isn't half enough," he answered quickly. "Ye don't know all that I want to do and can't. Ye don't know —"

But she crowded her two hands over her ears and began to shake her head.

"I won't listen," she cried. "I — I'm going home."

So that night he drove her to St. Croix and left her. But before he turned his horse she looked up at him half fearing, half pleading.

"You mustn't go over there to-morrow and spend all your money."

"I'll spend what I have," he answered.

"Then you won't mind me?" she pleaded, her voice grown tender.

"No," he answered. "I can't mind ye about some things."

"Then," she trembled, "don't ever blame me, Nat. You'll promise that?"

"Blame ye for what?"

"For anything," she insisted eagerly.

"I couldn't if I tried," he answered.

She watched from the doorstep until

the dark swallowed him up, and then stood there for a moment with her heart beating faster than usual. She liked him best when he was arbitrary and domineering. She liked him best when he was as he had been on the mountain top and took matters into his own hands, leaving her the satisfaction of feeling quite powerless. There were moments when, if he had turned and with tightened lips commanded her to come, she would have come. If to-night, for instance, he had refused to put her down at her home and had driven her straight to the parsonage, she felt as though she must perforce have gone with him. The thought left her quite dizzy. And from there they would have driven back to the house on the hill. In spite of all she said, she could not shake herself free from the feeling that the house really was hers. She knew how he must have toiled to build it. She knew that he could not have done it for himself alone. Though she had not yet been inside the doors, she knew every nook and cranny in every room. And to-morrow he would bring back furnishings for them and make the house more a living thing than ever.

All that night she was restless. The thought that Nat was going right ahead frightened her. She felt like one in the clutch of a maelstrom. In spite of all she said, she was powerless to check him. In spite of all her sense of loyalty she found herself less and less inclined to check him. That was the sober truth. Her arguments against him were becoming pitifully weak. And the man who should have helped her be strong had never written her since he left. She had been driven to one excuse after another to explain this, but these too were now becoming pitifully weak. In the dark she called out to him:

"Gene — 'Gene, please come back quick."

The morning found her thoughts more sober, but the problem no less pressing. After breakfast she went back to her room resolved to come to some decision. In the first place, as a

matter of justice, she returned to 'Gene. She reviewed every episode of the winter before and brought to life again every one of her moods of those days. At first 'Gene had seemed to her only a boy and she had laughed at his youthfulness. She had allowed him to walk home with her every night and finally allowed him to call in the evening. Still, month after month, he remained only an interesting youngster. A touch of the daredevil in him had appealed to her — a touch of the adventurer. He talked wildly and loosely of his proposed adventures in foreign lands until all of a sudden he had told her that he was really going. With her cheeks scarlet she recalled the night he had climbed to her window. She felt again the hot pressure of his hand, his demand that she come out and talk with him. Then — the rest! Her hot cheeks burned with the memory of that; her lips became dry. She had lost her head that evening, but even now she felt the grasp of his arms and the brush of his lips. Then in the cool of the next morning it had all been repeated, and she had watched him trudge off over the hill. Night after night, since then, she had dreamed of him and waited for word of him. Following this, she had pictured his adventures night after night. She smiled now at his promise of a tiger skin for her. And the parrot — twenty parrots! That was only the brave promise of a lad, but nevertheless it had pleased her then and it pleased her now. Nat would never have made any such promise. He would have trudged off with his lips tight closed over his thoughts. When in port, instead of going off after tigers or parrots, Nat probably would have found a snug boarding-house and written letters until the ship sailed. She smiled again. Dear, good, kind, sober Nat! If Nat only had a touch more of 'Gene in him or if 'Gene only had a touch more of Nat in him, there would be no such problem as now confronted her. But what might be didn't alter what was. She forced herself back to the facts.

One of the facts was that she couldn't

remain at Hio after the fall term with things as they were. She wouldn't trust herself to do that. Besides, with Nat in the woods it would be a very stupid place. She wondered what he would do with the house when he was away. If he should lock the front door and board up the windows, she would die of loneliness. He must promise not to do that. She would ask him to leave the curtains up, just as though some one were living there. Even then it would look deserted without sight of him at nightfall working about the place. She had watched him up there every evening after supper, either tidying up the grounds or busy about some bit of carpentering inside the house itself. She almost died of curiosity every time she heard his hammer, and once went so far as to peek in a window at him. She had heard him whistling softly to himself. It was one of the chansons her mother had taught her. And now, just about this time, he was at the Lovell place buying chairs and tables and what not, while she was here having no part in it. A bit resentfully she concluded that he ought to have made her go with him. He had no right to choose all by himself. There was a Grandfather's clock there which she wanted very much. It would go very well opposite the fireplace. It had a quaint face, with a parrot painted —

Once again she was drawn up sharply. She blushed at her presumption. The next second she blamed Nat for her lapse. He was always leading her on. Then, below her window she heard a strange, chattering caw. She sprang back into the middle of the room, as she had the night that 'Gene climbed to her casement. Her breath stopped short. She listened with cheeks as white as marble. Once again the sound was repeated, and this time she made out of the unintelligible gibberish accompanying it, the single word "Rio de Janeiro." With her knees weak she crept to the window and looked out. She saw by the front door the tall form of a young man. She saw his bronzed face. She saw the parrot

on his arm. She couldn't move her lips. She sank into a chair and waited. The sound of the knocker on the front door brought her to her feet and sent her stumbling down the stairs. But before she opened the door she paused for breath — dizzy, confused, frightened. She heard the knocker raised a second time, and fearing this would bring her mother to the door, suddenly swung it open. She found herself staring into 'Gene's smiling blue eyes. She heard him breathe her name. The sound of it instantly took her back six months, so that it seemed but yesterday that he had left.

"'Gene," she answered. "It's you!"

"Yes," he answered. "And here's your parrot."

He held the bird out to her, perched on the forefinger of his hand. She drew back from the strange creature, which ruffled up its feathers and opening its beak wide squawked a warning at her.

"'Gene!" she panted.

"Can't ye come down the road a little way? I want to talk to ye afore I see the folks."

"I — I don't know," she faltered. "I — I can't think."

He reached for her hand.

"Come," he insisted.

She obeyed him, and by his side crossed the yard. They reached the road unseen, and he took her arm. He led her around a bend out of sight of the house. There he held her at arm's length a moment in delirious admiration. Not in all his travels had he seen so fresh and fair a woman. In her person she embodied all, that in sudden revulsion against the sordid staleness of his recent life, he craved. Every curve of her young form expressed grace and charm. But, above all, she was dew-fresh, like a flower in the early morning.

She lowered her eyes in confusion at his hot gaze. He seized her by the shoulders and drew her gasping for breath into his arms.

"Julie," he whispered, "I didn't know I loved ye so much. I can't get my breath. I can't wait another

day — another hour for ye. You're mine now — now."

"'Gene," she choked.

"Aye — call my name over and over again. I haven't heard it since I left ye. It's like a new name, and the sound of it from you makes me feel like a new man. I feel's though I'd been gone twenty years — I ache so for you."

He kissed her hair, kissed her at the temples, and she in a daze suffered it. After all, this was 'Gene — her 'Gene. They had plighted their troth before he left, and though now he seemed strange he was still the same 'Gene.

"Look up at me and tell me ye still love me," he insisted.

She raised her eyes. He was very handsome and hardy. She saw him in a mist, but he was surely her 'Gene.

"Tell me, tell me," he whispered.

"I — I think I do," she faltered.

"No. I'll have none of that. Tell me out and out. Tell me, 'Gene, I love you."

"'Gene, I love you," she repeated.

"Is it six months since I heard that?"

"It seems very long," she answered. "You never wrote to me."

"I didn't," he confessed. "It seems though I never had time. I've been through a lot since I saw you."

"And now you're back safe and sound," she said in awe.

"And lovin' you more than ever."

The parrot, who had hopped to the ground and perched upon a rock, began to chatter.

"Rio. Rio. Rio de Janeiro."

"You went to Rio?" she asked in a trembling whisper.

"To Rio and a hundred other places," he answered. "I've more to tell ye than would take a year."

The whiskey was still inflaming his brain. He hardly knew what he said, what he did. He was obsessed by the one idea to make her his forever. He wouldn't risk leaving her alone another day.

"Julie," he burst out, "before I see any one else, before I go home, I want to make you mine for good."

"What do you mean?" she stammered, sensing his meaning.

"I want ye to go down to the Reverend Gideon now — this minute. I want him to marry us within an hour."

"Within an hour?" she gasped.

"Sooner, if we can find him. What's the use of waiting?" he ran on, reading the fear in her eyes; "we don't want any wedding. We've waited long enough."

"Gene — why, I couldn't think of that. I —"

"Yes, you can, you must. Then we'll come home and I'll have time to talk to you."

"But father — mother —"

"What difference does it make whether they know before or after? I tell you I can't wait. And, for all I know, I might have to leave again in a week."

She clung to his arm.

"No, no, 'Gene, you wouldn't go again, you wouldn't leave me again."

"I can't tell. But if I was safe married to you — Ah, let's not talk about it. Let's go. Let's hurry."

He took her arm. For a step or two she went reluctantly, and then, catching the contagion of his passion, she put her arm within his. She did not know what she was about. She simply followed. In this fashion they proceeded to the town clerk and secured a license and then to the parsonage. In this daze she found herself sitting in the parlor. She heard 'Gene talking in a low voice to the minister, and the next thing she was conscious of was Mrs. Gideon's presence. The latter was speaking to her.

"What's this, child? You want to be married this way?"

'Gene swung his eyes towards her.

"Yes," she nodded.

"Do your parents know about it?"

"Not yet. But — but we're going right back to them."

'Gene stepped forward.

"We don't want to bother them with a wedding. And I may have to leave any time."

The good lady shook her head, but there seemed nothing to do except

carry out their wishes. In a few moments the tall lank form of the Rev. Elisha Gideon was standing before them, prayer-book in hand. In a deep, impressive voice he read the service. Julie answered his questions with trembling lips. It all sounded very solemn to her, and she was startled almost into crying when the minister lifted his head and glaring about the room demanded that "If any man knew why these two should not be joined together, let him now speak or forever after hold his peace." 'Gene too started at this. He glanced over his shoulder towards the door. But this crisis was safely passed, and he slipped upon her finger the gold band which had been his grandmother's and which he had always worn. The ceremony was over in a marvelously short time.

'Gene took her arm and led her out of the house and back down the road to the bend. There they found the parrot hopping wildly about and swearing terribly. In their excitement they had forgotten him.

"Damn. Damn. Damn," he croaked, with such venomous anger that the words sounded ominous. With a shiver Julie turned to 'Gene.

"Oh," she sobbed, "what have you made me do, 'Gene?"

He kissed her and patted her gently.

"There, there!" He tried to quiet her. "That ain't a pretty way for a bride to act."

"I — I can't help it."

The parrot pecked at her ankles. She clung to her husband.

"Take him away. He frightens me," she cried.

'Gene turned towards the bird, and lifting his heavy boot kicked him into the bushes. The parrot lay there where he fell, a helpless bunch of green and yellow feathers. In horror Julie ran a few steps towards the house. She covered her eyes with her hands.

"That's what I'll do to any one who bothers my Julie," he growled. He followed to her side.

"Don't touch me. Don't touch me for a minute," she choked, thrusting out her hand.

"Look here, Julie," he broke in. "This ain't any way to act. The trouble is you're scared. Now you go into the house. I'll go on to the village, and then in an hour I'll come back. You'll feel all right by then."

"Yes," she nodded. "Go now."

But he seized her in his arms and kissed her again and again before he left. From the bushes came a feeble dying croak.

"Julie. Ju —"

The feathers fluttered a second and then settled down limply.

CHAPTER XXI

A TOAST TO THE BRIDE

WITH his head splitting with pain from the drink and the excitement, 'Gene made his way back to St. Croix. His lips were parched, and with the reaction his spirits sank to abysmal depths. He was haunted with the dying croak of the parrot, haunted by that last look in Julie's eyes, haunted by the sepulchral demand of the parson, "If any man know reason why these two should not be joined together, let him now speak or forever after hold his peace." The words conjured up the white tense face of Bella, as though it were flashed before his eyes on a screen.

There on the lonely road he answered that look out loud:

"We weren't married, I tell ye. It was all a mistake. Barney weren't any Justice at all."

But still the gray eyes stared at him as they used to stare up from the sewing when he came home unsteady on his feet. Only now it was worse, a hundred times worse. Had Bella been within reach of him at that moment, he would have been sorely tempted to strike her. She had no right to bother him this way. He had been fair to her. He had paid all the bills while they lived together and had taken her to the beach and places. He had left her all he had when he went. Lots of men wouldn't have done this much. He had met a dozen men who had done worse

by their wives without being blamed for it.

The trouble with him was that he needed a drink. If he had just one drink, it would straighten him out. He always felt like this when he needed a drink. Coming to the spot where he had left Flint, he pushed through the bushes. The old man lay there still asleep, with a gentle smile around his weak mouth. 'Gene roused him.

"Flint," he called

The old man rose to his elbow. He rubbed his eyes.

"What's matter?" he inquired drowsily.

'Gene stooped and shook him by the shoulder,

"See here, Flint," he called. "I've got to have a drink. I'm dying for a drink. Got anything left?"

Flint shook his head.

"Not a drop," he answered.

"But ye know where ye can get some?"

Flint looked thoughtful.

"When I was down in Jamaica, I had all the rum I could drink — all I could drink."

"But ye can get some now. I know ye can. See here — ye get a quart and to-morrow I'll pay ye anything ye ask for it."

Flint shook his head.

"If I was down in Jamaica now — I was dreamin' 'bout that. What did you wake me up for?"

"Look-a-here," 'Gene ran on in desperation. "Ye'll do that for a shipmate, won't ye? Ye know what 'tis to go broke?"

"I don't know nothin' else," answered Flint. "It's hell ain't it?"

"I can get the money to-morrow from Nat," 'Gene whined on. "Come, get up. Just a quart — and ye can have half of it."

"Ye'll pay to-morrer?"

"Honest."

Flint made his feet. He rubbed his heavy eyes.

"All right," he agreed.

He paused suspiciously.

"I've gotter friend thet'll give it to me, but he don't sell none."

"I know, I know," answered 'Gene eagerly.

He took Flint's arm and hurried him into the road. The latter protested and finally stopped short.

"I ain't goneter run," he declared.

"That's right," agreed 'Gene. "No hurry. But for Gawd's sake *crawl* anyhow."

Flint led him into the village and to a small squalid house in the rear of the post-office. He was greeted at the door by a loose-jointed, loose-featured young man whom 'Gene recognized as Al Foley. 'Gene extended his hand in a cordial greeting.

"Hello, Al!" he said. "I'm darned glad to see ye again."

Al looked suspicious. It was the first time 'Gene had ever more than nodded in his direction.

Flint stepped to the front. The formalities necessary to secure a drink in St. Croix were as nicely established as in the diplomatic service.

"'Gene here," he said, "was taken sudden sick. I didn't know but what ye might have a little Jamaicy ginger or suthin'."

Foley shook his head.

"I ain't gut nothin'," he answered.

"I see," nodded Flint. "Maybe now a cup of hot water would help."

"Hot water be damned!" snorted 'Gene.

Flint nudged him in the ribs.

"With a little sugar and maybe suthin' hot," added Flint.

"Reckon I can give ye hot water if thet's all ye want," nodded Foley.

Flint led the way in, with 'Gene crowding close at his heels. The first point was won in getting inside the house. As they entered the sitting-room a half-dozen children scampered out and a door banged sharply behind them. Flint sat down in a wooden chair and motioned 'Gene to follow his example. Foley stood by the cold air-tight stove and waited.

"How's your garden comin'?" inquired Flint.

"Fair to middlin'," answered Foley.

"If ye had the kind of weather they have where 'Gene's been now —"

"Whar's thet?" inquired Foley.

"South Americv," answered Flint. "An' he says as how rum's free as water down thar."

He paused.

"He's jus' back," continued Flint, sinking his voice to a mysterious whisper. "An' he's powerful thirsty. If ye hed a quart of suthin' —"

Foley bristled up.

"Course I knows ye only has it in the house in case of sickness," Flint added quickly. "The p'int is, 'Gene here has gut used to it, so he gits p'ison-sick without it. Might be ye'd save his life with just a quart."

"I keeps a little on hand for the kids," Foley admitted.

"I tell ye," said Flint, "if ye'd jus' loan him a quart — say till to-morrer."

Foley glanced towards the door. Then suddenly swooping down upon the stove, he lifted the cover and drew out a quart bottle.

"I don't sell none," he said.

"Course ye don't," agreed Flint. "An' I wouldn't ask ye fer it 'cept in case of sickness. Maybe now ye'd join us in a swaller?"

Foley produced three glasses. 'Gene filled his to the brim. With a lift and a nod he raised the glass to his lips and drained it to the bottom. The stuff swept away the cobwebs in his brain instantly. In another minute it had banished the tense face; in another even the croak of the dying parrot. He filled a second glass, while the two men stared at him in amazement.

"Ye surely shows yer trainin'," commented Flint.

"I was thirsty — clear to my boot-heels," answered 'Gene. "Lord, but that's good."

(To be continued)

A NEW EDITION OF EDUCATIONAL MUSIC

By ETHEL SYFORD

THE Peters and Litolf Editions, of those standard classics, which will always form an important part of every serious music curriculum, have long been depended upon by every music teacher, and by every musician. However, modern technic has effected so much and it has so thoroughly revised things since the days of the Herz scales, that no one but a pedant of the old school would think it possible to make for the broader and more artistic musicianship without a liberal use of the best modern presentations of musical pedagogics, by the most competent and the most authoritative modern composers and teachers.

A series of educational works, which are a setting forth of the most practical exploitations of the difficulties occurring in piano, violin, organ, violincello, and vocal study,—a representative edition of the best, the most helpful, the most effectual ideas and “aids to progress,” which have been contrived by the most authoritative modern teachers,—such is the long list of more than a hundred volumes known to the musical world as Schmidt’s Educational Series.

This series is significant because every volume, as it appears in this edition, is absolutely unique. In the first place, no volume in this Educational Series occurs in duplicate in any other edition. Also, each separate volume has a definite *raison d’être*, is an independent monograph, as it were, which treats successfully and adequately whatever portion of the field it aims to cover. Intelligently used, there is not one volume of this educational series which will not prove remunerative and compensating to the student, not one volume which will

fail to prove patent for the purpose to which it devotes itself.

In every case the volumes of this series have been the fruit of the wide experience of some teacher-musician, whose success with pupils has been notable. Looking through the catalogue of the contents of this edition, it soon becomes evident that it will invariably answer the question, “What shall I use?” for here are listed a complete array of the best modern instructive ideas, and out of this list the requirements of any necessity which may arise in amateur musical study, can be met in a competent and representative way. There is absolutely no demand of the first four grades of pianoforte instruction, which cannot be thoroughly met by some volume of Schmidt’s Educational Series. The list also contains specially edited classics,—valuable because they are edited by musicians of great competence and because the contents have been made new and attractive, and do not merely include the old and long-familiar selections. For instance, Vol. 64 contains some little known compositions by Händel, which are adapted and edited by Mr. Carl Faelten. Vol. 97, Books I, II, III entitled, Systematic Finger Technic, are progressive pianoforte studies for the earlier grades by Carl Czerny, and selected, arranged, and augmented with studies after motives from Czerny, by H. R. Krentzlin, a Berlin teacher who has a considerable reputation. (Vol. 59 is a set of six characteristic pieces by Mr. Krentzlin, excellent for the first and second grades, and entitled “Village Scenes.”) Vol. 78 is a compendium of Heller’s Pianoforte Studies, revised, edited, and arranged in progressive order by

Mr. Arthur Foote. No one is better fitted to present two volumes of Heller's Etudes to us in a more logical way than is Mr. Foote, who was a pupil of Heller's. In this compendium eight opus numbers of Heller's Etudes have been drawn upon, the choice being largely determined by their relative technical value. Expression marks have been added, and the use of the pedals has been more fully indicated than in the original editions. Unnecessary fingering has been taken out and an effort has been made to obtain a simple and natural one which avoids unnecessary movements of the hand. This is the best modern edition of Heller for practical use. Vol. 24, the Fifteen Two-voice Inventions, by J. S. Bach, also edited by Mr. Foote, is of the same excellent merit and usefulness. However, it is seldom that a student can be profitably launched straightway into the intricacies of Bach, and a little rigorous training in the concentration and clear thinking necessary to develop the ability to keep the thought lines distinct and clearly defined, is an excellent foundation. "Systematic training for Polyphonic Playing," by Heinrich Pfitzner, is the most pertinent means for accomplishing such results. This work should be used at an early stage, as a companion volume to any regular pianoforte course as it is the most thorough work, and practically the only work of such a nature that the pupil can naturally gain a grasp upon the peculiar technical and mental requirements of contrapuntal music.

"Progressive Studies in Octave Playing," by Charles Denneé (Vol. 37 of this series), is a collection of octave studies, arranged in progressive order and selected from the works of Gurlitt, Wolff, Foote, Eggeling, Bach, Mozart, and others. Excellent preparatory exercises and a number of new studies have been specially written by the editor. There are comparatively few helpful octave studies for the intermediate grades, and this volume is an especially meritorious one.

"The Pupil's First Etude Album,"

consisting of fifty-three etudes, each designed to be of use for a technical difficulty, and of much musical attractiveness, is one of the most valuable collections of etudes for the first and second grades. This volume, as well as its successor, "The Second Etude Album," has been compiled and arranged in progressive order by Ferdinand Meyer. The list of contents speak for themselves: "Study in Lightness and Grace," by Sartorio; "Wrist Movement," by Charles Mayer; "Staccato Chords," by Stamaty; "Study in Style," by L. Schytté, are only a few examples of the contents.

"Ten Melodious Etudes" for the Pianoforte, by Ludvig Schytté, have been carefully selected from Opus 66, and are edited by Philip Hale. This volume is invaluable in its adaptability and in its ability to produce telling results. It is excellent for the demonstration of crisp staccato, of attaining a nicety of phrasing and of musical expression, and for technical fluency.

"Norwegian Suite," by Trygve Torjussen, a new composer of poetic style and excellent musicianship should not be overlooked. Vol. 63, Torjussen's "Norwegian Suite," is a set of six third grade compositions, which are unexcelled for recital purposes. These pieces are of singularly poetic beauty and appeal, and they have a distinctly Norwegian flavor. In one sense, they are not at all third grade recital pieces; it would be more accurate to say that they are short atmospheric poems which can be used to great advantage for third grade pupils,—for the "Legende," "Vision," and "In der Nacht," are certainly musical poems. Of similar usefulness in their suitability for use as third grade recital pieces are the "Six Aphorisms," by Oskar Wolf, one of which is for the left hand alone, and is particularly poetic. Both the "Norwegian Suite," by Torjussen, and the "Aphorisms," by Wolf, have so much genuine poetry, and so effective is their idea that they are sure to attract music-lovers as well as teachers and students. In connection with

these last two works, as "pieces," the "Twelve Etudes for the Development of Technic and Style," by Edward Macdowell, can be advantageously used, as they are of about equal difficulty. Each etude has been made to fulfil a purpose. They are to aid in the attainment of "Accent," "Grace," "Singing Touch," "Delicate Rhythmical Playing," etc. Also of much interest to music lovers and for studio recital work, are the "Impressions Musicales,—Five Waltzes," for the piano, by Moritz Moskowski. No word is necessary concerning the grace and brilliancy and musical beauty of Moskowski's waltzes, and these are a unique and unusual collection.

Another set of excellent compositions for third grade, are the *Morceaux Poétiques*, by Theodore Lack—six pieces in all. "The Waltz at Twilight" is especially attractive and graceful; the "Romance Sans Paroles" is full of feeling and beauty.

"The Pupils Library" is a progressive collection of pianoforte pieces,—First, Second, and Third Series. Each series contains two volumes, with about sixteen pieces in each volume. The First Series contains thirty-five "Easiest Pieces"; the Second Series, thirty-two Easy Pieces; the Third Series twenty-four pieces in the medium grades. The composers represented are such as Lichner, Sartorio, Philipp, Schytté, Denneé, Meyer-Helmund, Czibulka, Reinecke, and others. The series is sure to prove interesting and helpful.

In the violin section may be found valuable additions to the violin repertoire and etudes and technical studies which are according to the most modern ideas for violin teaching. There are four books by Friedrich Hermann which contain work in each of the positions. "Twelve Melodious Etudes," by Th. Hermann, and for the

first position are excellent technically, at the same time being made attractive by their melodious quality and by their having accompaniment for a second violin.

An entirely new edition of Concone will be of interest to vocalists, and this one is a most excellent one; also a set of "Vocalises for Soprano or Tenor," by Wilhelm Sturm, and "Lyric Fancies," a selection of songs by American composers. These songs are arranged in two volumes, and for high or low voice. The songs are all too well loved to need any word here; they are such as, "Allah," by Chadwick; "Dear Little Hut by the Rice Fields," by Gena Branscombe; "O Lovely Rose," by Macdowell; "An Irish Love Song," by Margaret Ruthven Lang; "My Dear," by Mary Salter Turner; "Shena Van," by Mrs. Beach; "The Night has a Thousand Eyes," by Arthur Foote, etc.

This Educational Series has already proved itself invaluable to music lovers, teachers, and students, and well it may as it offers only the best that modern musical thought has put forth in the way of helpfulness, and it sets the text on clear open pages with the engraving well dispersed, thus making the page easily read. Another excellent feature is the fact that the series is published at cheap prices, and that the professional discount is the same as on Litolf, Peters, and other cheap editions. That we should have an American edition, which is so thoroughly representative of the best musical contrivances that modern expert musical thought has to offer as aids for the laying of the foundations of musicianship in young students,—that is a significant fact, and one which means the promotion of the realer teaching of music, the teaching of music that means progress for music in America.

BIRDS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 32)

hands of the committees to which they have been referred for consideration. The McLean Bill, however, has been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Forest Reservations, and the Protection of Game, and the Weeks Bill has likewise been given the endorsement of the House Committee on Agriculture.

Congress has convened, and although the session will be very short, ending on March 4, there is abundant time to advance either of these bills to a vote if the supporters of the measures will immediately become active and bestir themselves to the point of urging their senators and congressmen to take up the bills and pass them.

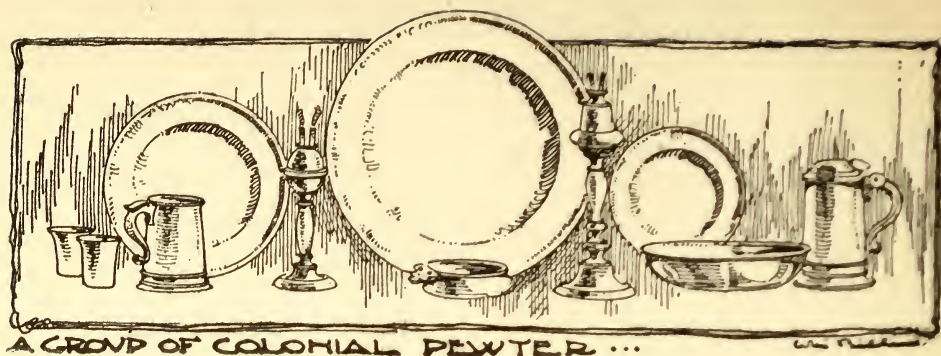
If you have not already done so will you at once communicate with your senators at Washington, urging them to support the "McLean Bill for Federal Protection of Migratory Birds," and write your congressmen,

insisting that they give their votes to the Weeks Bill.

To those not familiar with the exact character of the legislation proposed, it may be stated that the plan is to delegate to the United States Department of Agriculture the authority to make rules and regulations regarding the open and closed seasons for killing migratory birds, and also prescribe the method by which game shall be taken and disposed of. The Department would also fix the status of what is game and what is not.

Thus in North Carolina the robin and towhee are both classed as game birds, while in the northern states they are protected under the Audubon law as non-game bird. It is difficult to over-estimate the good which would result in the matter of unifying and enforcing laws for the protection of wild life if either of these bills shall at length become a law.





A GROUP OF COLONIAL PEWTER ...

GRANDMOTHER'S COOK BOOK

By the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE Cooking Club

FOREWORD

I HAVE forgotten who it was who contended that a "well filled stomach is the best thing to start the day with," and at any rate doubtless many of you would protest in this age of after-theater dinners, midnight rarebits, and promiscuous midnight eating, which brings in its morning wake a practically breakfast-less beginning of the day. Personally, I have very little faith in the brain-power of an empty stomach, in spite of the fact that I was brought up to realize that "we do not live to eat." A "well filled stomach" is a somewhat vulgar phrase, and I shall amend it by substituting a "*properly* filled stomach," and in all events I demand the privilege of making a plea for the "*respectfully treated* stomach." I would also like to make a plea for the old-fashioned breakfast which was a much more peaceful, more refined, and more healthful affair than the present day relay-race to that initial function of the day.

I firmly believe that if a New England great-great-grandfather were to suddenly awake during breakfast time in a present day household, his instinctive surmise after he recovered

from his bewilderment, would be that no one in the family was on speaking terms with any one else, and I am sure great-great-grandmother would be shocked at the "easiest way," makeshift eating that many a well-to-do American household of to-day affects. Sometimes I think that about seven out of ten women may be divided, as far as cooking be concerned, into two classes,—the brainy women and the good-for-nothing women. The brainy women evade the issue and then recite for their apologia, a sort of creed which is a sort of "I believe" in health foods, simple diets, uncooked fruits, etc., and they can recite to you how so-and-so gained ten pounds in no time by eating nothing but milk and eggs, and a kind of health cracker that is twin to a dog biscuit. The "good-for-nothing" woman is usually more deceitful about it and simply tries to cover up her tracks by offering easy substitutes upon her unsuspecting family. There had been enough odds and ends of vegetables left from the dinner to have made an excellent vegetable hash, but they went into the garbage because my lady "hasn't time to

bother with it," so she orders chops for lunch and then complains of the high cost of living, and that she only got three for sixty cents, and the marvelous businesses which seem to make up her very busy day are a bridge party and about three hours of hanging on the telephone.

Yes, autos, bridge, telephones and matinees have made women *extremely* busy, and they have not one minute more to spend on cooking than is absolutely necessary to put together what will *do* for a dinner and so, as they remove some bakery stuff from its wrappers, they remark that it is *just* as good and that it "doesn't pay" to bake any more. "It doesn't pay" is only the cloak under which a lazy or a disinterested cook hides. It is a far cry from the "live to eat" gourmand's feast and the well-cooked wholesome, *enjoyable* meal. The mere complying with *necessity* does not bespeak refinement in any sense. It is the added increment of the *unnecessary* to the point of creating wholesome *enjoyment* that makes for happy and refined civilization. To use simply enough language to be understood might be *sufficient*, but to speak beautiful English is more admirable and more uplifting. And I believe that there is an impetus for sparkling wit, for repartée, for enlivened conversation to be gained from the family at table. This function of life is about the only intimate function which the family as a whole indulge in, and let us preserve and promote its attractiveness and its wholesomeness, and by no means let us fail to set upon the table good cooking. There is a sort of contagious aroma of good fellowship which arises out of the midst of a pudding that the household mother has taken pride in making.

The rules that will appear on these pages are offered to those women who still believe that cooking is an art, and who believe in the rites of the family table and in the magic of good cookery, and who are interested in making wholesome good things. Com-

mon sense and a whole-souled enthusiasm are the principal ingredients of a good cook. The other ingredients offered below are, in the main, "New England" rules. They have all been tried and enjoyed:

CORN BREAD (NANTUCKET)

One pint of meal, one pint of milk, one-half pint of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt.

Sift the cream of tartar into the flour and mix it and the meal together. Dissolve the soda in a little of the milk, add the rest of the milk, the well-beaten eggs and the sugar and salt. Mix all thoroughly. Bake about half an hour in roll pans, or in a pan about an inch deep.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS (NANTUCKET)

One pint of milk with a little piece of butter warmed until the butter begins to melt. Pour it gradually into three pints of flour, mixing smoothly. Add two well-beaten eggs (one will do), two tablespoonfuls of yeast and three even tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix thoroughly and set it to rise. In the morning add a little salt and bake in muffin rings.

FRUIT CAKE

Six eggs, two cups sugar, two cups butter, one cup molasses, one teaspoon soda, one pound currants, one pound citron, one pound raisins, five cups flour, one cup milk. All well beaten together. Just before you add the flour, add one teaspoonful each of all kinds of spice. This rule will make three loaves, and it will keep one year.

SUET PUDDING

One cup chopped suet, one cup chopped raisins, one cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, one-half teaspoon soda, two and one-half cups flour, one-quarter teaspoon cinnamon, one quarter teaspoon cloves, a little nutmeg. Steam for one hour. Serve with hard sauce.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Yolks of two eggs, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoon butter, one-half cup milk, one cup flour into which one teaspoon of baking powder has been stirred, one square melted chocolate.

SAUCE FOR SAME

One cup powdered sugar and one tablespoon melted butter. Cream sugar and butter together. Add the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with vanilla.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

One quart of milk and two-thirds of a cup of Indian meal. Take a little of the milk and mix the meal with it to a smooth paste. Scald the rest of the milk. Stir in the meal when the milk is hot and let it cook until it thickens, stirring all the while. Take from the stove and add two eggs, two-thirds of a cup of molasses into which a teaspoonful of soda has been beaten, a little cinnamon, a pinch of ginger, and a pinch of salt. Bake three hours. Eat with sweetened cream.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

Four tablespoonfuls of meal, one-half cup of molasses, one quart of milk, and a small piece of butter. Mix the meal and molasses with a little salt. Then pour on one pint of scalded milk. Just before putting into the oven pour on the remainder of the milk and stir the whole. Lay small bits of butter over the top and bake slowly, about three and a half hours. Serve with melted butter or whipped cream.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

For one pint of dressing use three gills of oil, the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoon of mustard, one-half tea-

spoon of salt, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, one-tenth teaspoon of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of thick, sweet cream. Put the dry ingredients and the yolks of the eggs in the bowl, and beat them with an eggbeater until the mixture is light and thick. Now begin to add the oil, a few drops at a time. Each time the oil is added beat until it is thoroughly blended with the other ingredients. Add the vinegar, one-half spoonful at a time, then add the lemon juice, a few drops at a time. When the dressing is light and smooth, whip the cream and stir it into the dressing. More thick whipped cream and proportionately less oil may be used if desired.

FRENCH DRESSING

Four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, onion juice — just a trifle. Put in a bottle and shake until an emulsion is formed. This amount of vinegar can stand more olive oil if desired. All of the ingredients should be cold.

GINGER POUND CAKE (NANTUCKET)

One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, or grate in nutmeg instead of ginger, six eggs. Stir the butter and sugar to a fine foamy cream: beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately, and until very light. Add first the yolks and then the whites to the butter and sugar; beat well and then sift in the flour and ginger, and mix thoroughly. Bake very thin in square cornered pans; sift over fine sugar as soon as taken from the oven, and cut into squares for the table.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIX

APRIL, 1913

NUMBER II

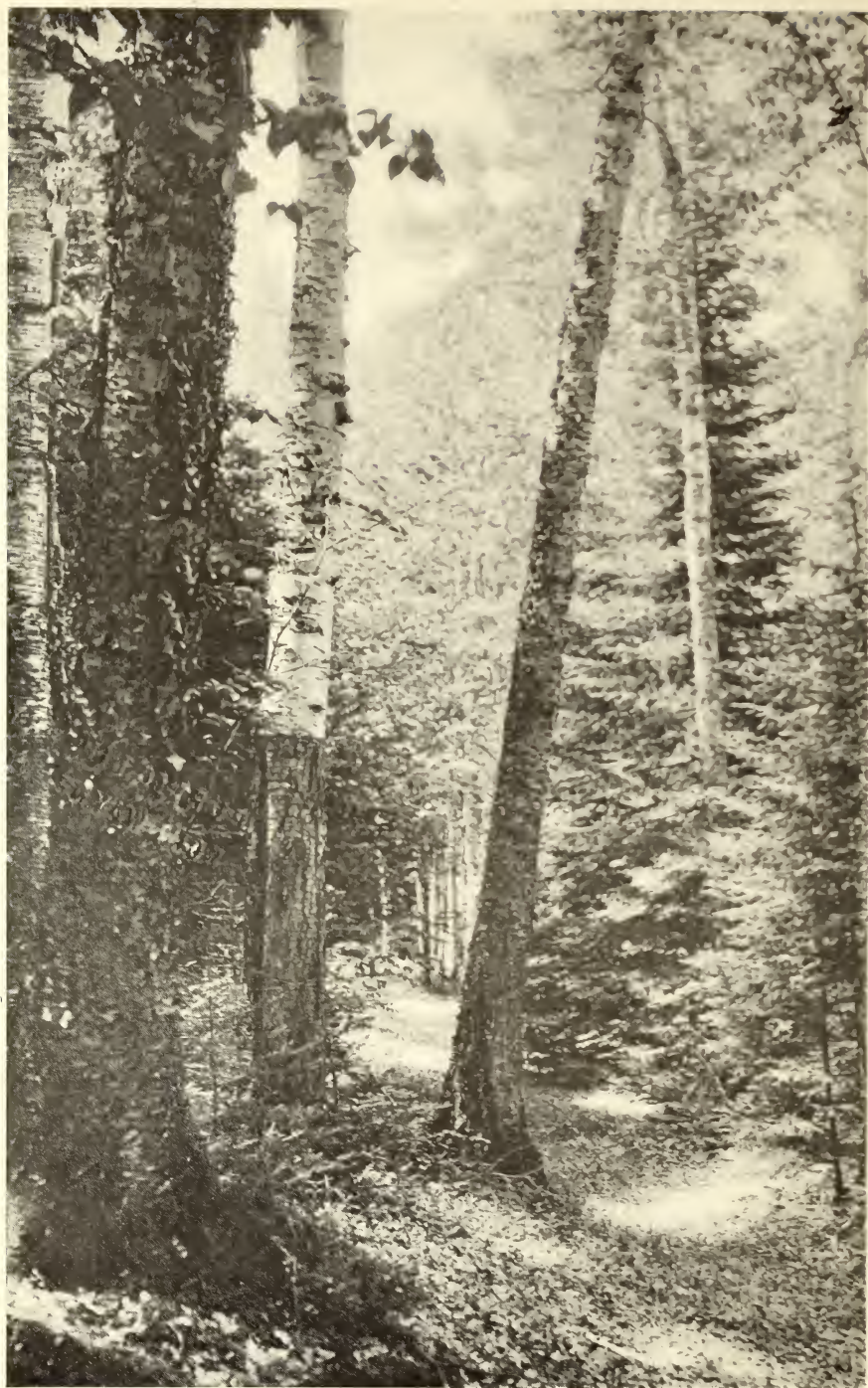
Beautiful New England

THE RANGELEY LAKE REGION

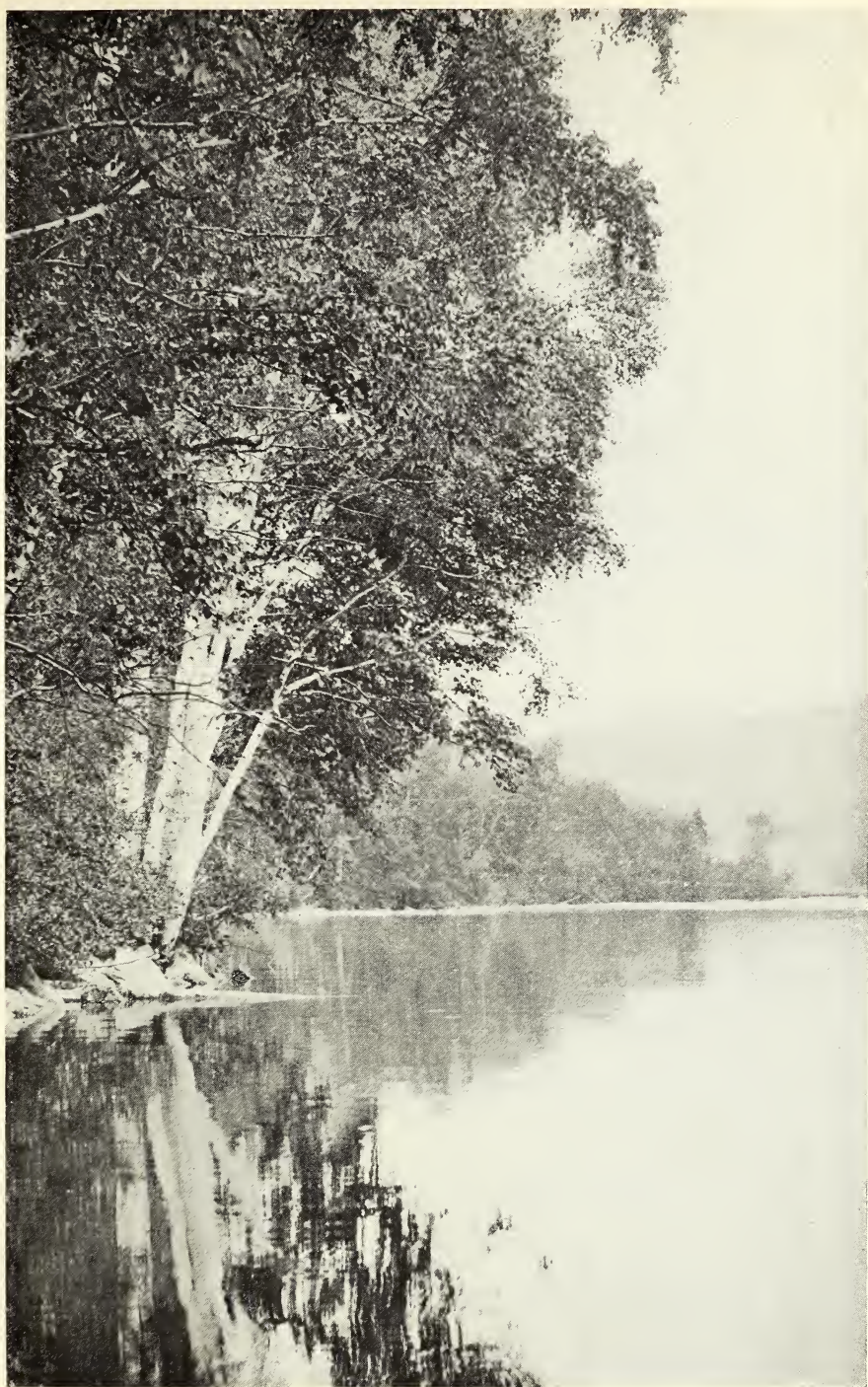
NOT a play wilderness constructed by the landscape gardener, but nature's own work, deep, mysterious, aromatic — appealing to every sense — to the sight, with crystal waters and spire-like pines, covering strange, half penetrable shadows; to the hearing with those sounds which only the trained woodsman can interpret; to the smell with odors replete with associations, and to the touch with the cool cleanliness of the forest and breezes that are only the undertones of the great, free winds that never sleep, but are forever rocking the tops of the loftiest trees and driving the scudding clouds across the mountain peaks!

Who has not seen Rangeley is disqualified from reporting on New England scenic beauty.

Situated full within the great northern pine-belt, it is still far enough to the South to feel the touch of the sun. Rangeley can yield tender blossoms, delicate ferns, exquisite minor growths of an infinite variety as well as the great boles of her magnificent forests. Song-birds as well as the great fur-bearers frequent her covers. May the wisdom of our better civilization preserve her native charm for the enjoyment of unborn generations.



A FOREST PATHWAY, RANGELEY



THE "THREE GRACES," RANGELEY



A YEARLING COW MOOSE



A FLASHLIGHT CATCH



RANGELEY, FROM SQUIRE RANGELEY'S MANOR HOUSE



EARLY SPRING SURF, RANGELEY



HURRAH FOR OLD NEW ENGLAND

SOLO AND CHORUS

Melody by W. F. Cameron
Arr. by B. B. B. B.

Allegretto

SOLO

1. This is our own, our life-time, Thy grace and might are
I shall not the land, the power the law, Thy grace and might are

to birth, With the night, The birth, grace of the
The birth, grace of the

from earth! We'll sing for our land, And our cloud-capped granite hills
They'll sing for our land, And our cloud-capped granite hills

CHORUS

SOPRANO

ALTO

TRIO

BASS

Still, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.
Hills, We'll shout for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.

CHORUS

SOPRANO

ALTO

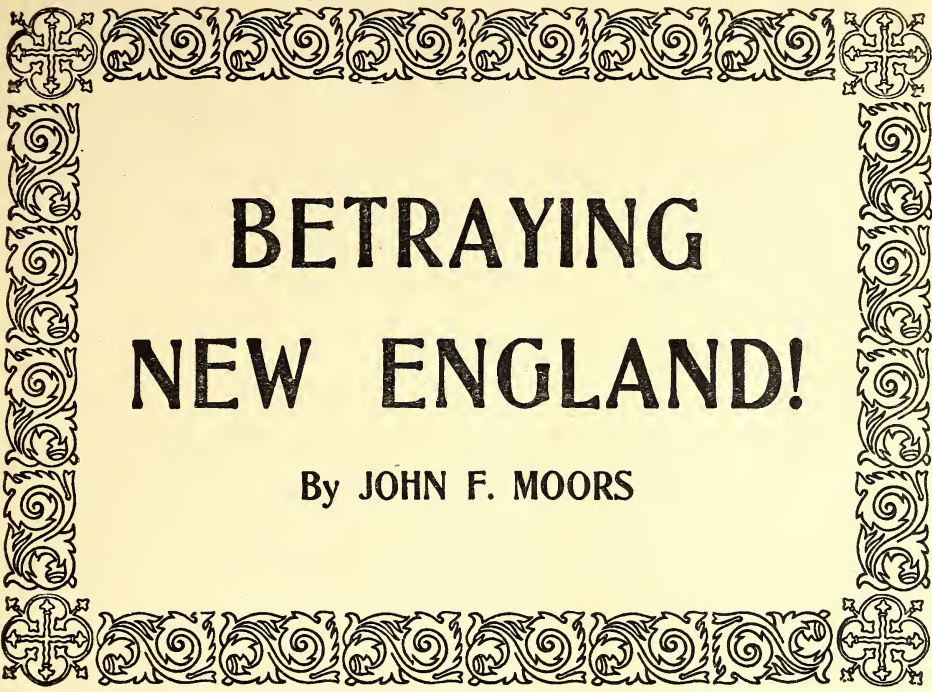
TRIO

BASS

Hills, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.
Hills, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.

3 They tell us of our breeding clime,
Our hard and rugged soil
Which hardly had repays us for
Our spring time care and toil;
Yet, gaily sing the merry boys
As the homestead farm he tills,
Hurrah for old New England!
And her cloud-capped granite hills.
Chorus. Hurrah, etc.

4 Others may seek the western clime;
They say 'tis passing fair,
That sunny are its laughing skies
And soft its breezy air,
We'll linger round our childhood's home,
'Till we see our warm blood chill,
'Till we die in old New England,
And sleep beneath her hills!
Chorus. Hurrah, etc.



BETRAYING NEW ENGLAND!

By JOHN F. MOORS

II

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT

The author of "Betraying New England" is Mr. John F. Moors of Boston. Mr. Moors is a banker and one of the original members of the Boston Finance Commission, a permanent body created by State legislation to keep watch upon the finances of the municipality. The justification for the strong title given to the article lies in the circumstance that the very existence of a people depends upon adequate transportation facilities.

Mr. Moors was prompted to make the study by reading an article in the New York "Evening Post" last November entitled "Fighting Mellen." It impressed him as so palpably unjust that he began to question the motives underlying this and other articles which were cropping out in the press with striking agreement.

Mr. Moors found that the trouble originated with the appearance of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis as counsel for William B. Lawrence and other members of the Lawrence family of Medford in an effort to block the control of the Boston & Maine, then just secured by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad — the Lawrences being

large stockholders in the Boston & Maine. In December 1907, Mr. Brandeis issued an elaborate pamphlet devoted to a discussion of the "Financial Condition of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company and of the Boston & Maine Railroad." He assumed the sole authorship and responsibility for this pamphlet. Its main proposition was that the New Haven had become a very weak company, while the Boston & Maine had been becoming a strong company.

Dissecting this work in detail, Mr. Moors found numerous serious errors in the way of misrepresentation, misstatement and incorrect figures. He pointed out discrepancies amounting in one instance to as much as either \$118,000,000, or \$123,000,000, or \$107,000,000, according to basis for estimate. Other discrepancies amount to exaggerations respectively of \$24,797,000; of about \$68,000,000 (converting an asset of about \$13,000,000 into a liability of about \$55,000,000), and of \$3,000,000.

Among the errors of statement charged by Mr. Moors is one where Mr. Brandeis says of the New Haven: "Its stock is not tax exempt." "This," says Mr. Moors, "is the exact reverse of the truth." Summarizing the New Haven's condition, Mr. Brandeis stated: "If solvency is to be maintained, a large reduction in the dividend rate is inevitable." Comment by Mr. Moors: "Yet for five years since then the eight per cent dividend rate has been maintained." In conclusion Mr. Brandeis says: "The New Haven's credit is strained to the utmost." Mr. Moors remarks here: "Yet since then the company has met every obligation, has supported the Boston & Maine, and has paid about \$60,000,000 in dividends."

Mr. Moors pronounces the Brandeis analysis of the Boston & Maine as unsound as that of the New Haven, for which not a single word of praise was given, while for the Boston & Maine every word is a word of praise." While Mr. Brandeis said the Boston & Maine was growing steadily in financial strength, Mr. Moors remarks: "Yet it is the almost universal opinion of the financial world that but for the supporting arms of the New Haven, the Boston & Maine would before this have been in the hands of a receiver."

THE SECOND ATTACK

TO understand the recently renewed attacks on the New Haven system by Mr. Brandeis and others, it is necessary to have in mind his point of view as expressed in 1907. At that time, under Mr. Mellen, the New Haven had been, according to Mr. Brandeis, becoming so weak that its credit had been strained "to the uttermost," while the Boston &

Maine had been "growing steadily in strength." To be sure, extraordinary figures had been used to support this conclusion.

There had been an error of at least \$107,000,000 in the effort to show an undue increase of properties other than steam railroads. In the case of the New York, Ontario & Western, an investment of \$13,105,000 had been

represented as a liability of about \$55,000,000. An increase in capital stock from \$91,878,100 to \$97,080,400 had been made to appear as an increase to \$121,878,100. The New Haven net earnings in one year had been given as \$3,000,000 less than those reported by the company.

All these extraordinary figures had been published to make the public look upon the New Haven road as startlingly degenerate. *Every error in statement was adverse to the New Haven.* As to the Boston & Maine, Mr. Brandeis stated that there was no reason to doubt that the company's net income would be ample to continue dividends at the rate of seven per cent. However the figures and the conclusions were arrived at, the central theme could not have been more emphatically dwelt upon.

The present attack was preceded by an article in *McClure's* last September, but began in earnest last November, the first excitement over the Grand Trunk's cessation of building operations in New England being used relentlessly. The attack took violent form in the usually sedate and restrained New York *Evening Post*. On November 23, and again on November 27, that newspaper had extra large head-lines on its first page, "Fighting Mellen" on the earlier date, "Mellen's Doings" on the later. These two articles should be studied in their entirety if the present attack is to be understood. Mr. Brandeis appears in both.

Both articles show that the excitement, growing out of the Grand Trunk episode, and accentuated by the hearings before Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty, with regard to the railroad service in New England, and by a lamentable succession of wrecks, was being used deliberately to foster the original purpose of Messrs. Brandeis and Lawrence in 1907, *viz.*: the separation of the Boston & Maine from the New Haven.

For this deliberate purpose every incident was highly colored. The railroad situation in New England

was called "a disease spot"; the freight service was called either "demoralized" or a "breakdown"; Mr. Mellen was persistently said to have "staved off" the extension of the Grand Trunk into New England, in spite of his protestations and those of the president of the Grand Trunk that this was not true; the utmost blame was heaped on the New Haven for the wrecks, without waiting for the official reports which exonerated the company for two of the worst.

Most people have doubtless assumed that the outburst of feeling against the New Haven and its president in the closing weeks of 1912 was spontaneous. The articles in the *Evening Post* of November 23 and November 27 disclose the machinery by which the excitement was fomented. Last November, be it remembered, the Massachusetts Legislature was not in session, and, except for Mr. Brandeis and his associates, there was no organized movement looking to the disruption of the New Haven system.

In the article of November 23 this announcement is made: "Now the fight is on again along different lines of attack. The plan is for the state to take the stock of the holding company, taking the Boston & Maine away from Mellen and going a long way towards ending his monopoly. That is the main fight now."

The article of November 27 has the following explicit statement: "Massachusetts is now going through a campaign preliminary to the taking over by the state of the shares of the Boston Holding Company, by which Mellen owns the Boston & Maine. Later on a similar fight is to be begun in Connecticut."

So there was then a definite "plan" in the hullabaloo, and there was a "fight on" and there were organized "lines of attack," and the "main fight" was to get the Boston & Maine away from the New Haven.

In Massachusetts the movement was so deliberate that it was called "a campaign," and it was preliminary to the final success of Mr. Brandeis's original

proposition, and later a similar fight was "to be begun" in Connecticut. *Could words more clearly express the deliberate manufacture of public turmoil than that it was "to be begun"?*

The earlier article is nine columns long (two columns on the first page and all of page 3 except an inch in the last corner). Under "Fighting Mellen" comes "New England in Another War of Liberty." The whole article is pitched on this key. "The brunt of the struggle," it says, "is in the neighborhood of Bunker Hill." "This time the fight is for commercial independence and against Charles S. Mellen." "They talk of Mellen's wooden passenger cars, of Mellen's late trains, of Mellen's wrecks, of Mellen's demoralized freight service." "Mellen's 500 Peacocks" is the first sub-heading, "Killing of Passengers," the next.

"These wrecks and the Grand Trunk matter," said Louis D. Brandeis, leader of New England's fight, to an *Evening Post* correspondent, "are both logical parts of the situation we have been leading up to for the last six years. The staving off of the Grand Trunk is, of course, only another step in the Mellen plan to destroy competition regardless of the interests of the public and his own stockholders, a policy so costly that the New Haven road has not been able, for several years, to declare from earnings the eight per cent dividends it has been paying."

This paragraph repays examining. The words "for the last six years" recall the fact that very nearly six years ago Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Lawrence dwelt as severely as now on the decrepit condition of the New Haven finances. Note how he insists, without qualifications, that the dividends paid have not been earned, though Mr. Mellen has stated and reiterated that they have been earned, except in the year succeeding the panic. Note how, without qualification, he speaks of Mellen's "staving off" the Grand Trunk. At the time when Mr. Brandeis said this, no evidence had been published that Mr. Mellen had stopped

the Grand Trunk from building. Since then Mr. Mellen has denied this as absolutely and emphatically as he could. Even the wrecks in Connecticut are linked up with the Grand Trunk "staving off." Three high officials have been arrested for manslaughter, as a result of these wrecks, and await trial. They are entitled to be judged on facts, and not on accusations.

Asked by the *Evening Post* correspondent whether Mr. Mellen was the Harriman of New England, Mr. Brandeis replied: "No, I think that is too much of a compliment to Mr. Mellen, something of a reflection on the memory of a man who is dead. Mr. Harriman was constructive, always. He improved his properties."

The implication could not be stronger that Mr. Mellen had not improved the New Haven. The construction of a four-track road through the city of New Haven, the heavy bridges, including the made-over Poughkeepsie bridge, the block signals, the new stations, the electrification of the road between New York and New Haven, which is expected to be finished within six months, the electrification and four tracking, between Boston and Providence, already in hand, thus providing for the electrification of more than half the road between Boston and New York, the tunnel under Providence already completed, the tunnel under Fall River in prosecution, the double tracking and entire rebuilding of the Naugatuck branch, at a cost exceeding that of the original road, the great development of freight and passenger facilities in and about New York, are evidence of how Mr. Mellen has improved his properties. The New York Connecting Railway, the New York, Westchester, and Boston, a new road constructed like the best of steam railroads and electrified, the six-track Harlem River & Port Chester railroad and its electrification, are part of the great plans which Mr. Mellen has conceived and carried through in anticipation of the growing demands

of transportation. Just leave the South Station and travel over the Old Colony road to and across the Neponset River, and then, if you remember the old two tracks, the grade crossings, and the wooden bridge over which the trains had to crawl, you will get a small glimpse of what has been accomplished. Since he took charge of the Boston & Maine, he has incurred an expense of about \$30,000,000 on that property, including the building of great shops at Billerica, to cost \$2,500,000, for the repair of engines and cars; is spending \$700,000 on new yards at Mechanicsville to overcome congestion at that point of interchange with the Delaware and Hudson; and at Newport, Vt., he is spending \$300,000 more. Engine houses are being rebuilt, water supplies and coaling plants improved, bridges rebuilt. He has asked the right to build and electrify immediately a four-track road from Boston to Beverly. "A reflection on the memory of a man who is dead! Mr. Harriman was constructive, always! He improved his properties!"

The article speaks of "the 'accident zone,' where all the ministers are preaching against the management of their only railroad," and of "poor old buncoed Rhode Island." It says that Boston and Providence are not "deluded by the statements of President Chamberlin of the Grand Trunk, that he has stopped work on the Southern New England extension because of lack of money. . . . Against the lack of money excuse is set off the fact that Chamberlin has 6,000 men at work right now extending his lines on the Pacific Coast."

Nevertheless, the proposed extensions to Boston and Providence will cost so many millions that there is clearly more chance of profit from the work on the Pacific Coast than from the suspended work in New England. Moreover, the present Canadian government is so much less favorably disposed than its predecessor to subsidizing work beneficial primarily to New England that it has refused to help

such work. "Not deluded" assumes, without evidence, the whole case.

The article states cynically that the reason why the *Harvard* and *Yale* were sold was "because they set such a standard for speed and efficiency that Mellen's Sound boats, in spite of their size and ornamentation and orchestras, seemed like toy craft by comparison." Yet Mr. Mellen has put on the same route as that on which the *Harvard* and *Yale* formerly plied, boats fully as fast and efficient as they.

"Record of a Broken Promise" is a heading, and the charge, often repeated elsewhere, is made that Mr. Mellen promised not to acquire or build any more trolley lines in Massachusetts "until such times as the merger question has been settled," and broke the promise. Interesting light is thrown on this charge later in this analysis.

The article gives over two columns to Mr. Joseph B. Eastman, "an associate of Mr. Brandeis, and an officer of the Public Franchise League of Boston." There is indeed authority for stating that Mr. Eastman supplies Mr. Brandeis with many of his figures.

Mr. Eastman is quoted as saying, "We find the New Haven failing in four of the last five years to earn the dividends of eight per cent, which it has paid, and its stock falling to the singularly low figure of 126. It sold as high as 255 only a few years ago."

Not a word is said by Mr. Eastman as to the effect on the minds of stockholders of reiterations of these themes of five years earlier: "The New Haven's credit is strained to the uttermost"; and "If solvency is to be maintained, *a large reduction in the dividend rate is inevitable.*" No allowance is made for various issues of valuable rights by the New Haven. The demands of labor in the single year ending June 30, 1910, had caused an increase in expenses of \$1,757,506, only one-half of which the company could get back by higher rates, besides an increase of over \$2,000,000 in the labor costs of the Boston & Maine materially affecting the dividends of the latter. Nor is any allowance

made for the great fall in the market price of most railroad stocks during this period, partly at least because of government restrictions. If, for example, that most successful and excellently managed railroad, Mr. James J. Hill's famous Great Northern, were treated similarly without any allowances, it could be shown that the market price of the stock had fallen much more severely than that of the New Haven (*i.e.*, from \$348 a share in 1906, to \$107.50 a share in 1907).

Mr. Eastman says later in the article:—

"The \$24,000,000 of capital so cheerfully wasted on the Rhode Island trolleys would have gone far to equip the whole road, branches and all, with steel cars. The \$9,000,000 squandered on 'control of the situation' in the case of the New York, Westchester, and Boston would have built a tunnel under Boston. The countless other millions well-nigh tossed away in the mad pursuit of a monopoly might have been spent on the complete electrification of the road from New York to Boston."

The truth is that, however "cheerfully" a large sum may have been "wasted" on the Rhode Island trolleys, the whole sum of \$24,000,000 was not thus wasted. Net earnings of nearly \$400,000 a year (last year they amounted to \$387,598.88) are worth something apart from the incidental advantages. Steel cars in great numbers have been secured, and it remains to be seen how much better they will prove than wooden cars. The tunnel under Boston was the original proposition of Mr. Mellen. It has been urged by him unsuccessfully whenever there has seemed a chance of getting it, and was, as already shown, derisively opposed at the very outset by Mr. Brandeis' principal, Mr. William B. Lawrence. The \$9,000,000 "squandered" in securing a franchise to build the New York, Westchester and Boston has enabled the New Haven to provide a great public improvement, and to give new high-grade transportation to an important region near New

York. The real charge of Mr. Eastman seems in this case to be that the New Haven has been a public benefactor to its own cost. Lastly, it is grossly unjust to charge the New Haven Company with backwardness in electrification, as it is the leader in the whole world in this work and has spent vast sums in experiments instead of waiting for others to try them first.

The last three columns and more in the *Evening Post* article are given up to complaints of shippers. The article says, "Perhaps the most impressive evidence in the matter of New England's poor freight service is in the complaints of the shippers themselves." In bulk, the array of complaints selected for publication is certainly impressive, and few readers probably have analyzed them closely. When so analyzed, their true significance is found to be quite different from the effect intended.

Only the first complaint and one other refer exclusively to the New Haven.

The other complaints are mostly of poor service on the Boston & Maine, or with points entirely outside New England. One complaint says, "This wretched service between Milwaukee and Boston," but without the slightest intimation that either the New Haven or the Boston & Maine was in any way responsible. Another complaint has the justice to say, "Of course, the Boston & Maine cannot be held accountable for delays north of its territory." Another complaint admitted that the Boston & Maine maintained that a tardy car had been delivered to the Delaware & Hudson. Most of the delays were in shipments to or from places off the main lines,—Ipswich, Reading, Marblehead, Dixfield, Maine, etc. It should also be noted that complaints were asked for by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and that it was therefore natural for them to come. One complaint closes thus: "Isn't this the kind of case you want to know about?"

One of the purely New Haven complaints was as follows, and was ad-

dressed, under date of October 18, to the Boston Chamber of Commerce: "We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 17th in regard to non-delivery of goods from New York, October 1. We are pleased to say that your attention to the matter seemed to produce results, as we have been able to secure the goods." "Here," says the article in the *Evening Post*, commenting on this case, "is a significant admission from the New Haven Road: . . . 'The matter has been investigated and I find that shipment was forwarded from Pier 18, October 2, on the steamship *Commonwealth*, but in some unaccountable manner the same was not billed until October 15. To make matters worse, the shipment, consisting of two bales, was received at Boston, October 3, and checked over, but through oversight, the clerk handling the matter did not report the shipment as being over. The matter has been satisfactorily explained to Mr. A. Stanford Wright, vice-president of the William W. Bevan Company, and it is hoped to avoid a recurrence.'"

Now of what is this "admission" "significant," except of extreme solicitude to make amends for two errors of a kind which all business concerns are liable to make? How many of us who are in active business could escape with no complaints if a chamber of commerce should send to all our customers and ask if they had any complaints to make? How should we then fare if such complaints as were made were published in a newspaper, without a chance being given to us for denial or explanation? Would our general manner of doing business be thus fairly presented? Should we in particular think that it was just, at a time when a case against us of great interest to the public is being tried before a commissioner, for public opinion to be day after day thus stamped against us?

There remains in the *Evening Post* article a complaint which has interested Mr. Brandeis so much that he gives it again in the *Boston Sunday*

Post of December 1, 1912, with this appeal to a sense of the preposterous on the part of the general public, much excited and not versed in the freight business: "Think of it! Ten days from Fitchburg to Worcester, 26 miles, an average of 2.6 miles a day! Is it surprising that a railroad should not earn its dividends when conducted in such a manner?"

The case is as follows: "I have evidence showing that some traffic out of Fitchburg for Worcester, practically full carloads, was held in the Worcester yards, four and five days respectively before it was sent forward, and then two days were consumed in getting same to Worcester, and then four days before the cars were placed in the freight house so that the freight could be gotten out. This is only a sample of what a number of concerns are up against. Yours truly, (signed) A. C. Lorion."

On analysis one wonders what the word "practically," in the phrase "practically full carloads," means,—whether perchance it means something which may have accounted for the delay of four or five days before the shipments were sent forward. Next one wonders whether or not there was some good excuse for not getting more promptly into the Worcester freight house. Next one notes that the traffic covered the twenty-six miles, not, as Mr. Brandeis says, in ten days, but in two days. Lastly, one asks one's self whether the general public, acting as a jury with only one side of the case presented to it, is sufficiently informed for sound judgment.

Most of the time for years there has been a great surplus of idle freight cars in this country, but at the time of Mr. Lorion's complaint there was an extraordinary deficit. At the beginning of 1912 (*i.e.*, January 3) there was a net surplus of 135,938 cars. On November 7, just a week before the date of Mr. Lorion's letter, there was a net shortage of 51,169 cars, and on November 21, a week afterwards, of 51,113 cars, these net shortages being the greatest of the year, and for several

years the only shortages. In other words, congestion was then at its worst and delays most liable to occur. At the end of the year (i.e., December 31, 1912) there was again a surplus (17,058 cars).

By a coincidence, the last serious freight congestion, preceding the 1912 congestion, was just six years ago; that is, it was as nearly as possible simultaneous with the beginning of the period referred to by Mr. Brandeis in the *Evening Post*, when he spoke of "the situation we have been leading up to for the last six years." At that time, conditions on the Boston & Albany were incomparably worse than those now on either the Boston & Maine or the New Haven. It was in those days not a question with the Boston & Albany of delayed freight or of passenger trains late in arriving. The passenger trains could not even start on any schedule, and patrons went to the station to take trains whenever the trains should happen to go. There was, consequently, an outcry that the lease to the New York Central should be broken, with more reason, though less organized, than the present outcry against the New Haven-Boston & Maine relationship. More prudent counsels, however, prevailed. The New York Central did its best to improve conditions, and during the present agitation there has been practically not a word said publicly against the Boston & Albany.

On the New Haven itself the conditions prevailing before the acquisition of Boston & Maine are significant. The Boston *Herald* of April 7, 1907, has this to say of a meeting of the Boston Merchants' Association held the day before:

"The meeting was called to consider especially the congestion of freight traffic at South Boston during the past winter, when instances were quoted of a period of forty-five days elapsing between the time of a shipment in Philadelphia and its reception by the consignee in Boston; also of shipments from New York City and Bridgeport, which were over thirty days in transit."

In the complaints presented in the "Evening Post" and purporting to portray conditions to-day, there is nothing that approaches the situation six years ago on the main line of the New Haven.

An interesting witness to conditions as they then existed was Mr. Eugene N. Foss, now Governor of this Commonwealth. Said he at a speech in Plymouth, June 14, 1907: "In the case of my own manufacturing establishments at Hyde Park it has been found that a consignment of goods could be delivered from our works to Pittsburgh, even to Chicago, in less time than to a point twenty-five or fifty miles north of Boston."

Railroads at best are allowed hardly enough margin of earning power to enable them to be prepared at all times for the spurts of business. During the recent congestion conditions at Detroit, for example, were incomparably worse than here, though there competition was so superabundant that three roads serving the city were in the hands of receivers.

The New Haven management, realizing the Boston & Maine's lack of sidings and freight sheds, thus appealed for patience in the last report (that for June 30, 1912): "The rehabilitation of the Boston & Maine railroad will require at least two more years' time before the property can satisfactorily handle the business of the section of the country it serves. Until then the patience of the public and the officials in charge will be severely taxed. It is not so much a question of money as of the necessary time in which the plans can be legally perfected and the money properly and economically expended."

No heed has been given by Mr. Brandeis and his associates to this appeal. On the contrary, "the officials in charge" have had to make up endless figures and attend endless hearings, while the congestion of business was becoming greater and greater, and the publicity of the attacks made railroad employees with good nerves lose them.

No mercy has been shown as to the

wrecks. In addition to the two cross-over wrecks, caused by engineers disregarding signals, there were two others which made an accumulating sensation. As for one, the derailment of the Merchants' Express at Greens Farms, Conn., November 6, both the Connecticut Public Service Commission and the inspector of the Interstate Commerce Commission have reported that the derailment was due to the breaking of an equalizer bar, which proper inspection could not have detected. As to the other, that at Crescent Avenue, Dorchester, on August 8, the Massachusetts Railroad Commission has reported as follows: "The board found the track to be constructed with rails weighing one hundred pounds per yard, sound ties, and solid road-bed, and that the condition of the road-bed and track in no way contributed to the accident. The inspectors examined the equipment of the train, and found no defects, which in their opinion could have caused the accident."

Meanwhile a severe accident on the celebrated Pennsylvania road, due to the collapse of a bridge, and one on the Boston & Albany, due to a bad switch, have been ignored by the agitators.

Mr. Brandeis did not wait for these official opinions about the wrecks before making his sweeping assertion that "these wrecks and the Grand Trunk matter are both logical parts of the situation we have been leading up to for the last six years."

The *Evening Post* article of November 27 is even more vicious than that of November 23. Again the head-line is exceptionally large. "Mellen's Doings" are thus made to look sensational. He is called "ruler of all the ships that go down east from New York, and grand duke of all the New England trolleys." Again, too, Mr. Brandeis is quoted with approbation.

"Of course," says the article, "outside of New Hampshire nobody uses such an uncomfortable word as 'graft.' But the stockholders want to know, and before long the public will ask, officially, through the Interstate Commerce Commission and the utilities

or railroad commissions of the several New England States, if the New Haven and Boston & Maine roads are getting the best terms available by buying all their coal from Mellen's son." Later in the article, under the title "A Significant Statement," the closing arguments of two lawyers for the State of New Hampshire against the railroad before the Public Service Commission of the State are quoted thus: "Substantially the entire coal supply is purchased of two concerns, in one of which the son of a very prominent railroad official is a partner." So the very authority quoted did not say that *all* the coal was bought of Mr. Mellen's son, but of *two* concerns, in one of which he was *a* partner. When the commission finally reported, even this charge was found not true. The commission added, "It appeared from the best outside information obtainable from those experienced in coal business that both the terms and prices were advantageous and favorable to the company."

The article says that the stockholders "want to know, also, if H. A. Fabian, recently assistant to Mellen, but now purchaser of supplies, is the shrewdest buyer the road could have from the stockholder's standpoint." The stockholders, as a body, had never heard of Mr. Fabian. *No tangible accusation is made to which he might reply. He is simply damaged without evidence.* Two attorneys for New Hampshire, quoted in the article, speaking under the title "A Significant Statement," of the claims made for high-priced wheels said to have been bought of a "high railroad official," are reported to have stated: "The railroad purchasing agent had recently begun investigations, to determine whether their claims were true, but had not yet arrived at a decision. No such investigations had been made during the many years of using the high-priced wheels." Again: "We also learn that until recently the railroad purchased its freight axles of another concern owned by a man prominent in political life. Mr. Mellen's purchasing

agent has quite recently discontinued this practice because he found he could purchase another style of axle to better advantage." As these are the only glimpses of Mr. Fabian, the stockholders, hearing of him for the first time, ought, it would seem, to give him a vote of thanks for his efforts to improve conditions.

The article of November 27 speaks of "handicapped and monopoly-ridden New England," of "Chamberlin, who has surrendered to Mellen," of the possibility that the Grand Trunk's proposed extension in New England was "a bluff," but this is turned against Mr. Mellen with the comment that it "does shock faith in human nature and reflect on the memory of Hays, who has been almost canonized, since his death, by the haters of Mellen, which is another way of saying by New England"; of a train of fifty-four freight cars having to wait on a main track meant for trains going in the opposite direction because no siding was long enough for it, but no harm resulted; of a single limited train (the five o'clock from New York) being late, as if this were sensational! The article makes the lateness worse for the railroad company by saying that the train was due "at Boston at 8.59." Every one knows that it is not due at Boston till 10. The article closes with the charge that the average cost of repairing New Haven freight cars is now \$21, whereas a normal figure had been \$9, the reason being that old cars were being forced into service on account of the extraordinary pressure of business. The closing words of the article describe this rational proceeding thus: "Now there is a rush on and a demand for cars, and all the shippers are kicking about bad freight service, so Mellen is having all that old broken-up junk rushed in for repairs, and the cost has jumped to \$21 per repair."

The article is ready to speak of Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Hays, but always calls Mr. Mellen "Mellen," an indication of subconscious animus.

Because of the reputation for con-

servatism enjoyed by the *Evening Post*, these articles developed greatly the mania for doing something to punish the New Haven road and its officials. The *Evening Post* itself continued to have on its first page sensational "writeups" of the New Haven. Typical articles of this sort are one in the issue of December 7, entitled "New Haven Freight Delay," in which the excellent passenger service on the day of the Harvard-Yale foot-ball game at New Haven was admitted only to say that it was a greater surprise than the size of the Harvard victory, and to give a chance to scoff at the freight service; another in the issue of December 9, entitled "Mellen's Limited Trains," in which the time of arrival at New York of the limited trains from Boston was ridiculed: yet no account was taken of the fact that the new regulations of the Connecticut Public Utilities Commission made absolute promptness practically impossible, or of the excellence for years in the arrivals of these trains under normal conditions. In the issue of December 12, on the first page, was a particularly vicious article of this nature, entitled "Broken Mellen Promises." The charge is reiterated that "immediately" after promising "not to buy any more traction property" he "bought several more trolley companies and another block of Boston & Maine Stock." The answer to this charge is still reserved till later in this analysis. The other charges on this page are not against Mr. Mellen at all, notwithstanding the head-lines, but mostly against Vice-President Timothy E. Byrnes, who is described in the article familiarly as "Timothy." This may indicate the tone in which it is written. Two of the principal charges against Mr. Byrnes in the article are (1) with regard to electrification "for twenty miles out of Boston." Mr. Byrnes "promised that the New Haven would do it if given the opportunity." As the opportunity which Mr. Byrnes made a condition of this promise was not given, this surely was not a broken promise. (2) "He said that the

merger would make possible the removal of one-half the waste." But, as there has been no merger of the kind to make this possible, again there was surely no broken promise. The next day, on the first page, "New England's Handicaps" appeared—in the same vein, *raking up everything that could be turned into an attack on the company through high coloring and exaggeration, or worse.* The next day (December 14) appeared on the first page "Costly Deals of Mellen," beginning thus: "The New England Navigation Company, known as Charles S. Mellen's laundry, could, if it wanted to, run a real laundry, hand or steam." Here the charge is made, as in many cases before, that the income on the investment is small. A large income would naturally concern the general public more as evidence of excessive charges. But the small returns of most of the New Haven investments have from the first been harped upon by Mr. Brandeis and his associates. On December 16 appeared another of the articles written as an attack on the New Haven, entitled "Vermont is a Sufferer. Mellen's Mismanagement felt in Green Mountain State."

These many attacks are in addition to the regular news items which were filling other newspapers during this period. On December 18, under small head-lines, appears the summary of a report from the engineer of the Public Utilities Commission, in which he says of the New Haven track conditions, "The road-bed in general was found to be in excellent condition, well ballasted, and true as to line and grade." Unless they saw this, the readers of the *Post*, largely influential people, must have believed that there was no virtue left to the property. On December 20, Mr. Mellen's reply to the many attacks on him was printed by the *Evening Post* as by other newspapers. *But, though it was most desirable news, the "Post," which had given so many of its first pages to defaming Mr. Mellen, printed this reply on an inside page, while the principal head-lines on its first page were:* "Stiffer

Mexican Policy"; "Wilson sees Labor Chiefs"; "Commuters Rates Down"; "Graft Story Told Again."

THE ARTICLES IN THE BOSTON "POST" AND BOSTON "JOURNAL"

On Sunday, December 1, the Boston *Post* had a whole page from Mr. Brandeis. Recalling Mr. Brandeis's insistence in 1907 that then the New Haven was decrepit and its credit was strained to the uttermost, while the Boston & Maine's "financial condition had been growing steadily in strength, and the company was in a sound condition for further development of its transportation facilities," the reader of this page in the Boston *Post* could hardly be more astonished. In it Mr. Brandeis says: "When it began its movement, six years ago, to acquire control of the Boston & Maine system, the New Haven stood high, not only financially, but as an operating property. People compared the physical condition and service of the Boston & Maine and longed for that better service and better physical condition which they felt the New Haven could bring to the Boston & Maine lines. They also pointed to the fact that the New Haven was rich; that, with its income and its resources, its ability to secure new money was such that it, and it alone, could rehabilitate the Boston & Maine and furnish a railroad system adequate in all respects to the needs of New England. The physical condition of the New Haven was then much superior to that of the Boston & Maine, and in certain respects its service was also superior. Its ability to raise money was then undoubtedly great. But monopoly has proven a great leveller, and to-day the complaints of bad service on the New Haven system and the wrecks upon that system record the deadly efforts of monopoly, and during this same period monopoly has in a similar manner demoralized the finances of the New Haven road."

Was Mr. Brandeis to be believed five years earlier, or is he now, nor at neither

time? In 1912 it is "during this same period" (*i.e.*, the previous six years) that the New Haven finances had become "demoralized." But in 1907, they were "strained to the uttermost."

"Besides having too much to do," says Mr. Brandeis, "these men (*i.e.*, the New Haven officials) were obliged to perform without having money enough to do it with. Now what is the cause of this lack of money?" His answer is "the purchase of other transportation lines—of railroads, trolleys, and steamships—for the purpose of suppressing competition."

Yet, since the New Haven management took charge of the Boston & Maine, \$30,000,000 has been appropriated and largely expended in improving that property, and Mr. Brandeis and his associates, as will appear, are authorities for the statement that on all the properties Mr. Mellen has had "something like \$300,000,000 of new capital to play with" since he took charge. The ratio of operating expenses on the Boston & Maine has also been exceptionally high, showing large maintenance expenditures. On the New Haven, electrification has been carried further than on any other railroad in the world, and other extraordinary improvements, as already noted, have been installed.

Mr. Brandeis asks: "Was the disregard of these recommendations (as to the cross-overs) of the Interstate Commerce Commission due to lack of time on the part of the high officials to give attention to the needs of the public, or was it due to lack of money to make these improvements? Whether it was due to lack of time or lack of money, or both, it is very clear that it was due to this fatally false policy of monopoly."

The unsophisticated reader may be induced to think that the alternatives thus offered are the only two possible. The truth is that neither lack of time nor lack of money seems to have led the New Haven officials to disregard the commission's recommendations, but an abiding faith that never again would an engineer run by a cross-over

signal and that the New Haven officials themselves knew more than the commission about practical railroading. The report for the year ending June 30, 1911 (p. 7), is interesting on this point. It says: "Not since the disaster at Norwalk in 1853 has your company experienced the misfortune of such a serious accident as that which occurred to one of its principal passenger trains at Bridgeport on July 11, 1911. Deplorable as was this accident in the destruction of life and injury to person, a most thorough investigation by the company has proven to its satisfaction that the accident was not due to any lack of provision as far as human foresight could make for the absolutely safe movement of trains, supplemented by specific printed instructions for the government of employees."

Here we find a period of forty-eight years without any such serious accident as occurred in 1911 in what Mr. Brandeis and his associates have called "the accident zone." There is no indication of lack of time, if the words "a most thorough investigation" mean anything, nor of lack of money, if the \$300,000,000, said by Mr. Brandeis and his associates to have been spent on the properties, is a figure within many millions of being correct.

"Think of that!" comments Mr. Brandeis with regard to an effort to cut operating expenses on the Boston & Maine without seriously interfering with the service. What would he have? The real lack of money in the case of the Boston & Maine is the lack of earning power. One and a half per cent and two and a half per cent net earnings on stock for which a large premium has been paid require economies in operation. Money has been poured into the property, but increases in wages have taken the place of ability to earn dividends. The "high officials" are themselves accepting no salaries for their services. Would Mr. Brandeis not have them encourage their subordinates to every reasonable economy?

Mr. Brandeis says, "The only remedy for this deplorable situation

in New England is to break the monopoly." But the reader, if he stops to think, has in reality not had a "deplorable situation" described to him.

Perhaps the most significant feature of this, as of all Mr. Brandeis's preceding attacks on the New Haven, is an extraordinary omission. While he insists that the Boston & Maine should be separated from the New Haven, and while he equally has insisted that the New Haven was close to bankruptcy because of various extravagant purchases at whatever time he might be writing about it, he did not say that the greatest of all its present financial burdens is the Boston & Maine stock which it has acquired. The effect of that substance in the soup is not mentioned.

In the Boston *Journal* of December 13, 1912, is another page from Mr. Brandeis. It is mostly an argument against monopoly. But it assumes all the facts which are adverse to the New Haven and colors them as darkly as possible. Thus the very first words are, "The breakdown of transportation in New England under the New Haven monopoly," thus assuming the whole case at issue before Commissioner Prouty and exaggerating whatever delays and short-comings there may be into a "breakdown" which every one knows has not taken place. "Our present ills" are likewise referred to as if there were no question about them. The freight service again calls out the adjective "demoralized." The wrecks are, as usual, dwelt upon, this time the inadequacy of regulation being linked with them. "Bigness" is called a curse. And set off from the rest of the article by substantially larger type is the following: "The only redress or remedy which is possible is through breaking up the monopoly; and it may be broken either under the Sherman anti-trust law or by the states exercising sovereign powers to take away a part of the New Haven's property, as the Boston & Maine." Thus at the end, as at the beginning, Mr. Brandeis has had the same object.

MR. MELLEN'S REPLY

These various persistent attacks must be known, to understand the meaning of Mr. Mellen's reply dated December 20, 1912, and published far and wide on December 20 and 21.

Mr. Mellen said of the Grand Trunk fiasco: "I am not responsible for either the beginning or the end of the Grand Trunk's attempt to reach Providence. I will make this statement as positive as any one could wish. The newspaper people knew the decision of the Grand Trunk managers to suspend their construction into Providence before I did, and I never took a single step personally or officially to cause or promote or hasten that decision." He proceeds: "The agitation to mislead the people started with my refusal to pay an abnormal price for a privately held block of Boston & Maine shares." Though the criticism against him has hinged on the alleged high prices paid by him for certain properties, "all the agitation against my management of the New England lines goes back to this refusal to pay more than double their present value for a block of Boston & Maine shares." Further he proceeds: "The most widely spread and deeply rooted slander against the New Haven management and myself personally is that I agreed in writing, through Mr. Choate, our attorney at the Massachusetts State House, never to buy any more traction properties in Massachusetts, and later broke this agreement. What was agreed to and fully set forth in pages of correspondence was that, pending consideration of proposed legislation that would enable the New York, New Haven, & Hartford Railroad Company to give the people of western Massachusetts greatly increased transportation facilities, . . . the New Haven would take no further proceedings in this development while the matter was under consideration by the committee and the legislature." Thus Mr. Choate's letter, quoted in the *Evening Post* of November 23, alone, was really part of a detailed correspondence, the

meaning of which was quite different from the apparent meaning of the single letter. There was no intimation of this in the *Evening Post*. Says Mr. Mellen: "I shall be pleased to submit to the public the entire correspondence, which was placed in the files of the Railroad Committee in 1906, and which for more than six years has been misrepresented before the people. As for having "promised electrification for Boston and breaking that promise," he points out that this promise has as a condition the merger of the New Haven and the Boston & Maine, and a chance "to go on with its plans." But the Commission on Commerce and Industry "did not recommend the plan of the New Haven Company. On the contrary, it refused to recommend legislation for the unification of the properties." "I may offer in all good faith to do many things, but I cannot perform if you persist in tying my hands." Mr. Mellen states that "practically all steamboat lines operated by the New Haven on the Sound came with its leased lines. These steamboat lines do not in themselves pay. They can only be justified in connection with a business like the railroads, which they can help and which can relieve its congestion through them." He is explicit that, when "Mr. Morse acquired the Metropolitan Steamship Company, the outside line between Boston and New York, he raised the rates that had obtained for a long time." Mr. Mellen, at the request of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, put on an additional line in competition with the old rates. "The outside steamship rates have remained down to the old basis to the present day as a result." He proceeds: "The passenger rates on the New Haven road to-day average lower than they were when I took charge of the property nine years ago, and no passenger rate on the Boston & Maine has been increased since I took charge. The extreme reduction has not been maintained in all cases. For instance, I reduced the fare from Boston to New York from \$5.00 to \$4.65, but, when the

expense of our New York terminal had to be assumed, I added ten cents to the reduced rate, making it \$4.75, a net reduction of twenty-five cents from the original."

The report of the New Haven Company for the year ending June 30, 1910, confirms this statement of Mr. Mellen. In that year the advances in wages were such as to cost the company \$1,757,506 annually. About half of this sum was to be made good from increases in passenger fares, amounting to \$858,753. The first item in the table of increases is, "Ten cents advance between New York, Providence, and Boston."

Mr. Mellen in his statement continues: "We have done everything that could be thought of, not considering expense in the least, to make our road the best in the country. No road is so far advanced towards electrification. Experts from all countries in the world have been sent to note our progress." Of Mr. Brandeis he says: "He maintains an organization that has been preparing for very many weeks to inflame the public by volleys of attacks of the most personal, vicious, cruel, and unrighteous character upon me personally and upon my management of the New England lines, assailing my integrity, denouncing the financial management with false and distorted figures. Every one of these attacks defaming New England and its railroad system, so far as I have learned, traces back to Brandeis, his associates or organization."

On the day after Mr. Mellen's statement appeared, Mr. Brandeis replied from Chicago in the Boston *Sunday Herald*, December 22, 1912. He spoke as before of "the deplorable condition of transportation in New England" and of the "demoralized service." He also spoke of the New Haven's difficulty in earning its dividends and of the endeavor "to make the people bear the burdens of mismanagement which should properly fall upon the stockholders." But here is a more specific contribution: "It must be supposed," says Mr. Brandeis, "that the

people of New England have, indeed, short memories when it is asserted that passenger rates have been reduced. Increases in fares were made on both the New Haven and the Boston & Maine, July 1, 1910, which placed upon the traveling public an added burden of over \$1,500,000." In view of Mr. Mellen's categorical statement to the contrary in the case of the Boston & Maine, and the accuracy of his statements as to a net reduction on the New Haven, the burden of proof would seem to be strongly on Mr. Brandeis to substantiate this fresh charge.

THE ARTICLES IN "COLLIER'S"

The next "volleys of attacks" in the newspapers came from Mr. Brandeis's old friend of Ballinger days, *Collier's*. In the issue of January 4 and in that of January 11 most sensational articles, pages long, appeared, written by Mr. Carl Snyder with "the aid of Louis D. Brandeis in securing the information." Offensive cartoons add to the lurid tone of the articles.

In the earlier of the articles in *Collier's* is a heading, "The Tremendous Protest of Industry." Under this heading appears the following: "All this is simply attested by the perfect torrent of protest and investigation which is rife. But I have preferred to give as well a little of the documentary evidence. The extracts from complaints of many different shippers in every part of New England which are printed herewith are drawn from over seven hundred complaints received within a little more than a year by the Boston Chamber of Commerce." Extracts from seventeen complaints are then presented. After these the following comment is made: "It will be noted that these letters, with a few exceptions, are all from among those received within a little over a month preceding this writing."

Thus wrote Mr. Carl Snyder, with "the aid of Louis D. Brandeis," in *Collier's* of January 4. The seventeen complaints, "drawn from over 700," are as imposing as a stage army, if

not examined closely. But, like a stage army, which returns again from behind the scenes, nine, or over one-half, of these seventeen complaints did equally valiant duty in the New York *Evening Post* of November 23, after being introduced with equal impressiveness. All but four of the startling array in the *Post* of November 23 reappear, framed a little differently but perfectly recognizable to startle the readers of *Collier's* on January 4, and are drawn as if by chance from over seven hundred, ostensibly by a different author, in a different newspaper, and labelled practically a brand-new fresh supply. *Can there be any doubt that both the "Evening Post" articles and those in "Collier's" are part of the same deliberately organized attack?* The consignment of "practically full carloads" "out of Fitchburg for Worcester" here serves a third time.

Mr. Snyder, with the aid of Mr. Brandeis, gets into further hot water, in so far as people do not have "indeed short memories." With Mr. Brandeis's aid he says: "The Boston & Maine in 1907 was about like the New Haven in 1903,—a railroad on the down-grade. At that time (*i.e.*, 1907) the New Haven finances seemed distinctly on the up-grade; those of the Boston & Maine were the reverse." Not only is this the very opposite of what Mr. Brandeis said in 1907 but it is interesting now to note that from 1903 to 1907, under Mr. Mellen's management, the New Haven had not changed from a strong corporation to a weak one, but from one on the down-grade to one on the up-grade. Mr. Snyder puts this reverse picture very strongly. "In every way," he says of Mr. Mellen's management, "in the first few years, the results seemed satisfactory."

In the *Collier's* articles, Mr. Mellen is likened to a "buccaneer," and his kind of work to "piracy," the patrons of his road he is accused of flouting as "scum"; "the purchase of the Boston & Maine has so far been an unequivocal failure" is at last admitted; the charge of a broken promise in the statement

of Mr. Mellen's attorney, Mr. Choate, is repeated, regardless of Mr. Mellen's statement made two weeks earlier, that the whole correspondence was open to the public and showed that this charge was not true; most of the other charges, whether denied or not, are likewise repeated in the darkest coloring; and the articles close thus: "Lastly, when he had begun to feel a little more the force of this storm of protest, Mr. Mellen is content to charge it all to the machinations of the evil Mr. Brandeis. In which latter connection it may merely be noted that Mr. Brandeis had set forth the conditions of the New Haven and the nature of Mr. Mellen's doings fully five years ago in his pamphlet, and in numberless subsequent speeches; and that his reward was merely to see a Massachusetts Legislature, elected after a full disclosure of the facts, condone and approve all of Mr. Mellen's acts. This evil-minded man has but the melancholy satisfaction of finding all his predictions regarding the results of Mr. Mellen's activities in full."

The articles dwell upon the vast sums (said to be \$300,000,000) which Mr. Mellen has spent. The purpose is, not to show that the usefulness of the railroad companies must have been increased, but to create an impression that interest and dividend charges must be sensationally heavy. Mr. Snyder puts this point thus: "The interest of the public is that *it is on capital thus expended* that Mr. Mellen and his kind demand the right to charge sufficient freight and passenger rates to pay a high interest charge and eight per cent dividends on the stock." Throughout the Brandeis literature the high eight per cent dividend rate is dwelt on. The New Haven report of June 30, 1908 (p. 7), is interesting as to this: "The company has realized for the stock issued by it largely in excess of \$100 per share, one recent subscription having been taken at the price of \$175 per share. The rate of return to our stockholders upon the average price

paid for their shares has been not in excess of four and a half per cent per annum, and a recent valuation of the company's property indicates that an eight per cent dividend amounts to a return to stockholders of less than four per cent of the replacement value of their property." The report of June 30, 1912 (p. 6), shows that, instead of the annual deficits so often mentioned by Mr. Brandeis, the New Haven system in the eight years then closed earned \$8,176,436.43 above the dividends paid.

These persistent attacks have had results in inflaming public sentiment. The motives of the railroad management are misinterpreted without examination of the facts, and any efforts they may make, though in the public interest, are hampered. To realize how far the pendulum has swung it is instructive to see the opinion of Governor Foss, then a private citizen, when the merger question first arose.

In June, 1907, when Mr. Brandeis's attacks began, Mr. Foss was an ardent advocate of Mr. Mellen's policies. "I have studied this railroad problem from a manufacturer's point of view as well as from that of a stockholder," said he in his speech at Plymouth on June 14, 1907, "and for the life of me I cannot see anything but good to come from the merger." He asked his audience whether Boston would like to give up its single street railroad service and go back to the several little companies once operating in the city. He referred to the extreme difficulty of getting goods shipped from the south to the north side of Boston. "The territory served by these two systems," he contended, "is not of sufficient magnitude to require two independent roads. As a manufacturer and one of the largest shippers in New England, I cannot see anything but good to come from this merger." "I hope," said he then, "that the next thing that Mr. Mellen will do will be to acquire the Central Vermont (*i.e.*, the Grand Trunk's New England branch), which will give us a short line to Montreal, and that we shall soon see vestibule

trains between Boston and Montreal the equal of those between New York and Boston. I think the Boston & Maine ought to have acquired the Central Vermont and not permitted it to go into the hands of the Grand Trunk."

Governor Foss was one of those who attacked the New Haven for its supposed connection with the Grand Trunk stopping of work, and if this were taken as showing a reversal of attitude, it might represent in an extreme degree a persistently nurtured change of public sentiment. It is important to note, however, that in his inaugural this year, though condemning the control of the Boston & Maine through the medium of the Boston Railroad Holding Company, yet he carefully refrained from expressing an opinion that direct control by the New Haven, with full responsibility to the public, and under due supervision, would be against public interest. The inference is reasonable that he still believes this should be brought about.

The Governor of Connecticut says that that state is satisfied with the service which it is receiving, and the Governor of Maine says that his state is pleased with it. Said the latter, January 26, after Governor Foss had invited all the governors of New England to a conference: "Boston for many years has been the worst station we have to pass. It is the only place between Maine and New York at which we have to change cars and pay the Armstrong Transfer Company hack and hotel bills. Our state is full of factories whose products are sold there. Sometimes we go by the way of Springfield, and avoid what we call the 'Boston hold-up.' Now, if we could do anything to help you improve this condition, you may be assured that the people of Maine are at your service."

Alas! To this "hold-up," to this worst interruption to New England transportation, Mr. Brandeis's principal, Mr. Lawrence, was committed at the very outset of this narrative.

CONCLUSION

The writer of this analysis has reached many conclusions in the course of his work. He ventures to offer the following: That the people of Massachusetts should beware of sensational stories recently afloat in connection with the railroad situation in New England. He himself at first heeded them sufficiently to become an adverse critic of Mr. Mellen. One day the New York "Evening Post" article of November 23 was shown him. That was so palpably unjust as to lead to a search for more information. At each new turn new surprises were encountered, convincing him that our people should beware of being led by such tactics into the dangerous experiment of state ownership of the Boston & Maine. Until the two years, more or less, have elapsed which the New Haven management declares, will be required to carry out definite plans for rehabilitating the Boston & Maine, it seems unwise to "swap horses." Already the extraordinary freight congestion of the autumn seems relieved, and Mr. Mellen and his associates are now manifestly doing their utmost to please the public.

RANGELEY

By BARBARA BRADFORD

IT is almost a century ago, to be exact, in the summer of 1815, that Luther Hoar, with two companions, went from Madrid across the mountains to spy out the Dead River Region because a rumor of the presence of hostile Indians had reached that little hamlet.

Luther Hoar was a born pioneer. But a year had gone by since he and his family had removed from the historic town of Concord, Mass., to Madrid, and here he was already spying out a more remote wilderness. No Indians were seen, but the man was so impressed by the country he had traversed that he stopped to explore a big lake whose beauty and loneliness had penetrated his soul. Here on a northern height, looking southward over the lake, with the wonderful landmark Saddleback on his left hand and Bald Mountain on his right, he felled trees and made a clearing. He then followed his companions back to Madrid. The next year he came through again, burned over his clearing and planted potatoes. After harvesting a good crop, he housed them in a pit which he had dug deep for that purpose, and carefully covering them to protect them from the long winter's cold, struck out for home. This was in the fall.

In early April of the next year might have been seen an American father and mother with a sturdy brood of youngsters trudging onward over the snow which lay hard and firm beneath the spruce and pine of this northern wilderness. On its kindly supporting glaze they dragged behind them on hand-made sledges their scanty stock of household goods and plenishings. Spring then as now was

the recognized time for moving, but for far different reasons.

The family consisted of John, David and William of the older ones; Joseph, who had attained to the age of thirteen, and the three youngsters, Daniel, Sally and Mary. Luther, the oldest, had been left behind, adopted by a family in Madrid. The total numerical strength of the family has not yet been reached, for on one of those sledges, wrapped warmly against the winter's cold, and securely tied in a big bread-mixing trough, lay the baby of the family — Eunice Hoar. Of all this family, little Eunice was destined to be the most famous, for as she lay sleeping in her improvised cradle, something happened to her which was destined to be told wherever a native and a summer visitor, or a guide and a sportsman get together and talk about the first settlers.

They had reached the top of one of the long heights which marked their way, and the nucleus of the future township had paused for breath, when it was discovered that Eunice and the mixing trough were gone.

The little band retraced their weary way, disheartened, for on that glaze of snow no track or trace was discernible. At last, after a long and weary search, the sharp eye of one of the children discovered a twig at one side of the trail, that looked a little bent. Off they started at right angles to the trail, and far down the mountain side, lodged against a giant evergreen, they found the bread tray and in it, still sound asleep, — Baby Eunice.

At last, after a long day's travel, they came to the beautiful lake which the Indians had named Oquossoc. The region around this part of the lake



S. FREEMAN TIBBETTS

Son of Lucinda Hoar, the first white child born in Rangeley

was later named Greenvale. Here they found the huge dugout which Luther Hoar had used and hidden the previous fall. Although amply able to contain the whole family, for it was made from one of the primeval pines which gave to Maine its famous sobriquet, they yet must walk the re-

maining four miles across on the ice, for the lake was frozen hard and fast.

When they reached the headland which Luther Hoar had selected as the site of their future home, they built their camp-fire and prepared for the first of many nights in the open. A bitter disappointment awaited these



SADDLEBACK MOUNTAIN, THE DISTINCTIVE LANDSCAPE FEATURE OF RANGELEY

hungry, tired pioneers. When Deacon Hoar went to the pit which he had stored full of potatoes, he found it empty. The potatoes were gone!

During the winter, the Indians had discovered them and had fared sumptuously on the first fruits of Luther Hoar's industry. After their scanty supply of provisions was exhausted, until their first crop was harvested in the fall, the family lived principally on ground nuts. So thoroughly was this form of food searched out and devoured that there have never been seen any ground nuts in Rangeley from that day to this.

It was on the fifth of May, 1817, that Deacon Hoar and his family built their first camp-fire. They had laid the foundations of a settlement which was destined to become famous under a name not their own, but that of a stranger and an alien.

There is yet another member of the family to be accounted for. Over a year had gone when, one July day, Joseph, now a big-fourteen-year-old boy, got into the big dugout and paddled across the lake. Here he struck out along the spotted line for Madrid. When he returned, two days

later, he walked more slowly, for he was accompanied by a woman long past middle age. She is known in the spoken traditions of Rangeley as "Old Mis' Dill." She arrived in the log cabin of the Hoar family none too soon, for on the night of July 10, without other aid than that of this old midwife, in that far outpost of the northern frontier the heroic pioneer mother brought forth the first white child of the future township—Lucinda Hoar.

The old midwife liked the place and in a year's time she came back again, accompanied by her husband, this time to stay.

The first birth naturally calls to mind its antithesis and, appropriately enough, Freeman Tibbetts, a noted guide, the son of Lucinda Hoar, is the narrator.

"'Old Mis' Dill' was the first white person buried here," said he. "She wanted to go to Madrid to see her folks, so Uncle Dan'l (he was the youngest son) walked across the lake with her and set her upon the trail to Madrid. 'Twas in the winter. As they went by Dixon's Island, she see a pine that was all bent over. 'What is that?' says



A TYPICAL RANGELEY CAMP

she, for she was old, seventy years, and more too, I guess. Uncle Dan'l he telled her what it was. 'That looks like a house waitin' for me,' says she.

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, he put her on the trail and she went on. She got as fur as 'The Height of the Land,' and then she must have got tired and turned round and come back. Some folks come in from Madrid that day and they see where she had broken off some twigs and set down and they followed her trail down the mountings and across the lake to Dixon's Island, and there they found her right under that bent old pine tree — froze to death!"

There was a pause, then, "Did you ever hear how they got their bread?" he asked, reverting to his grandfather's family.

"Grandfather Hoar used to put a bushel of corn on his back and walk to Strong. It was twelve miles to Madrid; from Madrid to Phillips was six miles, and from Phillips to Strong was six miles more, and he walked there and back in three days and carried a bushel of corn besides. He was a powerful man.

"He was some kin to Senator Hoar of Massachusetts," went on Freeman after a pause. "It was a number of years after he come in to Rangeley before a horse could get through, but after that grandfather used to ride to Massachusetts and back to see his relatives most every year.

"I remember well the last time he went. He come home and rode into the barn. His wife she come out to see him. 'How do you feel?' says she. He was a hangin' up his saddle when he answered her. 'Fine,' says he, and with that he dropped at her feet — stone dead."

The year 1825 saw a happening that meant great things for this little settlement along Oquossoc Lake, for by this time other families had come in, — the Rowes, the Thomases, the Kimballs and the Quimbys in the order named.

This happening was the advent of the man after whom the whole country roundabout this beautiful lake was to be named and even the great chain of lakes itself, — Squire Rangeley. He and his wife with two sons and two daughters came through on the spotted line. It must have been a

strange experience for this English gentleman and his family to travel in such fashion, and stranger yet must it have seemed to them when they emerged upon the borders of the lake that this sparsely cleared country was to be their home.

Who was Squire Rangeley and how happened he to come to this remote settlement of the northern frontier? He was of a good old Yorkshire family which owned Tweed Mill near Yorks, England, and who, according to a great-grandson now living in England, went out to America to redeem a bad debt. His wife's people were the Newbolds, likewise of Yorkshire, their place being at Intake, North Sheffield. A third son was left in England with his mother's family during their proposed brief sojourn in America. Mr. Kimball, who ran the first stage line which connected Rangeley with the outer world, is still living and says: "It was the time of a great land speculation. Land was lotted out and explored and then Rangeley came."

Even with this explanation it might still be a puzzle to account for the fact that an English gentleman, but recently arrived in New York City, should come to know of land in a northern outpost of New England. A hunter, guide and patriarch who had heard much of Squire Rangeley from both his father and mother, gave the reason.

"Rangeley got this place by his folks. It fell to them through the Seventeen Hundred and Seventy Six War, through depredations they had committed." It may take the reader some time to puzzle out the meaning of this statement.

"This here was a certain tract of land, set off, you understand. So when he came and found people had settled it, he was tickled to death. He built a grist-mill and sawmill for them.

"He was a kind man. 'Don't haul your lumber way down to the mill. Cut my lumber,' he would say. Of course there was plenty of lumber then, but Burnham wouldn't have acted that way."

Of this same Burnham we shall hear more, later.

"He didn't make the people who had settled here pay for their land; he was only too glad to have the place settled. He claimed he come here fur his health, but he came to get rid of this township.

"When he built his house it was before the sawmill was built, and the biggest part of it was done by hand labor. In them days, they would saw two or three logs in a day, two men would. I don't know just where they lived at first but it must have been in a log house till their own was built."

Let us describe this house, which, for its location and the circumstances under which it was built, seems almost as much of an achievement as one of the pyramids.

All around the house between the clapboards and the plastering ran a brick wall. There were brick partitions, hidden by plastering, between the rooms. The great kitchen contained a big brick oven, the other rooms had brick fire-places. Besides the kitchen and dining-room, the "Mansion Part" as the villagers still speak of it, contained four rooms, two on the ground floor and two on the floor above. Underneath all was the cellar hewn out of the solid rock.

It would have been a house of note in Portland; for that locality it was a veritable castle.

Of the original house only two rooms remain,—the kitchen and its connecting dining-room. Every vestige of a brick has disappeared, gone to the village two miles away to assist in its upbuilding. The "Mansion Part" has likewise gone to the same place, where it served as a separate dwelling until destroyed by the fire which burned up Rangeley, more than thirty years ago.

The floors of the remaining rooms deserve a parting word, for they are made of half logs of the real "Punkin Pine," some of them twenty-seven inches in diameter, and if one goes down cellar he can gaze up at the scalloped ceiling above him, made by



RANGELEY IN MID-WINTER

the reverse side of these same pine logs.

Deck Quimby, a well-known Rangeley character, thus describes the Squire: "He was a good man, Squire Rangeley was, he paid people what they asked. My father worked for him seven months and got this farm. Uncle Dan Quimby dug the old Rangeley well. That well is forty-two foot deep. It took Uncle Dan seven months and he got a hundred acres fur it. Good land, too. It's the Alton Quimby Farm, now.

"It was while my father was workin' fur Squire Rangeley that he met my mother. She lived in Phillips but she come here to work for Squire Rangeley. She was the first hired girl that was ever in the Town of Rangeley. Her father was a blacksmith and he made her a shovel and a pair of tongs fur a wedding present and he made my father a chainhook. I use it now.

"But all Squire Rangeley's tools come from England. He didn't have none of them made here. He got everything from England.

"He wouldn't go to Boston and he wouldn't trust anybody in Boston or

Portland either. All he knew was England.

"There were two tradin' vessels that did his business for him. It took a year, and weather had to be pretty good or it would take longer. These tradin' vessels would come as fur as Portland. Then they'd put the things into smaller boats and come as fur as Hallowell and from there on teams to Madrid. Then from there they'd bring 'em through by the spotted line.

"They had to take account of stock every little while to see how low they were gettin'. Still, if the vessel happened to be three weeks late, they would get pretty short of some things.

"He used to say to my father, 'Go, tap on the barrel of rum, David.' The Squire, he was afraid the rum would run out before the other barrel got here. He had a barrel on the way all the time. He had two barrels and he used to keep them goin' back and forth to England. It was cheaper doin' that than buyin' a new barrel every time.

"While the cellar of his house was bein' built, every day, just such a time, he'd pass each man down a glass of liquor.



A RANGELEY FISHERMAN'S PARADISE.

"His money would come from England once a year in an iron box. If the vessel had sunk, that would have gone, too.

"One time the salt give out. You know salt had to come from England, too, like everything else. Well, one year, the vessel was so late that when it got here, the sheep was salt hungry. Well, Squire Rangeley, he thought he'd give 'em the salt himself, so he let down the bars and stepped inside. Well, them sheep smelled the salt and was on him in a minute. They jumped on him and knocked him down, and if my father and some others hadn't heard him call, he'd 'a been killed. That night he says to my father 'You couldn't put a pin point on my body but their damned huffs hev been there!

"He was a dreadful neat man. He wouldn't have the hawks near his house and all the slops had to be carried way down the hill and thrown into the swamp. He said they worked their

way through the ground or something like that.

"He was an Englishman—he was funny," said Deck, as if the one were necessarily the corollary of the other. "He claimed new-turned ground was healthy. He never held a plough himself but he would walk all day in a furrow. He always wore a rubber coat to keep out the heat. He used to say to my father, 'I don't see how you can stand the heat in your thin shirt. Here I be in a rubber coat and a heavy coat under that and I'm most sweltered.'

"But he was a nice man. He paid all wages right down in money. He would pay a man twelve dollars a month. My mother, she got fifty cents a week the first year she worked for him and a dollar and a half a week the year after.

"My mother had to learn to cook the English way for the Squire and his family but she cooked our way for the men; and the Squire's children got hold of it and liked it. I suppose they must

have told their father and mother for, after awhile, Squire Rangeley would come out in the kitchen and say to her, 'Now, then, Happy, make some of them nice light flakes for dinner.' He meant our salleratus biscuit. The English like their bread baked hard — sort of logy, you know. They got so that they liked our way of cookin' meat, too. The Squire, he was very fond of little pigs, baked. Oh, they were real sportin' people!"

The years went on. The sawmill and the grist-mill were built; and likewise a road of more than ten miles in length (the first of its kind) to connect the township, and its great product lumber, with the outside world.

When one considers the difficulties that stood in the way of these enterprises, the isolation of this little community, the well-nigh impossibility of procuring any labor other than hand labor and, to crown all, the immense difficulties in the way of transportation, one stands amazed at the results achieved by this English gentleman and his American auxiliaries.

But the last undertaking was the proverbial last straw. Before it was completed, Squire Rangeley had come to realize that his ideas for the develop-

ment of the region were premature and belonged to a later generation.

Another reason for their going may even now be found in the town of Phillips. Behind the Old Court House, which was once known as "The Centre Meeting House," is a little old cemetery, and in this cemetery may be seen a stone so spotted by the passage of time that much of its lettering is indiscernible, but this can still be read,

"In memory of
Sarah Rangeley
Died Dec. 25, 1827
Aged 19 years,"

together with a lengthy epitaph which speaks of her sorrowing parents. At the base of the tombstone, on the right-hand side, is the name of the engraver and his residence, which is given as Augusta, England. Thus the trading vessel which had brought so much good cheer to Rangeley was once weighed down by a burden which no amount of engraving could lighten, even though it came from dear old England.

In the almost Arctic cold of a Rangeley winter, the life of the young girl



VIEW ON THE SOUHEGAN RIVER



WHERE SCIENTIFIC FORESTRY IS CALLED FOR

went out. As no medical aid had been available, neither was there any consolation of the clergy. To use the language of an old man who as a little boy had seen the English Squire in his latter days at Rangeley, "Squire Rangeley sent a man for a good man, whom he liked, to preach the funeral sermon."

Over the deep snow of that far-off winter, the body of the young girl was drawn on a hand sledge to Phillips. Here it lay, unburied, for many months, the dear hope of the sorrowing family being to take it with them to that England to which they looked forward to return before long.

Things fell out far differently, and August 4, 1841 found them in Portland whence Squire Rangeley writes Seward Dill, Esq., concerning an offer which the latter had made him for the property at the lake and also about a law-suit which he was having with Mr. Burnham in New Hampshire.

It was during the residence in Portland, which lasted two or three years that the Squire was preparing for his flitting. He eventually sold the Township of Rangeley to that Mr. Burnham who has been mentioned more than

once in these chronicles. According to the son of Rangeley's first hired girl, Deck Quimby, the Squire owned a large tract of land in Virginia. Deck says, "He and one of his boys went to Virginia one winter and liked the climate better. They found that no one had meddled with their land." He and his family then departed to Virginia where Deck says, "They kept slaves, one hundred and fifty or that amount." Neither he nor any member of his family ever returned to that beautiful lake country to which he had given not only a name but its first real impetus toward civilization. Nor did they ever return to that England which they regarded so highly. Both sons went through the Civil War, James being a colonel in the southern army, and their descendants are yet living in Henry county, Virginia.

Thus the English country gentleman left his impress upon two widely differing sections of America. In that land where he had expected but to conclude a business venture, he found a country and a grave.

And now we come to Burnham, Rangeley's last real squire, as he may be called, for he was the last entire owner

of the township save only for a strip of land at its eastern end which Squire Rangeley had sold to another man.

There are probably more stories told in connection with Burnham than with any other man who has ever been connected with Rangeley in any capacity whatsoever, be it farmer, guide, sportsman or landed proprietor.

In person he was tall, "Kind o' big through his shoulders," and of ruddy complexion. The old proprietor of the first stage line that connected Rangeley with the outer world, Mr. Kimball, here went on with a description of his costume. "He used to wear a black swallowtail coat, a white vest, and a tall, black fur slick hat," said he ruminatively. "He used to go like a gentleman on horseback, all rigged up."

This was the appearance of Squire Burnham as he came riding into Rangeley, one fine morning, to take possession of his lately acquired domain. The new proprietor, like his predecessor, was to live at "The Old Rangeley Place." Unlike his predecessor, he was, although past middle age, unmarried; and consequently a man named Elliot looked after the place while his wife kept house for the new Squire. To say that Elliot looked after the place is not quite correct, for, whenever he was at home, Burnham kept a sharp supervision. One instance will be sufficient to show the fine scrutiny to which he subjected his hirelings. One day they were haying and he being present, and observing that the grass grew sparsely in places, ordered the mowers to skip those spots with their scythes whenever they came to them; this being in order to save the expense of just so much of the men's time as would be employed in mowing an insignificant quantity of grass. Of course, not being versed in the science of mowing, his order caused just the opposite effect to that intended, as the effort of lifting the scythe and carrying it a few feet took as long or longer than it would to have done the mowing; while the grass left standing was a source of annoyance and hindrance to the haymakers who came after.

Mention has been made of the Squire's age. Up to the time of his death no one in Rangeley knew how old he was. With simple or deep guile, plans were laid to entrap him into a categorical statement, but he, keener witted than any of his adversaries, saw through them all ere they came to the point and was always ready with an answer whose form never varied.

Upon one occasion he remarked that he had been present when Boston's first mayor had been inaugurated. One of his auditors with that broad brow of calm innocence which the Yankee knows so well how to assume, said carelessly, "How old were you at that time, Squire Burnham?" The habitual answer came quick as a flash: "None of your business, damn you!"

The English Squire, with training, feeling, and traditions entirely foreign to his surroundings and surrounds, had yet been liked and respected. His American successor was just the reverse. He, like his predecessor, came to make money, but his methods were a total overturning of all that had gone before. He was as like to Squire Rangeley as is a man who tears down to one who builds up. The result is written in the interior of "The Old Rangeley Place." In the lower right hand corner of one of the upper panels of a door belonging to the dining-room is a small hole, the original sharpness of whose outline has been smoothed over by a long lapse of time.

The story goes that one evening Squire Burnham was sitting in the stately "Mansion Part" of his newly acquired manor-house, reading by candlelight when a bullet whizzed close by his head and on through the door beyond. The Squire being a man of great readiness of decision did not stop to make inquiries or to debate upon the manner of his going but, with a bound, made for his rock-hewn cellar, where he spent the rest of the night. Upon another occasion he was forced to seek the shelter of his rocky fortress by a volley of stones coming through a window in line with which he was sitting.

What was the cause of the murderous feeling among the people of this settlement toward their Squire? It is not far to seek. As has been said before both the proprietors of Rangeley wished to make money—with this difference: one sought to make money by spending it the other by gathering it in.

Nothing was too small to escape Burnham's net. The story is still told of a woman sick in bed with child and of Burnham going in and having the feather-bed on which she lay dragged out from underneath her to satisfy a debt which her husband owed him.

Upon another occasion, a debt being overdue, Squire Burnham had one half the roof of the log house in which the debtor lived sawn off and removed. This was in the month of March, and in the month of March it is yet winter in Rangeley.

In still another case, the debt being perhaps of a more serious nature, the Squire was going to have the man sent to prison. The latter, unable to pay, pleaded the poverty that would fall upon his family, should he be taken away, but Burnham was inexorable. Finally, the man proposed a prison of his own. He would agree to stay in his own cellar for four months, promising never to come out of it in all that time if it might be that he could still continue his work and so support his family. To this Burnham assented. The man kept his word and did not appear above ground until the four months were up. Is it possible to imagine with what joy the debtor saw the light of day once more? For a Rangeley cellar is not an agreeable abiding place even in summer, and in winter—! Burnham, coming upon him unexpectedly, claimed that due notice of the man's enlargement from his self-imposed dungeon had not been given him, pronounced a sentence of another four months and forced the man to carry it out.

It is not known whether it was in consequence of this last inhumanity, or of some one not recorded, or whether it was simply a result of the general de-

testation in which the man was held that this next thing was sprung upon him. He was driving along in his gig out of sight or sound of any habitation when it was borne in upon him that something was not as it should be. He stopped the horse, got out and examined the gig. Upon lifting the cover of the box built under its seat, he found a lighted slowmatch and a quantity of powder sufficient to have destroyed every vestige of himself and his equipage.

Upon another day he heard that some men were cutting timber upon a certain lot of his land. This was one of the things that haunted him—the knowledge that in his big township, his trees were constantly being felled by his fellow townsmen and that owing to the impossibility of his being in all places at once this state of affairs was likely to continue. However, upon this occasion he came upon them red-handed. He rode in among them, a commanding figure on horseback, and ordered them to desist, at the same time threatening them with the utmost rigors of the law. Thereupon they dragged him from his horse, and one of them, a powerful fellow named Huntoon, took a young tree and administered such a flogging that it was little short of a miracle that the old Squire survived it. In less than a week, however, he had ridden to Farmington, sworn out a warrant against them and a short time afterward Huntoon and his abettors found themselves arraigned in the court house of that place on a serious charge of assault. Burnham, however, had no witnesses. The men hung together and declared that instead of assaulting him he was the aggressor. In vain Burnham exhibited his marred and wounded body. The men were discharged and Burnham was reprimanded by the Judge. How much his own reputation had to do with this decision cannot with certainty be known, but as Uncle Titus, still bright and merry in spite of his ninety years, says, "Burnham got into a good many law scrapes. He lawed it a good deal."

Besides the Rangeley township, a tanyard at Meredith, and a considerable property in the town of his birth, Dan Burnham owned, at one time, the whole White Mountains Range. A tale is told concerning the sale of this now almost national property which shows up the character of this man in the part of debtor and also shows at the same time how men on the same business footing as himself regarded him.

The sale took place in his own State of New Hampshire in a private house and was presided over by Judge Dale. Burnham sat at one end of the table, the prospective buyer at the other. As the moment approached for the consummation of the sale, the buyer of the White Mountain Range stretched forth his hand toward the middle of the table, with the money in it. At the same time he also stretched out his other hand to meet Burnham's own, nor did he let go the money with the one hand until he held the title deeds safe in his other.

This moment of cautious intensity was suddenly broken in upon in a most dramatic manner. The hands of the two men had met and parted and the money was at last in Burnham's possession. Ere he could draw himself back to an upright position and while the money was yet exposed in his hand upon the table, the curtains, which shaded the window behind him, parted; a figure came forth, a hand fell upon Burnham's wrist while a voice forbade him to draw the money to himself. The hand was not so powerful as Burnham's own, nevertheless he obeyed its pressure, for it belonged to the sheriff of the county. The Squire had long owed a considerable sum of money in New Hampshire which his creditors had been unable to obtain and the latter in some way getting wind of the transaction took this means of obtaining their just dues.

Besides trafficking in land Burnham (he is rarely given his title by the inhabitants of Rangeley, in strong contradistinction to his predecessor) had another occupation and indeed this may be said to have been his principal

one, for to it he devoted the major portion of his time. This was trading in colts and cattle. He would breed or buy them in New Hampshire and thence, with the help of a man or two, drive them to Rangeley, he riding on horseback all the way. Here, in the wide, free pastures of his own township, they were raised and sent to Brighton, Massachusetts. The latter journey took about a week on the road the drovers dickering, swapping and trading along the way.

However careful and exact Burnham was about collecting his own debts — ever to the full extent of the law, his numerous law suits did tend to impoverish him. There came a time when he got into serious difficulty. To save the remainder of his property he took the poor debtor's oath, in the meantime deeding Rangeley to his brother. His oath did not save him, however, and he was put in Portland gaol. Here he stayed eleven years, steadfastly asseverating all the while that he had no property.

There are two stories told in regard to Burnham's final loss of Rangeley. One is that, his brother dying while Burnham was still in prison, the deed came into the possession of his brother's heirs. They, knowing nothing of the understanding between the two men, sold the Township of Rangeley to others. The second story is that after Burnham was imprisoned, no taxes were paid on this vast estate. As he vehemently disclaimed all interest in Rangeley, several men began to pay the taxes. After a number of years of these payments, these men became possessed of the township, according to the Maine law in such matters. Thus when Burnham emerged from his long term in prison, he found what he had sworn to was very nearly true — he had no property.

He came back to Rangeley an old, old man. But he had still a strong vitality of body and with an equally strong vitality of spirit he started life anew.

The first stage route was then in operation, being owned by Mr. Richard

Kimball, now an old man yet living in Rangeley. Even in the winter, according to the latter, Burnham "drove and carried mail, did a little trucking on the road, arrants, etc."

When it was time for the stage to start (from what is now the heart of the village) Burnham started whether his passengers were present or not. There was none of that easy and kindly waiting, that accommodating spirit so habitual in country towns, to be found when Burnham drove the stage. Whatever his past reputation had been, he was honest and trusty as a stage driver and his word could always be depended upon. So said Mr. Kimball, adding, "He was a great talker."

One reminiscence of his stage driving days still lingers in Rangeley. Upon one trip, one of his passengers, a woman, was carrying a parasol. Becoming aware that it had disappeared, she searched vainly for it and finally asked Burnham if he had seen it. "It fell out a couple of miles back," was the reply. "Why didn't you tell me?" came the indignant query. "I ain't paid to look after passenger's parasols," was the truly Burnhamesque answer.

Out of the wreck of his fortunes, Burnham had contrived to keep what, even to this day, is known as "The Burnham Pasture." Here he still carried on his former occupation — the raising of cattle and horses. "He sold 'em round here when he got old," said Mr. Kimball. "Sometimes people would come here from cities to get 'em even from Boston."

The onetime Squire used to go back and forth from his lodging in the village to this pasture nearly every day. It was a considerable distance for a man of his age to walk being over two miles distant from his lodging, back of what is now Sedgeley Ross's farm. Just here Mr. Kimball reiterated, "He changed his looks terribly. He used to go like a gentleman on horseback, rigged up, but before he died he didn't have hardly anything to wear."

"Whenever he went to his pasture he was always particular to take his

shoes and stockings off and wash his feet when he come to a nice brook. Folks used to think that was why he lived so long, because he washed his feet."

All things come to an end and so at last did Burnham's life. When it was found that he had left nothing, the Town of Rangeley bestirred itself to avoid the expense of burying him. His body was sent back to the town in New Hampshire whence he had come and it was then that the long unslaked curiosity of Rangeley in regard to his age was satisfied. The old Squire had nearly attained his hundredth birthday.

"All he cared for was his lumber, his lands and his cattle," said Mr. Kimball, in a general summing up of Burnham's life and character. "He give sixty thousand dollars for this township. He thought it was going to be valuable and he thought right, but it took too long."

Since the days of its founder and its quasi-feudal squires, Rangeley has passed through several stages. For a long time it was described as a "Sportsman's paradise." Although this title may still be justly claimed, it will not be long ere "This too will pass away,"

The shores of Rangeley Lake, itself, have during the last few years witnessed a prodigious advent of "summer people." True to its traditions, the inhabitants call them all, be they dignified landowners, frivolous pleasure seekers, artists or musicians, "sportin' people," or, with that love for conciseness and abbreviation that distinguishes the American, "Sports."

Ere another generation has arisen they will be the predominant type around Rangeley Lake at least. The guide in his canoe will have vanished and the motor boat will have taken his place. The railroad is penetrating farther and farther and the honk of the automobile is heard in the land. A town improvement society has sprung up and an attractive stone library has been built, all through the efforts of these same summer people. The servant problem is becoming acute.

Can more evidence of advancing civilization be offered?

Nothing, however, can take from the beauty of this wonderful region of clouds, lakes and mountains unless it experience a veritable invasion of Goths and Vandals. Fortunately the

people owning the camps (everything from a log cabin to a palace is called a camp) around the shores of this beautiful lake have its interests at heart and it will doubtless develop in a manner in harmony with Nature and to the satisfaction of her admirers.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN MASSACHUSETTS

By WM. W. DOHERTY

III

THE collapse of the Rebellion and the dispersion of the Confederate armies brought about a condition of public affairs to be dealt with by the general government which had not been anticipated by those who had framed our Constitution. True, provision had been made for the punishment of traitors, but such provision was for individual cases, and not for the acts of the several states, as such. Grave questions as to the status of the former members of the Union, who had sought to secede, agitated the whole country, and were thoroughly discussed in Congress and by the loyal men of the loyal states. It is not my purpose to go into them now. Suffice it to say that the conduct of the leaders of Southern opinion, and the legislatures of certain of the Southern states, satisfied the country that it was not best to entrust to those so lately in arms against the Union, powers which might be used to its detriment, and to the nullification of the great work which the suppression of the armed rebellion was believed to have accomplished.

There were indeed men of prominence in the Republican party who thought that the South might with safety be trusted to loyally accept the situation without being subjected to restrictive legislation. Those men would not bestow the ballot upon the

negroes as a whole; rather would they limit it to their former masters, or to such of them as might show a willingness to unite with the loyal element of the nation in an effort to remodel the new governments of the seceded states, on the basis of justice to the negro, and the security of his legal rights. But by far the greater majority of the Republicans felt that more than this was necessary, and that no state should be re-admitted to the Union until it was absolutely certain that the negro's emancipation should be fully recognized, his political and legal rights duly assured by the Constitution of each state, and legislation to that end enacted. In the latter class the Republicans of Massachusetts by a large majority were enrolled and foremost in its leadership. Of the former class, Governor Andrew in Massachusetts, was the most prominent member, few others of influence followed him, and his too early death prevented his taking an active part in promulgating his views upon the stirring question of the reconstruction of the states lately in rebellion, and the equally disturbing proposition to secure to the black loyalists of the South their civil rights, and the right to the exercise of the elective franchise, through the new constitutions of the former seceding states, and by amendments to the National Constitution.

Massachusetts during the prolonged

struggle over these questions was, through the Republican party in the state, loyal to the genuine loyalists of the South, earnest in efforts to confer upon the race lately emancipated all the civil and legal rights of the whites and to maintain for it full equality before the law. Through its senators and representatives in Congress it led in the run of the new crusade. Its senior senator was the recognized leader in the Senate of those who insisted upon guarantees through legislation by which all loyal men, of whatever color, should be secured in the position of full citizenship and the exercise of its rights; and he it was who shaped the necessary enactments. The history of those days is, by reason of the prominent part taken in it by Massachusetts men, a part of the story of the Republican party of Massachusetts, and that a part of which the old Bay State has just reason to be proud. It should be carefully studied.

At the election in 1865, Governor Andrew having declined to again be a candidate, Alexander H. Bullock of Worcester, for four years the speaker of the State House of Representatives, was chosen governor, and held the office by successive re-elections for three years. Since that time, with but few intervals the conduct of affairs in Massachusetts has been in the control of those elected by the Republican party, and in full accord with its policy, both national and state. The administrations of the various governors elected by the Republicans have been marked by high devotion to the best interests of the Commonwealth; no scandals have attached to their official actions, and all of them were men of high character, unquestioned integrity, and wide experience in political and commercial matters,—such as eminently fitted them for the exalted position to which they were chosen as conservators and directors of the public weal. The various interests of the state prospered under their rule. Party harmony has been occasionally disturbed. In 1871

Governor Claflin, who for three terms had filled that office, announced that he should not again be a candidate for re-election, and when the call for the nominating convention of the Republicans was issued in that year, it was generally understood that there would be a warm contest over the nomination of his successor. Several gentlemen, well known Republicans, men who had been prominent in the councils of the party, were candidates for the honors of a nomination. Alexander H. Rice and Harvey Jewell of Boston, George B. Loring of Salem, William B. Washburn of Greenfield, and Benjamin F. Butler were the most prominently mentioned. Public interest centered the most upon the last named, for he had for some years been largely in the public eye, had secured a large following of devoted supporters, and had also incurred the determined opposition of a still larger body of the party, among which was numbered the older and better trusted of the party's founders and leaders, whose confidence he had forfeited by his political vagaries and sometime inconsistencies. He had ever been a unique character; seldom in accord with the conventional ideas which control the actions of men in public life; given to spectacular demonstrations which ran counter to public opinion, as generally held, and apparently especially pleased when he seemed to have startled it. As a youth he had entered Waterville College, a Baptist institution in Maine, in preparation for the Christian ministry, and was the beneficiary of the fund of the Baptist body set apart for the aid of young men who purposed to enter upon the ministerial office as Baptists. But he must while in college have discovered that he had no vocation for the sacred calling, for on his graduation he took up the study of law and began its practice in Lowell, where he soon became known as an active member of the bar. What a shiver would have gone through the infernal regions had Butler adhered to his youthful purpose and become a minister of the Calvinistic Baptist

persuasion! What rejoicing there must have been in that kingdom when he turned aside and enrolled himself in the ranks of the legal fraternity! In politics he was a Democrat and in 1853 was elected to the lower branch of the Legislature. In 1860 he was chosen a delegate from his home district to the National Democratic Convention with instructions to vote for Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidential nomination. He, for some reason, saw fit to disregard those instructions, allied himself with the opponents of Douglas, voting many times for Jefferson Davis. At the election in that year he was the candidate for governor on the anti-Douglas, pro-slavery Democratic ticket, and a supporter of the candidates of the pro-slavery wing of the democracy, Breckinridge and Lane.

But when, in 1861, Fort Sumter was attacked and its garrison forced to evacuate the fortress, and President Lincoln had issued his call for troops to sustain the National Government, Butler was among the first of men of prominence in Massachusetts to tender his services to the Union cause. He at once abandoned his law practice, which was then quite extensive, took command of a portion of the militia sent forward on the State's quota,— he was then a general officer of the state's militia forces,— led them into Maryland, and succeeded in opening a way for their progress to Washington. His services in and about Baltimore are well known and were of immense benefit to the national authorities, and to the loyal men of Maryland. He doubtless contributed much to prevent Maryland from seceding. President Lincoln made him a major-general of the United States Volunteers and he was sent to Fortress Munroe with a high command. As an officer in the army he had a career of a checkered nature, but through it all he never distrusted his own capacity — he was always quite sure of himself. While as a leader of men in the field he was seldom a success, he was as a Department Commander, remarkably

efficient in maintaining order and controlling unruly and traitorous elements — in him the plug-uglies of Baltimore, the secessionists of New Orleans and the Democratic roughs of New York City were compelled to recognize their master.

Butler had made a most active preliminary campaign to secure a majority of the delegates to the Convention of 1871. His following was a motley one, embracing many who did not believe in him and yet from the force of circumstances dared not oppose him, for he had a large influence in the control of the patronage, and political influence which he could employ for or against his friends, or his foes. His peculiar personality and his political audacity won him a large support.

The Republican state convention met; Butler had publicly notified his following to be on hand "with three days' rations" evidently thinking to overawe his opponents by proclaiming that the contest would be a prolonged one, and yet he was at the same time claiming that he had, beyond all doubt, a large majority of the delegates-elect. George F. Hoar, afterward United States Senator, was chosen as the convention's President, and about noon the active work of the day began. To an intelligent observer it was soon apparent that Butler's assured majority was not in evidence. The gentleman chosen to preside was his most determined opponent, and every move made in the General's interest failed of success. There were quite a number of contests over seats in the Convention, and it was nearly midnight before they were settled. When the time came to take the vote, several names were presented, but on the final ballot William B. Washburn was nominated. During one of his campaigns Butler had said of himself and his candidacy, "I am not a coy young maiden, afraid to make my wishes known. I am like a widow who knows what she wants and is ready to say so." This was seized upon and made the subject of a taking cartoon, in which the General was depicted wearing a widow's

weeds, and smilingly smirking. For a long time he was known as "The Widow Butler." Mr. Washburn, who had been a member of Congress, was nominated and elected. General Butler kept his seat in Congress. In 1872, the national Republican convention re-nominated General Grant for the presidency and placed Henry Wilson of Massachusetts on its ticket as the vice-presidential candidate. In this year occurred a schism in the Republican party, which took from its ranks in Massachusetts a small number of men who had been for years among its most honored members. Senator Sumner had found himself unable to support in all things the policy of President Grant and those Republican leaders in sympathy with the administration; he placed himself openly in opposition and on the floor of the Senate denounced the plans to which the President was committed and was most personal in his remarks upon that official. This caused a break in his relations to the Republican organization, which was by a large majority favorable to the President's policy; he was by the votes of his fellow-senators removed from his place as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which he had held for some years,—his personal friends in high official station were dismissed from the public service and he found himself outside the party he had so long and so honorably served. Francis W. Bird, a long-time friend and admirer of the Senator, incensed at the treatment bestowed upon his leader, organized the men of his school who felt as he did about the Senator, joined with them in the nomination of Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune* in opposition to President Grant, and actively labored for Grant's defeat. Those who first nominated Mr. Greeley took the name of "The Liberal Republican Party." Mr. Greeley was also later the recipient in that campaign of the nomination of the Democracy. Mr. Bird had been a power in Massachusetts; believed in and loved by his party associates, a man of unbending integrity. When he departed it was

with the regrets of his old companions who respected his motives even while disapproving his action. He never returned to the Republican fold, though the door was long open for him.

The nomination of Horace Greeley was a peculiar one; he had exhibited no especial fitness as a statesman, and though a rigorous editorial writer for his own paper his editorial career had been vacillating. His attitude toward the administration of President Lincoln had been often unfriendly and his characteristic vagaries had made him the object of attack by the humorists of the country. There was outside his personal following no disposition to take him seriously. It was asserted at the time that his nomination was brought about to advance the political fortunes of a certain faction of the Republican party in New York, which felt that it had not been properly recognized by President Grant in the distribution of the federal offices and was otherwise disgruntled. As in 1848 dissatisfied New York politicians secured the presidential nomination by the Free Soil party for Van Buren for their own selfish purposes, so in 1872 other New York men hoped by the nomination of Greeley to secure place and profit for themselves; such at least was the belief of many shrewd political observers. Although Greeley was endorsed by and made the nominee of the Democratic party, a party of which he had been a most bitter opponent, saying of it, as was reported, among other things, "that while every Democrat is not a horse thief every horse thief is a Democrat," and other equally complimentary remarks, yet he was most ingloriously defeated and Massachusetts gave an overwhelmingly vote for Grant and Wilson and the Republican state ticket. The Liberal Republicans ran a state ticket also in this commonwealth, but it got but few votes comparatively.

In 1873 General Butler again attempted to secure for himself the nomination as governor by the Republican state convention. Again he made an active campaign for dele-

gates, and again he was defeated, and in 1874 he lost his seat in Congress, being defeated by Charles P. Thompson of Gloucester.

He was, however, but one of several Republican candidates for Congress in Massachusetts who failed of an election, owing to complications growing out of the so-called Prohibitory Liquor Law, a law which once had the support of a large majority of the people of the state, but which had at this time lost much of its former popularity owing to the peculiar circumstances connected with its enforcement or lack of enforcement. There was now in existence a body of men, especially created to enforce the Prohibitory Law—popularly called “the State Constabulary”—and detailed for duty in the several counties. Before a great while it was claimed that these officers were falling into corrupt practices, accepting bribes from liquor-dealers and others, and indulging in what is now known as “grafting.”

In 1874 an effort was made to abolish the state constabulary, by repealing the act under which they were appointed, Governor Washburn had, in the early part of the year, been chosen United States senator to fill the unexpired term of Charles Sumner, who died March 11, 1874. It was asserted by the liquor interests that acting Governor Talbot had given them to understand that if the Legislature should not vote to repeal the state constabulary act he would approve the bill. The repealing act passed, the acting governor vetoed it. The so-called liberal or liquor interest was furious, they organized their forces throughout the state against Mr. Talbot and in favor of William Gaston, the Democratic candidate. Talbot was defeated, and Gaston elected. One effect of the agitation was to keep from the polls on election day a very large body of Republicans, whose votes were lost to all the party candidates. This resulted in the defeat of several candidates who ran for Congress as Republicans, and the election also of a legislature opposed to “Prohibition”

and which repealed the prohibitory law. The next election (1875) Governor Gaston was defeated for re-election by the Hon. Alexander H. Rice of Boston, who was not in sympathy with the doctrine of prohibition.

During the administration of Governor John D. Long, General Butler, who had in the meantime found his way back into the Democratic party, twice ran for the office of governor on a Democratic ticket. His tactics were characteristic. The Democratic managers were opposed to him. They had hired the hall in which the convention was to be held. Apprehending that the Butler men would get possession of it before the regularly elected delegates could assemble, the announcement was made that the hall would not be opened at the usual time, and it was kept closed. Early, however, on the convention morning the Butler men secured ladders, entered by the upper windows, took possession of the hall, and the leaders of the Democracy, when they appeared, found themselves out-voted by a motley throng of delegates and non-delegates, who nominated General Butler as the regular candidate of the party for governor. In this and his subsequent campaigns he had the support of a large personal following, nominally Republicans. He was unsuccessful in his contest. The Republican candidate was elected; a large number of old line Democrats refusing to vote for Butler. He tried it again the next year and was again defeated. It seemed as though he was finally quelled politically; he, however, was of a different opinion. The Phoenix of Massachusetts politics, he was always arising from the ashes of his own political grave, making the most startling reappearances after what seemed to be his final exits. He blithely ignored all pretence of consistency. Repudiated as a Republican, he assumed the rôle of an Independent, only to drop that next year for his debut as a Democrat of Independent tendencies and finally as a full-fledged Democrat of long standing—outside

the party. In 1882 he again sought the Democratic nomination as a Democrat in good and regular standing, twice endorsed by a Democratic convention.

The Democratic Anti-Butler element, which had by this time been worried into submission, consented to his nomination and supported him at the polls. He was elected, defeating the Hon. Robert R. Bishop, a most estimable citizen whom the Republicans had chosen as their leader. And now Butler had made a most important advance, as he considered it, toward the goal of his ambition, the presidency of the United States. He had once announced that no man could be elected to the presidency who did not have his state behind him. What better proof could there be of a candidate's local standing than to be chief magistrate of his state? If he as a Democrat could be elected governor of the Republican Commonwealth of Massachusetts it was strong proof of his ability. Unfortunately for him, his administration, so far from doing him or the state honor, was more than a failure, it was a disgrace to both. He had been elected by the votes of those who "wanted to see what the old man would do"; they saw. One year of the show was sufficient. At the end of the year he was retired, and George D. Robinson succeeded him.

During Governor Robinson's administration a change was made in the police commission of the city of Boston, which had for several years been appointed by the mayor of that city; but which was now, by an act of the Legislature, made a state commission and the three members composing it were appointed by the governor. The morale of the police was much elevated thereby. The Republicans continued in control of the state administration until 1891. The laws enacted by the various Legislatures of Massachusetts have on the whole proved beneficial to the people and creditable to the state. The proper demands of labor have been met and the interests of the employer conserved.

Radical schemes of legislation have found but little favor. In the creation of and dealings with corporations proper care has been taken to keep them under control; safe-guarding the interests of those who should invest in their bonds and stock. Provisions of law render it difficult to here organize corporations for exploiting "wild-cat investments" or "get-rich-quick concerns." Notably has it abstained from inviting the formation under the laws of the Commonwealth of bodies-corporate through "easy" legislation. While it has not been possible in every case to avoid mistakes, those that have been made have not resulted in serious disaster.

The educational interests of the public have been fostered; the health of the several communities has had careful supervision; the unfortunate cared for and crime been rigorously prosecuted. While there have been charges of venality on the part of legislators, few of the Republican members have been in the list of those impugned. The Judiciary has been carefully chosen from the members of the legal profession and as few mistakes made in the choosing as fall to the lot of human judgment. Its representatives in the national councils, chosen as Republicans, have taken high rank among their fellows, and in intellectual attainments, have measured well up to the highest standards. Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, George S. Boutwell, William B. Washburn, Henry L. Davies, George F. Hoar, Henry Cabot Lodge and W. Murray Crane have as Republicans occupied seats in the Senate of the nation and well maintained the reputation of "The Old Bay State." In the lower branch of Congress the number of its Republican membership who have fallen short of a high standard is very few.

On national questions the Republican party in Massachusetts has, as a party, always stood by sound economic principles and in support of those doctrines on which is believed to rest the material well-being of the nation.

In 1860 the Republican National

Convention, which nominated Abraham Lincoln, inserted as the twelfth declaration in its platform of principles the following: "That while providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such adjustment of those imports as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to working-men liberal wages; to agriculture remunerating prices; to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence." To this doctrine the Republicans of Massachusetts have been, as a party, firmly wedded. Some members of the party have dissented from the protective principle, their numbers however, have been too few to have any influence. The doctrine of protection to American industries has been affirmed over and over again by the party in its national conventions and enforced by appropriate legislation. The Republicans of this state have in Congress and in conventions earnestly and intelligently supported it. The Republican party in Massachusetts has always stood for a sound currency and for specie payments. During the war when gold coin was at a high premium the state paid the interest and principal of its bonds in gold, although not obliged to do so. When after the war a movement was started to pay off the national debt in irredeemable paper notes it stood by this declaration of President Grant, "Let it be understood that no repudiator of one farthing of our public debt will be trusted in public place," and in 1871 and 1873 refused to nominate for governor the great repudiator and advocate of "fiat money," who sought that honor at its hands. In 1896 in 1900 and in 1908 it overwhelmingly defeated at the elections in this state the great apostle of the financial heresy of "Sixteen to one."

As already stated, the Republican party in Massachusetts had its inception in an aroused public conscience, and it may be well to consider the influences which were potent in this connection and which have herein been rather lightly touched upon. First of these in point of time was the so-called abolition movement, of which a native of Massachusetts was the practical founder and for years the leading expounder. The practical work of the anti-slavery societies was also potent.

William Lloyd Garrison, born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805, had learned the printer's trade in his native town, and shortly after the completion of his apprenticeship became a newspaper publisher on his own account in different places. In 1828 he established at Bennington, Vermont, *The Journal of the Times*, in which he advocated the abolition of slavery. About the years 1829 and 1830 he was a partner with Benjamin Landy in the publication of an anti-slavery paper in Baltimore, Maryland called "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," in which he attacked the conduct of a man whose vessel was engaged in the domestic slave-trade and took from Baltimore to New Orleans a cargo of eighty slaves for the New Orleans market. Mr. Garrison for this was prosecuted for criminal libel in the Maryland courts, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars; this sum he was too poor to pay, and was sent to jail. John G. Whittier, the anti-slavery poet, interested himself in the case, and wrote to Henry Clay of Kentucky, who, although a slaveholder, had then anti-slavery sympathies, asking him to befriend Garrison. Clay took the matter up in a kindly spirit, but before he was ready to act Mr. Arthur Tappan of New York paid the fine and costs, thus freeing Mr. Garrison, who subsequently returned to Massachusetts and in January 1831 issued in Boston the first number of *The Liberator* in advocacy of the principle of the "Immediate and unconditional Emancipa-

tion" of all those held in slavery. *The Liberator's* motto was, "Our Country is the world, our Countrymen are all Mankind" and in this spirit *The Liberator* was published until the last of December, 1865, when, slavery having been abolished throughout the Union, and his work, as Garrison believed, accomplished, it was discontinued. The early office of *The Liberator* was a "small chamber, dark, unfurnished and mean," the only domicile of Mr. Garrison and his associate, who "made their bed on the office floor, and lived for a year or more on such food as they were able to procure at a neighboring bakery."

The first society in the nation for the immediate abolition of slavery was organized by Mr. Garrison and his associates. On November 13, 1831 fifteen persons met in the office of Samuel E. Sewell, Esq., in State Street, Boston, to consider the desirability and prospects of such an association; various meetings, were held, and on the night of January sixth, in a small schoolroom under a colored church off Knap Street, now Joy Street, the final meeting was held and "The New England Anti-Slavery Society" formed. The signers of the Constitution, twelve in number, on that night were all white, of comparative social obscurity, poor in pocket and in political influence; in the estimation of their opponents, openly expressed, "nobodies." Their work was extended into every northern state; meetings were held in the principal cities and towns, amid great discouragement and fierce opposition the message of the apostles of "Immediate Freedom for the Slave" was presented. Mobs broke up their gatherings; their speakers were assaulted; their places of assembling wrecked. The moral effect of the Abolitionists movement was in keeping alive the opposition to slavery, stirring the conscience of the North; educating, as to the sins of slavery, those who subsequently united in political parties for its limitation and ultimate extinction.

I have endeavored in this series of

articles to tell in a somewhat informal way a part of the story of the Republican party in Massachusetts, writing largely from memory I may have fallen into inaccuracies, but I feel such are very few. I have written as one who is a Republican by inheritance and conviction. I recall the day in 1854 when the first public steps were taken at Worcester to organize the party in Massachusetts and I have had a close knowledge of the party's workings since and have been honored with the friendship and confidence of its trusted leaders. My father was a supporter of the Liberty party in 1844; of the Free Soil party in 1848; in 1852 he was one of fourteen (14) men who in the North End Ward of Boston voted for Hale and Julian the candidates of the Free Soil party—the days of discouragement. In 1865 he was one of four hundred, who in the same ward voted for Fremont and Dayton; his every vote on national elections was for the anti-slavery candidates.

And now there has arisen for careful consideration the question, What is to be the future of the Republican party in this state and in the nation? Is 1912 to be to it what 1852 was to the Whig party of that time? Is it not perilously near the condition in which the Whig party then was? The crisis which it now seemingly faces calls for the exercise of the highest order of constructive statesmanship, a statesmanship which will disregard the clamors of party leaders, anxious only to hold on to place and power, or so thoroughly enamored with their own theories that they must persist in having them adopted at all hazards, the stewardship of such leaders in the past must be justly audited,—a statesmanship, which, while considering the numerical strength and just claims of those who lately went off from us — temporarily it is to be hoped — will not feel called upon to accept all that the Progressives assert they fought for, but will gladly recognize and adopt, as well it may, a very large proportion of them. The Republicans of the early days organized in support

of a great moral idea, the abolition of human slavery in America; they fought the battles of God and humanity and conquered. The Progressives of the present day, the rank and file of them at least, believe that they are contending for a moral idea equally great — “the conservation of human rights, and the abolition or amelioration of industrial slavery.”

The two parties ought to get together; they have much in common, and their differences can be adjusted. Old line Republicans and new Progressives can and will, I firmly believe, find a common platform of principles.

Adopting in part the language of another I may say, “I stood by the

cradle of the Republican party, must I follow it to its grave?” I pray not most sincerely. But if the work of the Republican party is done, this grand fact remains, it has been well done. “The past at least is secure.” But let us not anticipate the worst, rather would I, recalling the long list of those whose names adorn its annals, and in whose fame it shared, utter the fond prayer from an old man’s heart. May it live on!

“Live on, nor fear to breast the sea.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o’er our fears

Are all with thee — are all with thee.”

MUSIC FOR HOME SINGING

By ETHEL SYFORD

THERE are so many reasons for encouraging the home “*lieder-kranz*” that I feel no little enthusiasm for the music which I chance upon that is suitable for such use. I do not know of anything which is more conducive to good-fellowship in the home than is an hour or so of family song. To see mother, father, aunt and uncle and a half dozen young folks gathered around the piano and singing together is a goodly sight. It has all of the pleasure of a good game, in which the whole family are taking part, and a certain uplift and contentment that almost no other family function can produce. The ones who are not “singers” get full as much pleasure out of it as any one. Singing together presupposes as well as promotes good feeling. For music—song—is feeling. To sing together means that at least for the time, the singers become one in mood. To sing together means sympathy and it creates sympathy. It develops a love for melody and musical interest, and in many ways is a potent factor in the musical quality of a home and of a nation.

The songs that are the most practical for such use must necessarily be those which have a comparatively simple direct melody, and ones which will lend themselves to what might be called collective rather than individual interpretation. The most of the solo lyrics,—art songs,—whose subtleties are best interpreted by a single singer, are both too intricate and too distinctly a *personal* mood to be of any use for ensemble singing. Almost every art song — Schubert, etc. — is, in some way or other, the personal cry of a single individual. That the voices of a half dozen people be lifted in singing together means that the song must be more catholic in idea and feeling, inclusive rather than exclusive in appeal, a more *general* sentiment. For these reasons sacred music lends itself admirably, in fact it is more suitable than any other music. The time worn hymns and home collections have been so thoroughly worn threadbare that I feel that a list of sacred songs and duets which have proved excellent for such use, is certain to be of some helpfulness.

“Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart” and

"Be Glad, O Ye Righteous," by Bruno Huhn, are moods of joyful exultation which are so directly melodious and so full in harmony that they are thoroughly satisfactory, as is also "Come Unto Me," by the same composer. The songs of Mary Turner Salter are always of unpretentious beauty and, owing to her own vocal ability, thoroughly singable and gratefully so. "There is a Blessed Home" and "I Lay my Sins on Jesus" are among those best adapted for ensemble singing. "The Earth is the Lord's" (Psalm xxiv), by Frank Lynes, is an outburst of fervor that is as full-toned as an old German choral. "A Song of Faith" and "O God of Truth," by J. Lamont Galbraith, are very euphonious as to melody and they have artistic and beautiful accompaniments. They are among the most attractive songs for this use that I have found. Of beautiful melody but with simpler accompaniment is "Teach me, O Lord," by J. W. Bischoff; while his "Open to me the Gates" is an andante maestoso mood, which is effective for solo work especially, though it adapts itself readily for ensemble singing. It has an accompaniment of really forceful support and beauty. Not quite so adaptable for several singers, but beautiful for solo work, are two songs by Alfred Wooler, "O Lord, Rebuke Me Not" and "Behold, God is Mighty." "Like as a Father" and "Cast Thy Burden upon the Lord," by A. W. Lansing, are excellent for either use. The melody in each is very tuneful and the accompaniments so rhythmic that they fairly compel the voices to enter into the song with spirit. Two offertory solos,—*"To-day if ye will hear His Voice"* and *"Out of the Depths,"* by James H. Rogers, are also effective. *"The Lord is loving unto every Man"* (Psalm cxlv) and *"Lead Me to Thee,"* by John E. West, are beautiful songs that are more than usually artistic. The accompaniments, while not ornate or such as to distract the interest from the song melody, are attractive and invigorating to the melody. *"Thine, O Lord,*

is the Greatness," by W. Franke-Harling, is more simple and sedate in character. This is also true of *"Just as I Am,"* by E. Cutter, Jr.

"Day of Peace," by Eben H. Bailey, is tuneful and expressive with a comparatively simple accompaniment, but one of good support. The song is also published with violin obligato. *"Thy Way, not Mine, O Lord,"* by Thomas Adams, is of spirited fervor and yet of unpretentious style in its treatment. *"Holiest, Breathe an Evening Blessing,"* by Oliver King, has an extremely simple melody with a more ornate accompaniment, harp-like in character and very attractive. *"Like As The Hart,"* by John A. West, has a simple accompaniment while the song part is more subtle in expressiveness. This song is always very successful.

Some others which are especially compensating and which lend themselves very well for ensemble singing are, *"Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us,"* by Bruce Steane; *"When I survey the Wondrous Cross,"* by Edgar Pettman; *"Out of the Depths,"* by Mabel H. McDuffee; *"Just for To-day,"* by Paul Ambrose, which is of especial beauty and very well known. *"Just for To-night,"* by R. S. Ambrose; *"Submission,"* by Ralph L. Baldwin; *"Peace I leave with You"* and *"Ho, Every One that Thirsteth,"* by Charles E. Tinney.

All of the songs mentioned above are published for soprano or tenor and for alto or baritone.

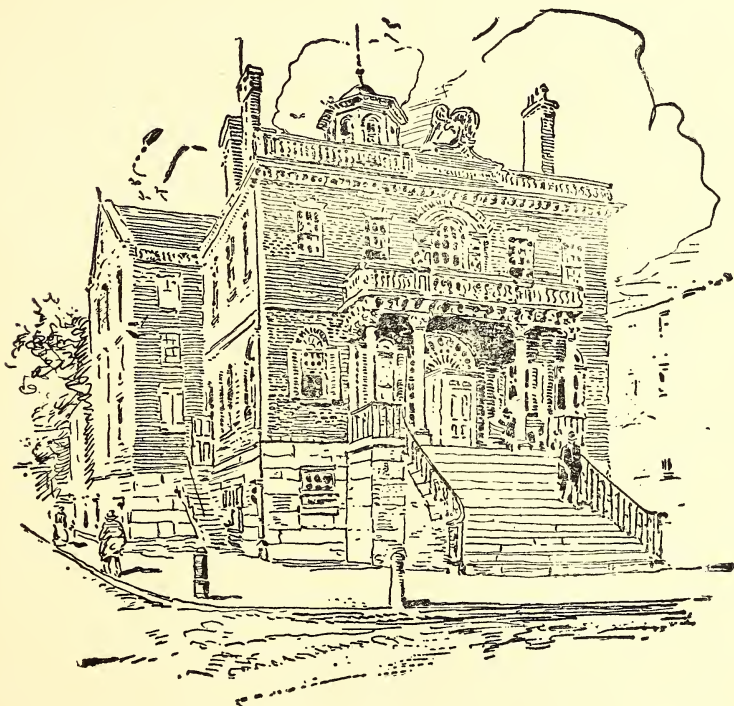
Duets are very interesting for such use when there are enough voices to divide the parts. The duets mentioned below are arranged for soprano and tenor or for alto and baritone. Bruno Huhn has written a number which are of beauty and the parts are well written. Two very good ones by him are *"There is a Blessed Home"* and *"Arise, O Lord God."* *"I Love the Lord,"* by John A. West, is simple but full in harmony. The parts alternate in solo and then enter as duet. Of two duets by E. W. Hascom: *"The Homeland"* and *"How Gentle God's Commands,"* the first mentioned is

more simple in treatment. Either one is euphonious and spirited in its expression. One of the best I have found is "Still, Still with Thee," by A. W. Lansing. The parts enter alternately and then in a beautiful duet, and the accompaniment is one that carries the parts well without being obtrusive.

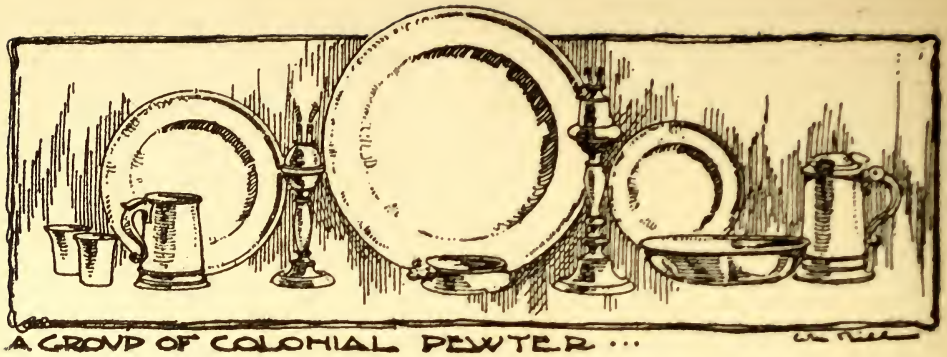
"Be Still, My Soul," by J. Lamont Galbraith, is of imposing dignity and is quite impressive in effect. The climax has a rolled chord accompaniment and the parts sing in unison at this point, making a very full-toned effect. "While the Earth Remaineth," by F. W. Peace, is simpler in style, but the

parts are well written and the song is attractive. "Jesus, the very Thought of Thee," by John Hyatt Brewer, is somewhat similar in style, but more effective, perhaps, on the whole.

I have not mentioned one song which cannot be of practical use either for ensemble home singing or for an unpretentious amateur singer,—in other words each one is thoroughly practical and singable. However, by no means are these songs limited to this use. Many of them are of such beauty that experienced soloists have found them most excellent and successful material and highly artistic in their yielding to artistic interpretation.



The Custom House, Salem



GRANDMOTHER'S COOK BOOK

By the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE Cooking Club

BREAD making is not quite so thoroughly the fashion in these days of "ready-made" eatables as it was in the days of the chimney oven in the Colonial fireplace. However, time does not seem to have robbed bread of its right to be called the "staff of life" nor is the making of good bread any less an art. I presume that it was bread which was the cause of the invention of the first fireless cooker. In fact one of the very earliest ovens was one. The ancient Egyptians used a crock, sunk in the ground, in which a fire of considerable heat was built. After the crock was of sufficient heat the fire was removed and the dough was put in. The crock was then tightly closed and kept so until the bread was baked. Such ovens are still in use among many people of the Far East. Yes, the Egyptians were expert bread makers, and it could not have been so very different from our own, for they raised their bread-dough with yeast, we are told. But when it comes to the kneading of the dough, we have made some improvement over their methods, for do you not remember Herodotus remarking, "They knead their dough with their feet, while their clay they knead with their hands"?

Of all the things to be made by the

household cook, bread, — just plain good, old-fashioned *bread*, is much more of a test of ability than many of the more modern concoctions. The fashions in bread do not seem to change as the years go by. However, bread is rather more respectfully treated by a French or English cook than it is all too apt to be by an American one — I know many a family in which my lady *burns* great slices of bread if a day or so old, or at least throws them away.

A French cook saves all of her stale bread. She cuts it into pieces about one inch square, and puts it in a pan in the oven to let it dry out and even become a trifle brown. She then crushes it with a rolling pin as fine as she can and runs it through a sieve. It is then ready for use and if kept free from moisture will keep for a long time. Salt and sugar bags washed and dried are good for keeping the crumbs in.

FRIED CROUTONS

Use stale bread if you have it. Cut it into small pieces and fry in beef, mutton or pork fat. Use about two tablespoonfuls of fat to a handful of the bread pieces. Have the fat hot when you put in the bread and fry on a good fire. Do not fail to stir until the bread is brown or it will burn.

Strain before serving. The croûtons should be crisp and dry and they should be served principally with purée soups.

AN OMELET WITH BREADCRUMBS

One cupful of breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs and one-half cup of milk. Scald the milk and pour it over the breadcrumbs and butter. Mix thoroughly and then add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, salt, pepper and, if desired, small bits of chopped green pepper and some bits of chopped ham. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir them in lightly. Pour the whole into an omelet pan which has been heated and which contains about one tablespoonful of melted butter. Let it cook until it sets and has become a light brown.

A DELICIOUS PUDDING

Whip one cupful of thick cream until stiff. Add the yolks of three eggs and a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and then the whites of the eggs after beating them to a stiff froth. Butter a mould or pudding dish and dust the bottom and sides with browned breadcrumbs. Now put a half inch layer of plain breadcrumbs in the bottom of the dish. On this add a layer of stewed or canned apricots or peaches. Next add a layer of beaten up mixture of eggs, cream, etc. Then add a layer of crumbs again and so on alternately until the mold is full. Bake for one half hour and serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

BUNS

One cupful of warm water, one cupful of sweet milk, yeast and sugar with flour enough to make a stiff batter; let the mixture rise over night and in the morning add a cupful of sugar, a

cupful of raisins or currants and knead well. Let rise until light and mould into buns. Rise again until very light and then bake. Use any spice desired.

BAKED EGGS

Mix finely chopped ham and breadcrumbs, about half and half. Season with salt and pepper and moisten with hot milk and a little melted butter.

Use small patty pans and half fill them with the mixture, break an egg over the top of each and sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs and a very small bit of butter in the center of each. Bake and serve hot.

RAISIN PIE

Take one cup of raisins, seeded, and boil in a little water to soften them. Let them cool and add the juice and grated yellow rind of one lemon, one cup of rolled crackers or fine breadcrumbs, one cup of sugar and one cup of water. Mix well and bake with upper and under crust. The mixture must be cold when poured into the pie-crust or it will toughen the crust.

PRUNE PIE

Stew the prunes until soft. Cool and remove the stones. Fill the pie-crust with them, sweeten and add a little cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves. Bake with an upper and under crust.

CORN CAKE (Newburyport)

One cup of milk, one cup of flour, one-half cup of cornmeal, one-half cup of sugar, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and a little salt. Mix well. The cream of tartar must be mixed with a little of the dry flour. Bake in a moderate oven until done—usually about twenty minutes.



COLORADO MOUNTAIN SCENERY

OUR HATS OFF TO COLORADO

COLORADO comes to the front with a Citizen's Protective League for the discouragement of vicious journalism.

A part of its platform is that, "Stories which, though having some basis of fact, might be hurtful to Colorado or to any city in Colorado, should not be exploited in a sensational manner."

"That malicious or unwarranted statements, injurious to Colorado or any city or citizen of Colorado or any legitimate industry of Colorado, should be barred from publication." Good! The same platform calls for the keeping of divorce scandals and criminal news in the background, and for the elimination of fake stories, indecent advertising, and other similar nuisances.

The league will succeed. Why? Because it has struck the true note. Incidentally, it has pointed out to New England one of her greatest needs. New England men and women should rise in arms against the mass of detraction, sensational self-exploitation by showy and specious attacks on all that is best and most constructive in industry and government, and hypocritical "befriending of the people," by undermining industrial prosperity and the mutual confidence upon which

prosperity is based. Down with the detractors! Let us have sensible criticism. Let us have a proper amount of discontent and do a healthy amount of kicking. All of us, English, Dutch, French, Irish, Italian, Greek, Armenian and just plain American, have inherited the great right to kick from our much exploited ancestors. It is included in what the new administration at Washington calls our "immemorial" custom. Some of us did not know that there was any accretion of "immemorial" things in America as yet. If there is, the right to kick is one of them.

But kicking is one thing and deliberate detraction another. The first is a healthy sign of independence and progress. The second is an unhealthy sign of sinister demagoguery. We are blessed with the earth's choicest spot, peopled by the world's best men and women. Constructive criticism, hearty co-operation, loyal support is called for. Rabid detraction is a crime. It indicates a weakening of moral fiber. It is a symptom of degeneracy. Toleration should not be extended to it. It is time to drag the detractors into the light and let us all know who they are and what they are.

F. W. B.

Beautiful New England

FIRST GLIMPSES OF SPRING

WHEN the ice has gone out, and the frost yielded to days of rain and sun, the rivers brim with a warm and nurturing fulness, and the brooks bubble musically down the ravines still brown with the dead leaves of last year. This limpid and inviting water into which you wish to dip your hand is the first sign of real spring in New England. For as yet there are no buds. But you will not need to wait long. Almost while you are watching them the poplars and sycamores tassel out, and the swamp-maples redden. The stems of the willows take on their yellow-green succulence, and the iron rigidity of the sterner trees softens and yields. The elms become more pendulous. Their branchlets are full of sap that cannot long be prevented from bursting forth into buds and leaves. At no time of the year is tree life more interesting than in the stiff and awkward youthful grace of early spring. Hardened, indeed, is the mind that catches no message of hope and faith from the perpetual rejuvenation of these ancients of nature.



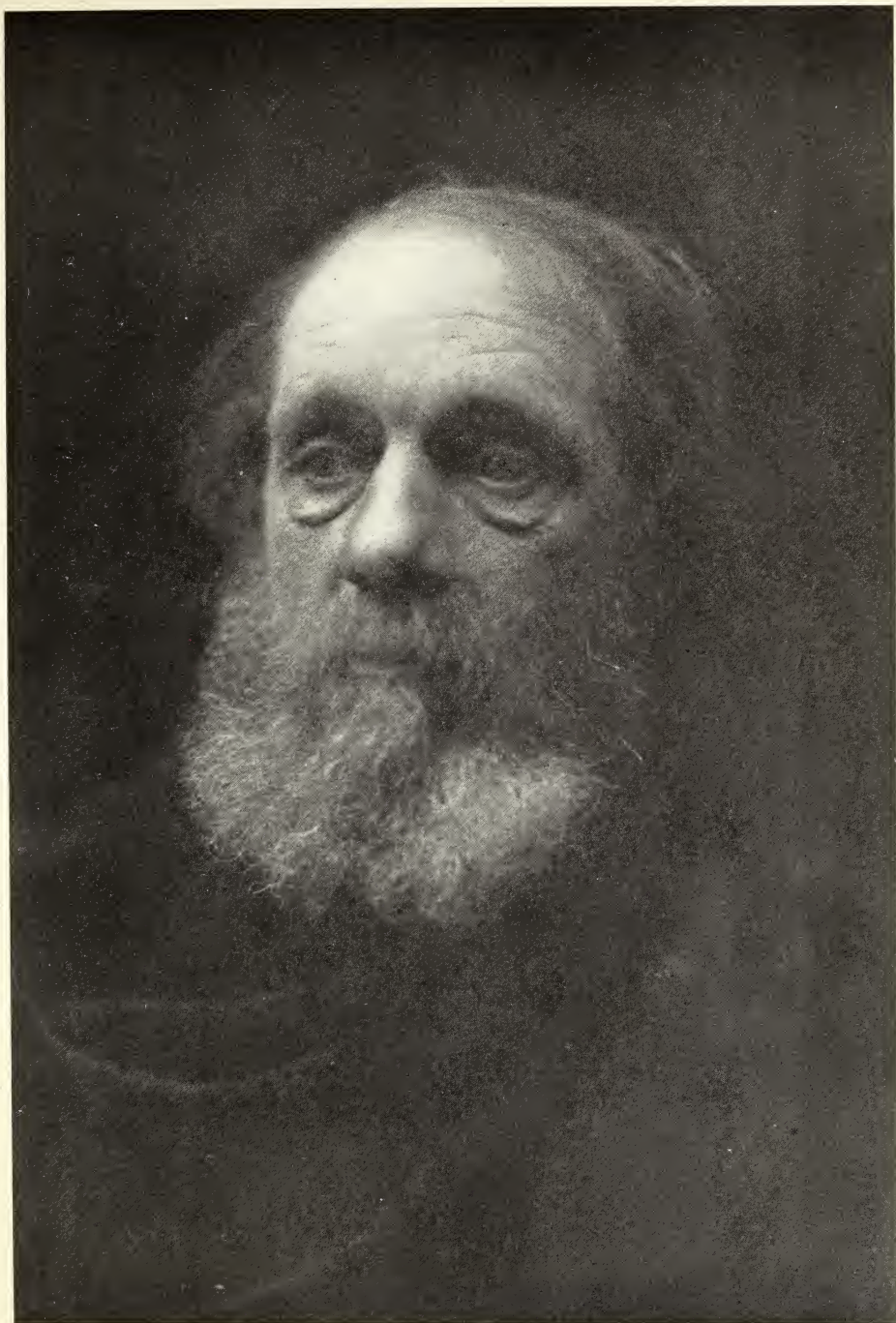
THE VILLAGE HOME



MANSFIELD MEMORIAL BUILDING AND PUBLIC LIBRARY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

A MINUTE-MAN of the Lord, heart, head, tongue and pen ever ready for service; one who lived his own mottoes, now heard round the world, "Look up and not down, Look forward and not back, Look out and not in, and Lend a hand," until he grew old doing errands of love. He put a soul into the multiplication table by his social version of "Ten times one is ten"; and by his story of "The Man without a Country," taught patriotism, not only to his own land, but to all lands. Through eighty-seven years his works and days made the Second Commandment the interpretation and illustration of the First. By doing the Will he became a brother of Jesus and prophet of the Church Universal.



AN UNUSUAL PORTRAIT OF DR. HALE, FULL OF THE BROODING QUALITY OF HIS MIND

SEND ME

Edward E. Hale

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came;
 Brought all he loved across the sea,
 To live and work for God — and me;
 Felled the ungracious oak;
 With horrid toil
 Dragged from the soil
 The thrice-gnarled root and stubborn rock;
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side.
And when his work was done, without memorial died.
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;
He lived, he died; I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.
 Only a cheerful city stands,
 Built by his hardened hands;
 Only ten thousand homes,
 Where every day
 The cheerful play
 Of love and hope and courage comes;
These are his monuments and these alone;
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I?

Is there some desert or some boundless sea
Where thou, great God of angels, wilt send me?
 Some oak for me to rend, some sod
 For me to break,
 Some handful of Thy corn to take,
 And scatter far afield,
 Till it in turn shall yield
 Its hundred-fold
 Of grains of gold,
 To feed the happy children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me!
And though the body lie where ocean rolls,
Father, count me among all faithful souls.



THE BELA PRATT STATUE OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE



EDWARD EVERETT HALE, PREACHER

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIX

MAY, 1913

NUMBER III

A CALL TO SANITY

The dedication of a statue to Edward Everett Hale is a national event. The location of this statue in the heart of Boston is appropriate. He spoke to all. From his well-beloved home he voiced the aspirations of all homes. We cannot look on the bronze features of the clear-sighted leader, once so familiar to all New Englanders, without feeling the call to higher things. Dr. Hale was a prophet, but a sane prophet. He was far-sighted. His eyes were ever on the future; but he forgot not the achievements of the past and understood too well the price that had been paid for our civilization to lightly discard its institutions through mere discontent or love of change.

The American people have revealed a profound dissatisfaction with present conditions and are calling for many changes. There is danger of a disregard of essentials and ill-considered and reckless innovation.

One of the large questions before the nation to-day is that of woman suffrage. When the first institution for the higher education of women was founded, that possible development was clearly foreseen and deeply deprecated by those who championed the woman's college. Every precaution was taken, every possible utterance made, every safe-guard erected that

anxious fore-thought could suggest, that these institutions might educate girls for a "womanly career." But the inherent forces of the movement were greater than any individual's short-sighted intentions. The die was cast when the woman's college was founded. It will ultimately force a re-adjustment of the suffrage along lines that will remove any disability of women as women.

But let us be sane about it. Our friends of the Woman's Suffrage movement appear to be attempting to thrash themselves into a state of excitement and belief that they are suffering a great wrong. Of course nothing of the kind is the case. They are a favored class in the legislation of all civilized communities. A few antiquated laws growing out of the English land-owning system are cited with tremendous show of feeling, but as a matter of fact, by and large, women are specially protected and privileged by English as well as by American law. Women have not a large place in public affairs only because in all the generations they have never taken deep interest or a large place in public affairs. And they never will. The reason lies in nature. Just as it is foolish for the suffragettes to grow excited over their supposed wrongs, so is it foolish for the opposi-

tion, whether male or female, to grow excited as over a terrible and disastrous revolution. For nothing of the kind will occur. The whole story may be told in a word. Women in the past have never sought a place in public affairs. Modern education and economic conditions have developed a class of women who do desire such participation. Their numbers are relatively few. The woman who marries happily rarely cares for or could be interested in politics. The other facts of her life are too dominant and insistent. She trusts her husband to defend her interests, just as she trusts him to chase a burglar from the door. Her private influence is enormous. Her active participation slight. This fact will never be altered. Women will be given the right to vote — simply because enough of them want it. They never had it because they never wanted it. Very few of them will have much to do with politics. There is nothing for women to grow excited over. There is nothing for men to fear. The determining facts are written in the inevitable constitution of things. Some of the excited

arguments of our friends of the fair sex sound as though they want to pass a law compelling men to bear children! Let us have more sanity. Militancy is folly. Women have lost an opportunity to show the world that they were capable of conducting a campaign with restraint and reason.

The really serious question is, How shall the right to vote, for both men and women, be better guarded from the participation of the unworthy? That question is worth discussing. The other is not. For, really, their is nothing to discuss. The facts are all clear, and they will surely have the right to vote, simply because they appear to want it. Women have a right to hunt — as much right as men. Not many women do, or ever will.

The true safeguard of the womanliness of women, is the nature that they bear. Whatever is unwomanly about participation in politics, not many women will ever do.

There is nothing to worry about, nothing to quarrel over, no cause for excitement, and *very little room for argument.*

F. W. B.

THE APPEAL

Seems it so strange that I ask this of thee?

And can thy will no gentleness afford,
Though I seek naught but that thou taughtest me?

I cannot take the musket and the sword
And, banners waving, call upon the Lord

Of battle-gage. Only mine eyes up-shine
The soul of their desire, in sweet accord

Seeking to share the duty that is thine,
Who never yet have shirked the burden that was mine!

THE HOUSE ON THE BLUFF

By GERTRUDE SANSONE

THIS story is founded upon incidents which occurred exactly as I have related them.

It owes nothing to imagination. I have simply altered the names of town and people without seeking to change a feature of the narrative.

High up on a bluff, overlooking the blue waters of Long Island Sound, stands a stately house. Its graceful towers and balconies are dulled and dimmed now by the ruthless hand of time, but as a child I remember its gayly painted, heavily moulded casements, and iron balconies where the bright colored awnings fluttered, and at night where the lights flickered from its many windows, and shone way out to sea. Hospitality reigned there supreme, and every evening sounds of mirth and strains of music floated over the moonlit waters. To my childish mind the place seemed like an enchanted palace.

Season after season passed. One by one the beautiful birds of fashion reared in this luxurious nest stretched their wings and flew away to brighten other homes. The commanding form of the aristocratic owner was gradually bowed by the weight of years, to which he at last succumbed; and in a few days after his death the aged, but still graceful partner of his successful life, was sleeping by his side in the costly mausoleum which reared its stately walls on a sunny slope of the magnificent grounds. The great house was closed, and for years remained silent and tenantless, looming up like a bank of dark clouds against the sky, a familiar landmark even now to passengers on the boats making their daily trips to New York. After remaining uninhabited for nearly twenty years, not a little excitement prevailed in the quiet New England village of

Millport when it was known that the silent mansion was again occupied; but by whom was a mystery which even the most curious could not solve. The grim outside walls presented their wonted appearance, but heavy shades guarded the occupants from prying eyes. And who they were, their number, and even what their sex, afforded ample food for gossip for years after.

One evening, about four weeks after their arrival, in a large upper chamber of this silent mansion were assembled four persons, differing widely in appearance and in social grade. Every one was nervous and anxious, as if anticipating some important event; looking frequently at the dainty bronze clock, which musically ticked the passing hours, as it stood on the carved mantel over the huge open fireplace, where the blazing logs, resting on large brass andirons, gave a crimson glow to the room and its occupants. The furniture was large and luxurious. The massive bed stood in the middle of the room with its high foot and head board rising in an arch from which hung draperies of faded satin. The room had evidently been unchanged since the house was built; the walls were wainscoted and divided into artistic panels, the brilliant coloring of which had mellowed and mingled with the dark hue of the oak and the heavy carved ceiling.

Of the four occupants of the room, the principal figure was a lady whose tall commanding form and elegance of manner bespoke an environment of wealth and luxury. Although nearly fifty years of age she was still beautiful. Her abundant dark hair, slightly flecked with gray, was combed back from a low broad forehead, while eyes of piercing blackness seemed to

scintillate from beneath her delicately penciled eyebrows. Her features were strongly marked and expressive of intense passions and firm, unyielding will.

The second occupant of the room was a tall, robust looking man with thin reddish-gray hair and a sinister, immovable countenance which told no tales. He was neatly clad, and his air and manner indicated the ambitious, but not very prosperous country physician. The third person was a stout, good-natured looking woman, who held the position of nurse.

Beneath the heavy curtains which shaded the massive bed lay a fair, slender, fragile looking girl. She was barely eighteen years of age, and beautiful; with abundant golden hair and soft blue eyes, shaded by long curling lashes darker than her hair.

Young as she was, the feeble cry of a tiny babe declared her to be a mother, and it was this event which cast such a shade of nervous anxiety over the occupants of the room. For no glad hearts rejoiced that this little babe had come to be a citizen of the world and seemed likely to live and thrive. The nurse took it in her arms, drew close to the fire, fondled tenderly its little limbs for a moment, and then, meeting the stern, forbidding look on the face of the imperious woman at her side, with a timid glance wrapped the small figure in warm, coarse garments, and proceeded to heat a few drops of liquid from a vase which stood on a small table near the fire. But before she could do so the strong, passionate looking woman approached, and, bending down, said, "The sea tells no tales. The doctor will see that the work is well done." She took the cup in one hand, and with the stern lines on her beautiful face growing sterner, fed the baby with the liquid. The effect was almost immediately visible. With a long, quivering sob the bright eyes closed and it sunk into a state of unconsciousness. Immediately a small wicker basket was brought and the babe placed in it, the cover tightly secured, and given

into the charge of the physician, the proud, wicked woman whispering, "Remember, doctor; one swift plunge, the reward is yours." Bowing his head significantly, the doctor left the apartment, and as the deep toned clock on the staircase tolled solemnly the hour of two, the cruel hearted woman muttered to herself, "The deed is done."

The reward was large, but not in keeping with the doctor's ambition. As he closed the massive, gloomy-looking iron gates, which guarded the entrance to the grounds, looking down at the basket he said softly to himself, "Ah, Madame! Some day you and the country doctor will meet again. And you will find him, not like the boy in the fable, who killed the goose which laid the golden egg, for I will keep my goose under my watchful eyes, and there will always be plenty of golden eggs in the nest which I will provide for my treasures." So instead of one swift plunge as directed by the cruel Madame, after descending the steep hill from Wales Point (where stood the gloomy mansion) he approached the rickety old bridge leading to the village. He placed the basket in a sheltered spot just at the end of the bridge, and concealed himself to await results.

The winter morning was dawning cold and gray when the figure of a woman, enveloped in a large woollen shawl, crossed the bridge, and seeing a dark object lying in the footpath stopped, looked at it, and finding it to be a basket took it up, opened it and found the sleeping child. Hastily concealing it under her shawl she hurried along until she reached her humble cottage in a narrow street leading to the village. When the doctor saw that it was the kind-hearted Hetty Burrit who had taken up the basket, he followed her stealthily and saw her take it to her humble home. Joining the crowd of curious and excited villagers, that all day long thronged the small cottage to see the little castaway, he ascertained that Hetty would keep and care for it.

Feeling satisfied with the manner in which affairs were shaping themselves, he determined never to lose sight of the child, and when the proper time came meant to extort more money from the haughty Madame, by threatening to expose matters.

Hetty Burrit was a generous-hearted working woman, with a hungry brood of little ones of her own growing up around her. Her husband was a fisherman; a bright, quick fellow — though deaf and dumb — and every day could be seen sailing into the harbor with his little boat laden with the proceeds of his toil, which Hetty and her little ones helped him to dispose of to the well-to-do villagers who were always on the watch for Jonah Burrit's fish and clams. The kind-hearted couple determined to adopt the little forsaken waif, for whom there seemed to be no other place in the wide world, feeling sure that they would have to work no harder for this little stranger than they had before. The children named her Bertine, and as she grew older she endeared herself to the hearts of all who knew her. She was always with Hetty when she went out to dispose of Jonah's small cargoes, and was a picturesque figure still remembered in the village of Millport, with her sparkling blue eyes and the little straw hat placed jauntily on one side of her close curling golden hair. And many an extra penny her beautiful face gained for her from the purchasers of the fish which she sold from her little basket.

At an early age she developed a marvelously sweet voice, which charmed Hetty, as none of her small olive branches could sing a note. She sent the child to William Crabtree, the village singing master, to whom the sweet childish voice became an inspiration compared with the coarse tones of the village boys and girls. The courses of musical instruction ended in semi-annual concerts in the old town hall, never forgotten, I imagine, by those who took part in them. Bertine soon became the show

pupil, and her sweet impersonations were always looked forward to with interest, and, strange to say, without jealousy by the rustic audiences.

William Crabtree delighted in her, and all that he could do in his simple way to develop her extraordinary talent he did. One evening, at the close of one of these concerts, and at the end of an unusually interesting program in which Bertine had, in her inimitable manner, personated a little fairy flower queen, a gentleman, a stranger to every one there, who had occupied one of the front seats in the old hall, and had watched her closely, came forward and, taking her hand, said to her, "What is your name, little Rose Maiden?"

"Bertine Burrit, *Isir*," the little maid replied.

"Come and tell me all about your floral palace, and where it is."

"Oh, it is a fairy nest, hidden in the dark woods," said the child. "Where the birds always sing and the roses always bloom. Come with me some time and I will give you a soft cushion of gray lichen and green velvety moss."

"But I want you to come with me now. I want to make a charming little fairy of you and you shall sing every night. Come, what say you?"

"Oh, sir, I should so like to be dressed like a little fairy and sing so prettily."

"Well, you shall."

Bertine clapped her hands and fairly danced in childish glee. The stranger looked at her delightedly, and determined that her talents should be developed to her advantage. He asked her where he could see her parents. Hetty was in the hall, and had been watching Bertine while she was talking to the tall stranger, and was not a little surprised when they approached her. The gentleman, bowing politely to Hetty, said, "I am manager of the 'L' Theater in New York, and will fit your daughter for the stage, if you will permit it, free of expense. She will make her fortune with her voice."

Hetty told him that she could give

him no answer until she had consulted her husband, and that he could call at their home the next day for their decision. With this reply the stranger was satisfied, and Bertine returned home with Hetty.

The next afternoon, true to his appointment, the stage manager called at the fisherman's humble home. The child, dancing with joy, met and told him that she could go with him and learn the pretty songs that he had told her about.

Arrangements were soon completed for Hetty to take the child to New York twice a week, and in a short time Bertine had entered upon her lessons and impatiently longed for the time when with her pretty dresses she could warble her little songs and win bouquets enough to make the humble home look like a flower garden the year round.

Let us turn to the persons introduced at the commencement of the story, and explain their positions in regard to each other. The tall, proud woman was the oldest daughter of the aristocratic and wealthy owner of the lonely house on the bluff, and the mother of the fragile, beautiful girl who lay hovering between life and death. While traveling abroad with her father in her earliest youth she met a Russian of distinguished birth and colossal fortune, whom she fascinated by her dark imperious beauty. A very short courtship was followed by a brilliant wedding, and the young bride immediately entered upon the gay life which her husband's wealth made possible for her in Paris. A prouder woman never lived than Madame Kutaresoff. Her only daughter, Jeanette (whose beauty was phenomenal), was early introduced into the fashionable world. She was the admiration and envy of every one, and her proud mother gloried in the girl's loveliness. Among her many suitors was one whose name she never mentioned, for he was one of too humble birth and fortune for hope to even delude with false expectations. Paul Treval was the son of an obscure artist, and al-

though the fire of genius glowed in his dark eyes, he could not aspire to the hand of the beautiful girl with a long line of ancestors.

As is frequently the case, the lovers found courage to confess their mutual love. And this was followed by a secret marriage. When the haughty Madame Kutaresoff discovered this her anger knew no bounds. In her desperation she thought for the first time in years of her childhood's home, deserted and silent on the lonely New England bluff, and giving out that she intended traveling for a year or so, she, with great secrecy, made arrangements for her departure for America, ordered the house opened, and a portion of it made tenantable. She conveyed her daughter there, where she was kept a close prisoner until the birth of her infant, which was intrusted to the physician's care with strict orders for its destruction, to be followed by a fabulous reward.

After a year Madame Kutaresoff and her beautiful daughter resumed their positions in the fashionable world, with the knowledge of this dark page in their lives buried in their own hearts.

Paul Treval determined to win fame and fortune ere he claimed his wife. He went to Rome, where art is an inspiration, working with the best masters untiringly. His soul was filled with such an intense, eager, ravenous desire for success, he demanded it, and with a strong, masterful, dominant will boldly stormed the frowning citadel of attainment and entered there — its master!

In six years his magnificent studio was the favorite resort of the wealth, rank, and fashion of Europe.

His name indelibly emblazoned on the walls of fame, and gilded with glory, he returned to Paris to claim his beautiful bride, who during all these sad years of separation had remained loyal to her love. No objection could possibly be made this time to his claim by Madame Kutaresoff, and in less than ten years after their secret marriage their union was publicly celebrated with great splendor.

Although Jeannette was positively assured that her baby died at its birth, a strange doubt filled her mind; and for a long time she would not give up the hope of one day finding it. But as the years passed on and brought no tidings, hope began to fade, and the birth of another daughter filled at last the aching void in the mother's heart.

Years passed very swiftly, and Bertine made her debut in a little fairy operetta written expressly for her. Truly, her dream was realized. A more beautiful childlike creature never trod, or, rather, floated across the boards of a theater. Hetty and Jonah were both there and gazed with delight upon her beauty.

A general burst of admiration greeted her. The applause inspired the child and lent power and sweetness to her voice, and at the conclusion of her part the long-dreamed-of shower of bouquets fell at her feet. From that evening her success was assured. She devoted herself earnestly to study and rose rapidly in her profession.

To Hetty and Jonah she was still the same loving child she had always been, and she never seemed happier than when surrounded by the faithful friends of her childhood. She would tell them of her triumphs in the great city, and many a substantial token of her generosity and gratitude made life easier for them as the years rolled by.

One evening while Bertine was singing at the L Theater, a party in a private box attracted her attention. She seemed drawn to them by an irresistible impulse, and turned again and again to look at them. The party consisted of three persons,—a gentlemen of striking appearance, a fair, gentle lady, and a child who stood in front of the box leaning over the railing. Her long golden hair rippled over her shoulders, and her beautiful violet eyes, shaded by dark lashes, were fixed upon the sweet singer as if she, herself, had noticed the strange resemblance between them; a resemblance which had attracted

the attention of many in the audience. Opera-glasses were constantly leveled, first at one and then at the other. A responsive chord in the heart of Bertine was touched, she could not explain why. But a strange volume of hope, love, and joy filled her, and poured forth in every tone of her voice, holding her audience spell-bound. It was a farewell, long remembered, for she never sang in public again.

At the conclusion of the evening Bertine was told that a gentleman wished to speak with her; and, glancing at the card he had sent, she read "Paul Treval." She hastily responded to the call (which for some reason seemed imperative), and met the gentleman who had occupied the box with the lady and child. He said, as he approached her, "Pardon the intrusion, Miss Bertine, but this lady who is with me wishes to be introduced to you." With a feeling of delight Bertine replied that she should consider it an honor, and the gentleman left to bring the lady.

Expecting a revelation of some kind — she knew not what — Bertine stood in breathless suspense awaiting their coming. At last they reached her, and the lovely woman was presented as Mrs. Treval. For the first time in her life Bertine was unable to speak, and her nervousness was communicated to the lady who, after a painful pause, faltered, "Will you have the kindness to tell me the history of your birth?"

"Oh," said Bertine, "that is a secret unknown even to my adopted parents. Hetty Burrit, my foster mother, found me one cold winter morning on a rickety old bridge, leading from Wales Point, Millport, a small New England village on Long Island Sound."

"Tell me, child, the exact date."

"January 20, 1834."

Mrs. Treval sank, half fainting, onto a chair. "My child! My long lost child!" she exclaimed, while Bertine clung to her excitedly, begging her to explain.

"Jeannette, my dear," said her husband, "I beg you to control yourself; we may be mistaken."

"No, oh no! The intuition of a mother's heart is unerring. The sympathy of love has ever been incomplete without this lost chord; for the tender vibrations of which my listening ears have been long strained."

"Well, we will seek Miss Burrit's adopted mother, and perhaps she can give us some clue which will help us to unravel the mystery of the child's disappearance at her birth."

They left that night for Millport, and the next morning presented themselves at the home of the fisherman, which Bertine's generosity had made comfortable and even attractive. As they questioned Hetty she was reticent at first, fearing harm for Bertine; but when the sweet-faced lady told Hetty the sad story of the birth of her child, how for days the young mother lay hovering between life and death, of her grief when consciousness returned and she was told her baby had died at birth, of the strange doubts that crept into her mind as she regained strength; how she had never given up hope of one day finding her child; how she had fancied it growing up into beauty and loveliness somewhere, waiting to respond to the call of the mother's heart; that the diversions of a happy and luxurious life had failed to still the voice that was always whispering to her or driving the hope from her heart; that the strange resemblance of Bertine to her second daughter arrested her attention, and when she learned the mystery of her birth an unerring instinct told her that the fulfillment of her hopes was at hand.

After Mrs. Treval finished her story, Hetty grasped her hands and in an almost hysterical voice said, "Madame, Bertine is your child. I have waited all these years praying that I might be an instrument in God's hands to restore that child to her cruelly wronged mother." And in her simple manner Hetty related what she had never breathed to any

one before, not even to her faithful Jonah, telling Mrs. Treval the incidents connected with the finding of the child. How she had seen Dr. Foot, the village physician, pass out through the iron gates which marked the entrance to the park surrounding the great house on the bluff, and possessing, she said, her share of curiosity, that was rife at that time among the villagers concerning the occupants of the lonely mansion, she watched him place the basket on the bridge and conceal himself behind the wreck of an old boat that lay on the shore. After she took up the basket and walked on in the dim morning light, she knew that he was following her; and when he subsequently called at her humble home (as did many of the villagers), ostensibly to gratify his curiosity about the little waif who had so suddenly drifted into their midst, she knew by his many questions that for reasons of his own he never meant to lose sight of the child. And when shortly afterwards his steady old pony and rusty, well-worn gig were exchanged for a sleek, well-groomed horse and a stylish chaise, and the numerous other evidences of growing prosperity made their appearance — to the mystification of the villagers — she noted the change but kept her counsel. Years passed on, with her watchful eyes ever on him.

Shortly after Bertine went to New York to commence her studies, Dr. Foot came to Hetty's house, and in his anxiety lest he had lost sight of the child forever he forgot the caution which usually marked his interest in the child and demanded angrily why she had committed such an act of imprudence. Looking him steadily in the face, Hetty said, "Dr. Foot, who gave you the right to dictate to me concerning Bertine's future? God has placed her in my care, and has made me an instrument in His hands to unravel the mystery of her birth, and to restore her to her cruelly deceived mother, and I shall certainly do it in His own way and time. In the meantime, I wish no interference

from you. Hetty Burrit knows more than she has ever told. But, mark me! If harm comes to that child from any cause, my lips will be unsealed, and the cause of Dr. Foot's sudden rise from poverty to affluence shall be made known to the world."

At the conclusion of Hetty's story the anxious parents sought and found the guilty doctor, and by means of bribes and threats forced him to divulge the truth; to confess that in consideration of an enormous sum he had promised Madame Kutaresoff (who was enraged at the infant's birth), that he would plunge it into the sea. But fearing that in some way the crime might be discovered and traced to him, he determined that the safest course would be to let the child live and never to lose sight of it, and at some future time to extort more money from the haughty Madame by threatening exposure. Owing to circumstances the plan had never been put into execution, but hoping that some day Bertine would disgrace herself in her profession, he was waiting to dart like a spider on his prey.

When Madame Kutaresoff heard that the child had been discovered and restored to her parents, she immediately left Paris, and purchasing a deserted chateau in the south of France repaired thither with her companion in iniquity, the old German nurse. And together they lived their lives, haunted by the grim phantom remorse that stalked ever by their side, and welcoming death at the last as a release.

Although surrounded by every luxury that wealth could bestow, Bertine never forgot the humble guardians of her childhood. The tangles of life were all smoothed out for them by her watchfulness and generosity, and a tall white marble shaft in the Millport cemetery marks the spot where Hetty and Jonah are resting.

The house on the bluff is Bertine's now by inheritance, but she never crossed the rickety old bridge leading from the town to the bluff after the story of her birth was revealed to her. Silent and deserted the great gloomy house stands. Its wide halls and spacious rooms are peopled only by the ghostly memories of the past. The richly decorated staircases and oaken ceilings are crumbling to decay. Its fine lawns and great flower beds are overgrown with weeds, and its beautiful grove has long since succumbed to the depredations of the needy. What disposition will ever be made of it only the coming years will tell. Certain it is that it is rolling up more in taxes than it will ever pay in revenue.

Bertine is a great-grandmother now. Not broken and infirm at the time of life which the world marks as extreme old age, but guided still by the beautiful philosophy which has directed her life and revealed to her the higher existence. As the charms of youth have faded, she has grown more lovely by the light which shines from within, and in turning the pages in the great book of recollection, she brings forth her treasures, not only for herself, but for her children's children.

A TWELVE YEARS' FIGHT FOR SCHOOL REFORM

THE SITUATION IN BALTIMORE

By HARLEAN JAMES

AS citizens of the Republic we are oppressed by a vast inertia which is overcome only at times of great crises. We take it for granted that graft exists in municipal administration. Usually we do not even recognize the specific evidences of ring rule as they appear disguised by plausible appeals to the common people. Undoubtedly a large vote is polled by those who have received, or hope to receive, favors from an all-powerful boss, but in this day of reformers and magazine publicity the boss and his court have been obliged to resort to popular appeals to the self-respecting American citizen in order to preserve a safe majority.

To the student of civics the issues in Baltimore have been very clear and there never has been any doubt concerning the motives of the municipal administration nor of the havoc that was bound to be wrought in the schools by the policy of the Mayor, but the minds of the voters at large have been so befogged by plausible arguments against educational aristocracy (viz., university influences), and pleas for the honest, simple teaching of the good old times, that the gang has corraled under its banner a large number of citizens who do not belong there and who are held there under a misapprehension.

The story of how the grafters captured the educational strongholds of Baltimore should stand as a warning to other cities that are in danger of becoming victims of the same unhappy fate.

The ultimate consumers of education become in turn the citizens who supply the commodity to their chil-

dren. The test of good schools is the citizens produced by them.

Half a generation ago a wave of school reform swept over Baltimore, led by great educators and backed by intelligent and progressive parents. But the ideas and standards of the new citizens added to the body politic for the past ten years have been the product of the old educational mill, and Baltimore is still suffering from the effects of that period of graft and incompetency. For twelve years, however,—just the time that the school factory takes to manufacture the raw product into a high school graduate,—Baltimore has been providing a new and better education for the children. In four years more, by the end of the administration of the machine-made Mayor, the hypothetical young person who entered the first grade at the beginning of the educational reform movement will have become a citizen. Good schools make for good citizens; good citizens provide good schools — not a vicious circle.

Under the old political era in Baltimore there was, of course, a boss. There were also city councilmen. Then there were the twenty-two School Commissioners, appointed by the senior first-branch city councilmen of the twenty-two wards, under a patronage system, at the dictation of the boss. The result of this arrangement, as might have been expected, was that the patronage of positions and purchases in connection with the schools was divided into twenty-two parts. The personnel of the teaching force, therefore, was made up of the sisters, cousins, aunts, even grandmothers, friends and friends of friends

of the boss, the School Board members and the city councilmen.

It has frequently happened during this régime that youthful applicants for positions to teach, of whom no professional training was required, were obliged to visit saloons, cigar stands, and sundry business places of a nature generally tabooed by the feminine sex.

The School Commissioners were party men and were made, constituted and appointed Commissioners by the political system. Doubtless there were good Commissioners and bad Commissioners, but each and all were subject to the same tenure of office. It is well known that there were Commissioners who had put the proposition of selling positions into terms of cash. Others, more delicate in their feelings, suggested gifts. One member, it is told, proudly exhibited to an applicant who called on him a goodly display of silver, with the remark, "My friends always give me silver." The deal was apparent. Thirty pieces of silver, thirty positions to teach in the public schools. Rather a sad story for the ancient and honorable city of Baltimore, is it not?

Stories are told of these good old times when teachers sat and crocheted or sewed beautiful, long seams with tiny, careful stitches, while the children "repeated" their lessons, with a net accomplishment showing more thread lace and lingerie gowns than mental alertness and positive knowledge on the part of the pupils. There was some good teaching, of course, in spite of the grossly inadequate methods of selecting teachers. Among a teaching corps of eighteen hundred, however untrained and inexperienced, there are bound to develop some who will make of themselves efficient guides to the young. The handicap in most instances, however, proved quite effective.

But there is in Baltimore a great university, and through the leadership of Dr. Gilman, a progressive movement to free the schools from politics was inaugurated. Before this, too, there

came to Baltimore Dr. J. M. Rice, an eminent educator, who visited the classrooms of the schools in some thirty American cities. On his tour of inspection Dr. Rice had observed some ludicrously poor teaching, but for absolute inefficiency of system Baltimore headed the list. Dr. Rice says in his article in the *Forum* (October, 1892) that he "did not succeed in discovering any evidence that the science of education had as yet found its way into the public schools of Baltimore." The entrenched political power which stood for corruption and the delusion of the citizens of Baltimore that their schools were "among the best in the country" tended to retard development.

For nearly two centuries the old Colonial families of Baltimore had been educating their children in private schools or at home, and had been living their peaceful, pleasant lives without realizing that a late importation from Ireland's emerald shores had inherited the public school system and that this indefatigable gentleman was in complete control of the eighteen hundred teachers and sundry janitors, clerks and employees needed to conduct a profitable enterprise. But the efficiency of eighty thousand school children enrolled each year is rather a large tribute for any city to pay into the hands of a self-appointed ruler.

By the charter of 1898 there was an effort to end the disgraceful control of the schools. Haphazard methods of teaching, handed down from generation to generation, were to be replaced by the best that American ideals of education had evolved. The charter abolished the ward-heeler plan of the School Board, and made provision that a board of nine members should control the schools, three members to be appointed every three years to serve for six years, thereby insuring a fairly permanent policy. The appointments were to be made by the Mayor and to be ratified by the second branch of the City Council. The three-year period would seldom make it incumbent upon a Mayor, newly

elected for a four-year term, to make appointments before becoming entirely familiar with the situation. The intention, too, was to make the Board entirely free from the appointing power, but there was a provision that the Mayor could, by a species of "recall," dismiss "at pleasure" any new member of the School Board within six months of appointment.

The new Board wrote to three of the best-known educators in the United States, asking for advice as to whom they could secure to undertake the stupendous task of grafting a fully developed reform onto an overgrown and demoralized school system. Curiously enough, the first name mentioned in each case was the same, James H. Van Sickle, Superintendent of Schools in North Denver, Col.

After Mr. Van Sickle had accepted the call to Baltimore, after he had resigned his position in Denver, an unexpected development arose. Some one had discovered that the charter provided that all city officials should be registered voters of Baltimore. It was plain to be seen that the boss was only deposed in one of his provinces. Mr. Van Sickle, however, did come to Baltimore, and the courts decided that the Superintendent was not a city official within the meaning of the law. The gang had seen that he did not enter upon his labors under favorable auspices. Their work did not stop here. The most exaggerated and ridiculously untrue stories, intended to arouse sectional prejudices, were circulated among the teachers and parents. Before the new Superintendent arrived he was sure of the active opposition of the boss and his machine.

The conditions which Mr. Van Sickle found were appalling. Baltimore had become the dumping ground for antiquated editions of schoolbooks, and the "book men" were accustomed to selling excessive numbers of books. It was not strange, therefore, that the "book men" soon allied themselves with the boss and his gang. They, too, occupied themselves by working upon

the natural prejudices of the teachers in suggesting to them to protest against changes that would entail an enormous increase of work and energy. Some of the teachers, sighing for days of ease, and possibly finding it difficult to apply new methods to illy prepared pupils, joined the ranks of the insurgents. The politicians, the "book men," and the teachers who desired no change from the old system, then, formed the main elements of the organized opposition to school reform.

There is nothing to prevent a teacher in Baltimore from holding her position until she dies of old age, unless charges of gross incompetency can be proven before the Board. A few years ago a number of well-known Baltimore citizens were highly indignant over the enforced retirement of an estimable old lady of eighty years, whose sight and hearing were so impaired that it was almost impossible to converse with her. Mr. Van Sickle inherited a corps of untrained and undisciplined teachers whose tenure of office was practically permanent.

And yet, here is a record of accomplishment in the face of seemingly unsurmountable difficulties. Baltimore teachers were not only generally untrained, but they didn't believe that special training was necessary. They were home-made and they didn't know that a Boston or an Indianapolis teacher was required to know about things of which they had never heard.

Training schools for both colored and white teachers, practice teaching and occasional importations from other cities have contributed to the improvement of teaching in Baltimore.

Recognition of summer school attendance by promotion and increase in salary has introduced numbers of untrained teachers to new methods and higher ideals of professional excellence, but the schools of Baltimore yet rival the departments at Washington in the number of antiquated jobholders who have outgrown their usefulness.

Teachers are now appointed and pro-

moted on a merit basis, with the twofold result of securing better teachers and providing an example of ethical standards for the school children. The importance of this latter result cannot be overestimated in a city which has become calloused to methods of graft and personal favoritism.

But the children have gained most by the new teaching. The uninitiated may find it difficult to believe that individual training may be given to eighty thousand children, and yet that is what has been done in the schools of Baltimore. The misfits in a school system have long been the despair of educators. A modern city now provides so many gradations and meets so many conditions that there is sure to be some place for each child. The group system in Baltimore has provided this same arrangement within the group unit. Half-yearly promotions of the children have helped to eliminate waste of time and to maintain closer grading. Preparatory classes in the seventh and eighth grades have secured larger educational facilities for those who have the ability to profit by them.

The sub-normal child is looked after with great care. Special afternoon instruction is given to the little tots who do not readily fall into the school way of doing things, and the child who is too large or too old for his class is specially taught until he can enter a class where he seems to belong. Children who do not fit into a grade are given special instruction in any subject in which they are deficient. Special classes are provided for epileptics.

In short, the instruction, so far as possible, is fitted to the needs of the individual child. This is an endeavor to provide special education for special groups of children and to forever do away with the machine-made pattern of education offered alike to all children.

In addition to this, larger opportunities are offered to all. Manual training centers for boys and cooking centers for girls have been established in the upper grades. Some practical industrial work has been introduced.

Music and drawing are now taught in a thoroughly satisfactory manner under special supervision. The school buildings and children are inspected by physicians connected with the Department of Health.

The teachers have raised a hue and cry over the wrongs of supervision, the mistake of the group-principal system, the injustice of promotional examinations, the difficulties of sectional teaching, the enforced retirement of aged teachers, the hardships of teaching by schedules, and occasionally a complaint is made that the curriculum is not arranged for the best interests of the children, but it is to be marked that practically every complaint that comes from the dissatisfied teachers has to do with the supposed welfare of the teacher and not of the pupil. Having grown up with the idea that positions on the teaching force of the city were supplied primarily as a means of livelihood for the teacher, the feeling is still strong that it is cruel and inhuman to take away that means of support for any reason. There is no recognition of the principle that an efficient teacher may yearly contribute her share to the training of fifty children and that one indifferent or incompetent teacher may yearly actually harm the pupils under her so that they will be seriously handicapped in their life work.

Outside of these technical educational controversies on which nearly every one in Baltimore has ventured some kind of an opinion, there have been heard three others. Business men object to vertical handwriting; practical parents object to the fads, such as manual training for boys and sewing for girls; they want the three R's taught as they were when they went to school; and finally the statement has been made so often and so persistently that many intelligent citizens have thought that there must be some basis of fact to warrant it, that Mr. Van Sickle, born in the North and a resident of the West, advocated sending colored and white children to the same schools.

The last statement may be answered first, because the most that can be said is simply that it is untrue. A member of the School Board once asked Mrs. Van Sickle if it were really true that she ate with her colored cook. Circulating such absurd stories has been one of the best weapons of the politicians, for they know that a story once started will always find those who will believe it, and that no amount of denial will prove convincing.

The other objections are questions of policy or theory, but they are not so abstruse that they cannot be readily understood. It, therefore, seems worth while to summarize the conditions that have led to the adoption of the present system.

It is not commonly understood, it would seem, that promotional examinations and the group-principal system are not theories of education to be advocated or opposed under all circumstances, but are simply expedients to meet local conditions. Before 1900 the salaries of teachers were disgracefully small. All salaries have been advanced during the past ten years, but the limited amount of funds at the disposal of the Board and the desirability of improving the efficiency of the teaching force led to the adoption of promotional examinations as one of the methods by which an increase in salary might be secured.

The group-principal system, also in the nature of an expedient, was put into effect to do away with a school management which permitted two principals in every building and four in some, "with consequent conflict of authority and rivalry for the acquisition and retention of pupils to keep up the enrollment in certain grades." (Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1909.)

Sectional teaching, though it sounds complicated, simply refers to the method of breaking up the classroom mass into smaller groups in order to secure the double result of bringing the teaching into closer contact with the needs of the individual pupil and to provide for study under the super-

vision of the teacher. It certainly does not seem as though this arrangement could be a heinous crime, though the loud complaints of some of the teachers and parents would indicate that this institution was contrived for the special purpose of taxing teachers beyond their strength and preventing pupils from receiving a sound and sensible education in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

There are those who believe in vertical handwriting. There are those who do not. Most of Baltimore's business men belong, apparently, to the class that does not. Bankers, particularly, appear to prefer the slanting brand. The only misapprehension that has arisen regarding this much-mooted question is that vertical handwriting came in with the reform movement. This is not true. Vertical handwriting was introduced into the schools of Baltimore in 1898, at a time when many other cities had adopted it. It is now no longer taught in the intermediate and upper grades.

Concerning the so-called fads and frills of education, it is a matter of opinion as to whether training for children's hands and vocational work in general can be called fads in contradistinction to reading, writing, and mathematics. When trade schools in mass are decried by those who advocate the classical high-school training, it becomes increasingly difficult to see why the term of fad fits the practical rather than the graceful phase of education.

The discussion of these local objections to the school system would be out of place were it not for the fact that the vote in the last mayoralty campaign was largely influenced by these very criticisms. It was by these arguments that the grafters won the election and the entry into all the other departments of city government.

For eleven years there has been war. Diplomacy and compromise were not possible remedies, because no compromise with wrong can ever secure the results for which modern education stands. The fact that the organ-

ized Opposition has been able to hoodwink many citizens into joining it in the fight does not change the platform on which they all stand together—that of graft, patronage, and personal influence. Professionalism in education and rectitude in administration have been the keynotes of Mr. Van Sickle's régime.

During the administration of the former Mayor the Council appropriated \$2,000 to pay for a Commission of Educators to come to Baltimore and make an investigation and report on the schools. From the fact that the city was anxious to secure the services of Dr. Elmer Brown, then United States Commissioner of Education, the report was published as an official document of the United States Government (United States Bureau of Education, Bulletin, 1911, No. 4, whole number 450). Prof. Ellwood P. Cubberley, head of the Department of Education at Stanford University, and Dr. Calvin N. Kendall, Superintendent of Public Instruction at Indianapolis, Ind., served with the United States Commissioner of Education. The report is the first authoritative publication of its kind in the country and it has served to bring the Baltimore situation to the attention of educators throughout the United States. The report is judicial in character and recognizes clearly the unmistakable professional excellence of the public schools as compared with conditions existing before Mr. Van Sickle came to Baltimore.

In the spring of 1911 came the primary nominations for city officials. Baltimore had at this time a School Board composed of eminent citizens who gave their best thought to the administration of the schools. The Democratic candidate, James H. Preston, stated in his pre-election speeches that he did not approve of the "John T. Finney" type of man on the School Board. The phrase has become a classic, since Dr. John T. Finney is, perhaps, Baltimore's most eminent citizen. But the citizens on all sides calmly dismissed the matter by saying,

"Oh, he would never dare to interfere with Dr. Finney." Mr. Preston was elected, but it was largely because the honest citizens of Baltimore found themselves between the horns of a dilemma in that there was only the choice between the Democratic machine candidate and the Republican machine candidate. Since the citizens of Baltimore are most of them hereditary Democrats, the Democratic candidate was elected. But Mayor Preston had made pre-election promises that Mr. Van Sickle should be dismissed, and that the schools should be taken from the reformers.

Shortly after the Mayor's induction into office he called a conference with the School Board, instructing them that discord must cease. He said that he believed that Mr. Van Sickle was the cause of all the strife and that Mr. Van Sickle must go. If no action was taken by the Board he would feel it his duty to dismiss three gentlemen of the Board who had been appointed within the preceding six months. These appointments were made by his predecessor for unexpired terms, so that the Mayor really came into the power to change the situation by a kind of "fluke." It is said that the Mayor even gave these three Commissioners to understand that if they would promise to secure the resignation of Mr. Van Sickle by the following January he would not disturb them, and it seems more than probable that the Mayor never knew that his proposition was one that any honorable man would consider insulting. The three members indignantly declined to receive from the Mayor instructions concerning their future action.

The three Commissioners, including Dr. Finney, were dismissed from office a few days later, in spite of the fact that the women of Baltimore presented a formal protest, signed by over a thousand citizens, against the action of the Mayor. The first qualification which the Mayor sought in considering the new appointments was that the men under consideration

should have definitely committed themselves to the "anti-Van Sickle" policy. A large number of persons were approached, but no well-known citizen to whom it was offered would consent to accept the position. The men selected met the Mayor's one requisite. That is about all that had ever been known about them. The members of the City Council hardly knew the names on which they were voting, but the confirmation of the Mayor's appointees was none the less prompt because of that.

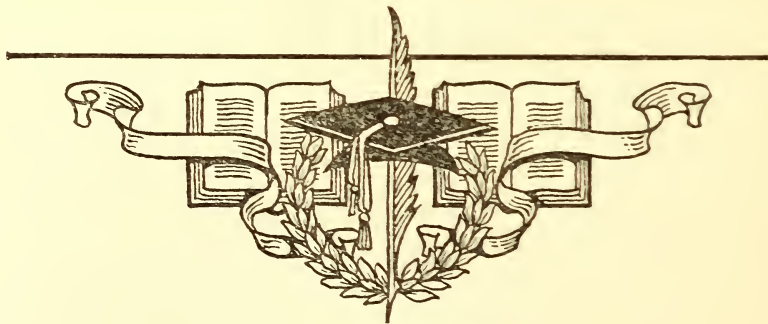
Then came the special meeting of the new Board of School Commissioners. The session was an open one. Over a hundred citizens attended in a delegation and some twenty speeches were made from the floor, all urging the new members to delay action until they had an opportunity to investigate the policies of the Board, to know personally of Mr. Van Sickle's ability, and to study the technical points involved. But the new majority, formed by the Mayor's appointments, was present to vote and not to discuss questions of policy. By a vote of five to four Mr. Van Sickle was

dismissed without hearing, without charges, without salary and without notice.

Mr. Van Sickle was immediately called to the superintendency of Springfield, Mass., but what of Baltimore? The schools of Baltimore are now under the direction of men untried in educational administration and already gross educational blunders are being made. The careful work of a decade is being demolished. There is every evidence that the disgraceful conditions of the eighties and nineties will again prevail. While in other cities reform Mayors are searching vainly for men of ideals and ability who are willing to devote time and energy to unpaid Boards, it has been a spectacle for cynics to see the Mayor of Baltimore oust from office men of the highest attainments, known and revered throughout the country.

Baltimore is not resigned. The citizens are demanding a speedy remedy in the form of an improved city government. A struggle will be made to right the wrongs of the past.

The moral is this, citizens of the Republic, let us keep our schools in the hands of educational experts.





A STREET IN THE MILL DISTRICT OF BRADFORD, ENGLAND, SHOWING THE EVER-PRESENT
PAWNSHOP

THE BURDEN OF CHEAP PRODUCTION

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

ENGLAND has chosen to assume the burden of cheap production, on the theory that it is of more importance for her to dominate the world's markets by underselling than to secure to her people a more liberal remuneration for their toil—a choice upon which we have no comment to offer. Elements enter into the fiscal policy of England (such as the necessity of importing three-quarters of her food supply), which in America are wholly negligible, and rash indeed would be the foreigner who undertook to proffer gratuitous advice on the serious, not

to say appalling issues which confront the island empire.

But when the same fiscal policy is held before the people of the United States as a shining light, and the cure for all our (mostly imaginary) ills, we are justified in coming to closer terms with English economic conditions that we may learn more precisely how and by whom this burden of cheap production is borne.

The following observations bearing upon this question are the fruits of a sojourn among the woolen workers of the midland district of England.

A previous study of the cheap pro-

duction of cotton goods in the same country had brought us face to face with conditions equally astonishing and distressing to American eyes. We were forced to a realization that here economics was not the science of wealth, but the science of poverty. As we pass from these Lancashire cotton centers to the districts where the manufacture of woollen goods is the prevailing industry, it is borne in upon us that we are in the presence of more poverty and less science.

One does not meet on every hand

class. Some mills have so bad a reputation that only the sting of necessity will drive the worker to seek such employment. While one studies official statistics in vain for evidences of this fact, and no whisper of it is heard among English business men, one can scarcely spend a day in intimate association with the laborers without discovering that such knowledge is common talk, as it were a secret tradition of their craft, a kind of semi-disreputable common property, much as the nature of examinations given by vari-



ONE OF THE OLDEST WOOLEN MILLS OF LEEDS, ENGLAND

those evidences of adroit and effective organization which makes so compact a unit of the English cotton industry. The various mills appear to work more independently of one another. There is a wider range of difference between them in method and machinery, and in the conditions of labor. Questioning elicits from the working people the invariable statement that "some masters do much better than others." Those who are so fortunate as to secure employment in the better mills look down upon their brother workmen of other establishments as an inferior

ous professors and the most available cribs and ponies among the student bodies of our colleges. But the impartial outsider soon discovers that not all of this difference is due to the varying business ability and personal disposition of the masters. Whatever differences there may be in this respect are never sufficient to alter the general truth that the cheaper the class of goods manufactured, the poorer is the condition of the laboring classes.

In those districts where the consumption of shoddy is relatively large,

the evidences of poverty is most distressing, and there looms the inevitable and tragic accompaniment of moral degradation. A prominent divine of the English church (no less a personage in fact than the Bishop of Leeds) publicly stated during the time of my visit to that city that he knew of entire streets of Leeds given over to the worst forms of the "white slave" traffic — that in which parents sell their daughters or turn them into the streets to bring back money.

And as one feels the difference in

at Leeds, but it was at Bradford that I learned that to work and be poor might mean the same thing. There are no slums in Bradford nor anything justifying such a name in Leeds. The civic arrangements of those municipalities must be most admirable. The poverty that faces one there is not that of ignorance, vice and incapacity. Here is no catch basin for a human residue. Squalor and disease-breeding filth are eliminated. Here is skill, intelligence, industry — and yet poverty. Here is England stripped for



MILL-WORKERS' TENEMENTS, LEEDS, ENGLAND

passing from Manchester to Leeds, so in passing from Leeds to Bradford one feels a change of atmosphere, a distinct lowering of tone. Bradford is a center of the low-grade worsted industry. Bradford fascinated me with its intense concentrations of the social problems of industrial civilization. Something had I seen of the poverty of the slums of American cities, with their terrible problems in human waste. But I had never before seen poverty and industry rendered synonymous. There had been hints of it in Manchester, clearer intimations

industrial warfare. Here are half-pennies studied as elements in international competition. Here the question, "what is a living wage?" is answered from a competitive, not from a human necessity. Here are great mills in construction, of which engineering skill has exhausted its last resource. Here are streets upon streets of tenements built with "enlightened" philanthropy. Here, as vultures that scent the battle and gather about the bloody field, are the pawnshops. The three balls hang above so many doors that one wonders



STREET BOYS OF BRADFORD, ENGLAND

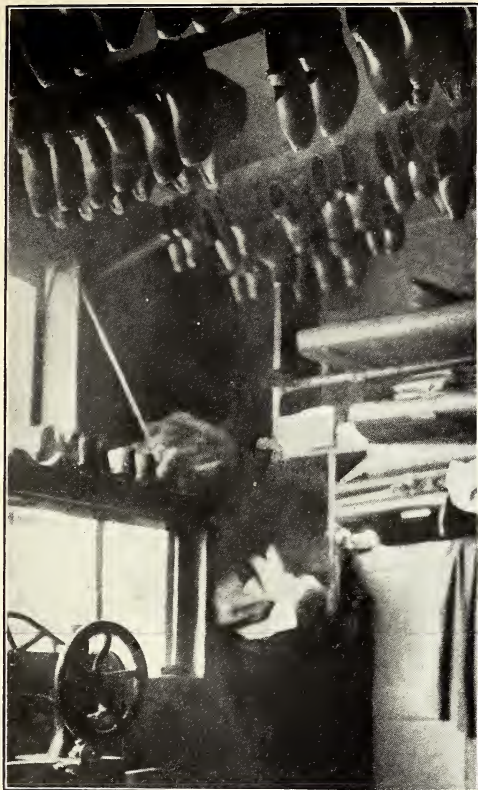
what there may be to pawn. A glance within is painfully illuminating. Only in the poorest junk shops of our worst slums can be found any such collection of refuse as fill the pawnshops of this great industrial community: clogs, whose original value was but three shillings, now worn until their wooden soles are cracked and split, rickety furniture, old tins, hopeless masses of hopeless clothing—entire family equipments bartered for a few shillings. “Verily, naked have they come and naked shall they return.” Children sprawl about the street as if there were no such thing as compulsory schooling. Mothers with babes in their arms rush to the little shops a few minutes before meal-time—those tiny shops so brave with the painted signs of patent nostrums, so meager in their offerings of nourishing food. This is a corner of the canvas, a part of the picture of which tables of statistics give so poor a conception. And yet, with this picture in mind, the statistics themselves are not unilluminating.

But these statistics do not tell the whole story. The question of greatest importance is not what are the ex-

tremes, but what is the average condition of the greatest number. That is rather hard to do by statistical tables, but not at all difficult to sense by going among the people. A British statistician tells us that 1,171,216 workers in the textile trades in England are earning 17s. 6d. (\$4.37) a week. According to my observation the figure is quite high enough. I should be more inclined to give credence to the British Board of Trade figures which put the average of earnings of all classes of wool workers at 15s. 9d. (\$3.88) a week. Mr. W. A. G. Clark, of the U. S. Department of Commerce and Labor, places the average earnings of weavers in Bradford at from 28s. (\$6.72) a week of men to 14s. (\$3.36) for women. But weavers are a comparatively well-paid group. The figures which I give were not taken from any of these reports, nor from the books of manufacturers. They are such as I was able to learn from the laborers themselves as the amounts which they were actually able to earn. Nor did I visit the city at a time of depression. There was then, and is to-day, an active demand



INTERIOR OF A BOARD SCHOOL



THE CLOGGER'S SHOP

for labor. Indeed, in some lines the demand distinctly exceeded the supply. And yet this excess demand was able to effect only a nominal lifting of the wage scale. WHY? Let England's fiscal policy answer that question.

No small part of the present marked activity in the district is due to an anticipation of increased business through the lowering of the American tariff. Possibly the Turkish war has been a factor as well as a general up-trend of the trade after a long depression and over conservative buying. I was told that skilled men workers sometimes earned as much as 30s. (\$7.20) a week, but I found no man who claimed that he himself was making that much. A census taken at a particularly favorable time elicited the result that at that moment 482,000 of

the most skilled adult male workers were earning an average of 28s. 1d. (\$6.72) a week. I cannot imagine how that census was taken. Low as is the figure from an American standpoint, it is higher than anything I was able to find among the working people of Leeds and Bradford. It is only the exceptional laborer in the exceptional mill who makes over a pound a week. A very large percentage of the labor in the mills is done by boys and young women, who do not receive over ten and eight shillings a week respectively, and down to six and seven shillings. Six shillings is \$1.44, and there are thousands of girls working for that amount a week. And yet there are rarely as many girls in Bradford as the mills want. They are deft, rapid and patient workers, and yet eight shillings a week is their average wage. Grown



MILL AND TENEMENTS, BRADFORD



WATCHING FOR THE WORKERS' NOONING

women who have become skilled laborers rarely make over 15s. (\$3.60) a week. These boys, girls and women seem to form a majority of the woolen workers in the Bradford district. Their contribution to the family support is often the only one obtainable. Certainly we will have embraced all fluctuations and covered the truth if we say that actual wages range from \$8.00 a week to \$1.50 a week, and that the prevailing average ranges from \$6.00 to \$3.50 a week.

We are told that this amount will buy far more in England than in our country. It surely must buy some more or the support of life would be impossible.

But the astonishing thing is not that it buys more, but that it buys so little more. Into that question I looked with great interest and no little care. Our own public excitement over the cost of living added to the interest of the subject.

Railroad fares (third class) average

a penny (two cents) a mile, which is now a widely prevailing rate in this country. It is my observation that railroad fares may be taken as a determining basis of comparison. Where they are the same, living expenses will average very nearly the same. This is because the expense of railroads include about every form of expense known to the community.

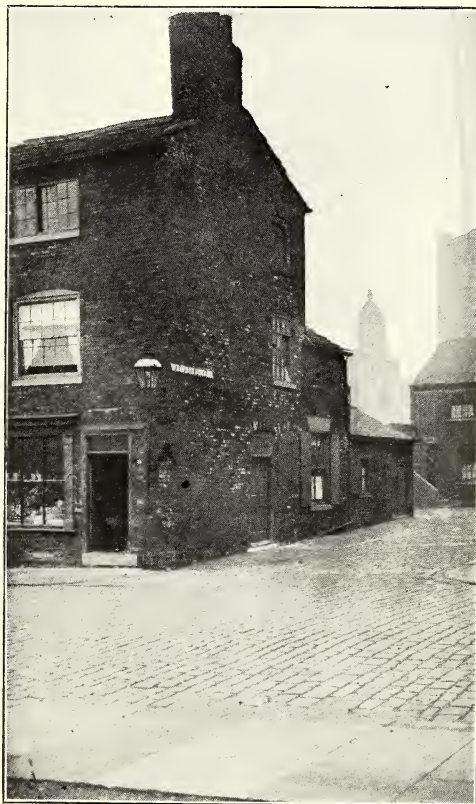
There are a few things that are definitely cheaper in England than in America. But the fair observer must acknowledge that the main difference is made up by getting along with less. Modern conveniences that are found in almost every worker's home in America, are practically unknown in the homes of even the moderately well-to-do in England. Houses that pass as very good tenements for the working classes there could not possibly find a respectable tenant here. Such tenements as are occupied by the mill workers of Leeds and Bradford rent for from three shillings to five



IN THE SHADOW OF THE MILLS

shillings a week. For this sum they secure a two or four room tenement, with two doors, four or eight windows, no cellar, no sink, a stone or earth floor on the first story, and a slab-stone roof. Grain could not be kept from moulding in it. Most animals could not live in it. And yet its exterior appearance at first impresses the American favorably. The universal use of stone and brick, as building materials, lend a substantial appearance that our wooden buildings lack. It is home, and the flowers or bit of an ornament in the window is bright. The ensemble is more picturesque than American homes of the same relative grade.

In general, clothing in England is cheaper than in America. Shoes are not cheaper, nor are low-grade textiles much cheaper. I purchased a pair of English-made shoes at an average store in Manchester. The price was quite as high as I would have had to pay in Boston for an equally good shoe. Near-by American-made shoes of well-known factory makes were on sale at the same price that is charged for them in this country and at substantially the same price as the English shoes. They told me that the



THE PROVISION SHOP

English shoes were better. They were not appreciably so. English working people do not attempt to buy the higher priced goods, where the largest difference of price occur. American mill girls would not be seen on the street in the clothing habitually worn to and from work here by the English mill girl. This dress is so prevalent as to be almost a uniform. Who in the mill districts does not know it well? It consists of a black or brown cotton skirt, clogs, woolen stockings, and a shawl of sober hue, gray or brown or black, that completely envelopes the rest of the figure.

Good food is certainly more expensive in England than in America. Americans judge very carelessly to the contrary from the prices which they pay for hotel meals in fine hotels. This price is principally made up of service, which is, of course, cheaper, and has nothing whatever to do with the question. Statistics made up from wholesale prices are equally far from the truth, just as they are with us. Any American housewife would laugh at the idea of running her table on the

prices obtainable from a wholesale list. It has but little relation to what she pays. That price is made upon other elements. I have seen all kinds of statements about the price of bread in England. There are many ways of figuring it. But there is only one way in which the housewife can buy it. I sat in the kitchen and watched that purchase made, the tiny penny loaf. I saw the baker bring it in and the poor woman buy it, a loaf so small I would almost have called it a bun. And I know that the price of bread is higher in England than in America. Meat may seem cheaper because such coarse varieties are habitually consumed. Good meat is not only expensive, but very expensive.

Good fruit, such as any laborer may buy in America freely and in abundance, is prohibitively high to the English laborer.

He can buy a glass of beer for a half penny, and I do not know what he would do without it. It is that half penny glass of beer, I verily believe, that lies between England and industrial revolution.



HOME

MAMMY'S JACK O'LANTERN

By JOSEPHINE COMPTON BRAY

WHAT yo' ax me dat fur? Don' yo' bof know dat when I tole yo' 'bout de solgers in war time bustin' in de house down ol' home in de mid hour uv de night, an' scarin' everybody mos' to death, nary one uv yo' didn't go to sleep till mos' day, an' Miss Carline say to me, 'Now, mammy, you mus' promise me yo' never gwine tell dese twinz no mo' scary stories,' an' I say, 'Deed I won't, Miss Carline, an' now yo' bof up an' ax me to tell yo' 'bout de Jack o'Lanterns. I done give my word to Miss Carline, an' yo' is done sade yo' prayers, an' is all snug in yo' bade an' I wants yo' to shet yo' eyes straight up, an' go to sleep while I sings.

"When Mars Jesus call me,
Steal away, steal away!
He call me by de thunder,
Steal away, oh my soul.

"I heah de voices callin' me
Steal away! steal away, chillun!
Yo' ain't got long to linger heah,
Steal away! oh my soul!

Ol' satin he stan —"

Two little heads appeared above the coverlid, and Honey interrupted the singer:

"You forgot, mammy!" he sais, "that I am going to put on pants soon, and be a man just like Mars John." "I knows it! I knows it! an' yo' is jes as much like yo' uncle now as two peas is."

"And we are almost old enough to go to school, so please, mammy," pleaded Sweetie, "tell us about old Jack o'Lantern."

"Well," answered mammy, relenting, for she never could thwart a desire of these children, "If I tells yo' an' vo' gits skeered, Miss Carline gwine

blame me, an' though I done stan' father an' mother fur yo' all dese years, I ain't gwine be sponsible fur yo' dis time." She paused a moment, then continued, "You see da ain't got no sich things up north heah, no ghoses, nor Jack o'Lanterns, nor nuthin'. Da ain't got no foxes to hunt, nor possoms to ros' an' da actually ain't got no weasels nor screech owls to steal de chickens," mammy sighed. "I tell yo' when yo' gits to thinkin' 'bout dese things it seems mighty lonesome up heah." She spoke dreamily, and her mind lingered in those cherished scenes until aroused by the children.

"I don' know nuthin' much 'bout dem Jack o'Lanterns," she said, "'cept by hearin'". Da lives way down in de swamps an' de marshes. I wuz de nus maid up at de Manor House, an' I wan' 'lowed to go out nights, but sometimes I 'swade ole mistis to lem me go down to de quarters, an' den I heah Uncle Isaac tell 'bout his speriences wid dem Jack o'Lanterns. When I heah it every single hair on my hade 'gin' to riz straight up. May be yo' don' know it, but Uncle Isaac an' likewise Uncle Jake wuz bof um two brothers, an' bof uv dyah wives neither one dind't 'blong to ole marster, but da lived on de nex plantation dat jined owern. Every Saturday night ol' marster give bof uv um a pass to go over dyah. But dyah wan no way to git dyah 'cep in da go 'cross de medow, 'scusin' de swamp. I done tole yo dat dem things mostly stays in low lan' places, cepin on dark dismal nights when dyah ain't no moon, nor stars, nor nuthin' in de firmament. Den da comes out."

Are there any stars or moon to-night, mammy?" asked Sweetie, in a tremulous tone."

"I don' know nuthin' 'bout to-night," answered mammy, "kase I been heah ever since supper time tryin' to git yo' an' Honey to go to sleep, an' I ain't had no chance to look out de winder yit. But I wuz gwine to say, dat I never seed nuthin' no time, 'scusin one night when I wuz down to de quarter an' aunt Crissy call me to look out de do' — an' bless yo' —"

"Why didn't you lock the door, and look out the window, mammy!" asked the practical Honey.

"If yo' chillun gwine brake in so an' 'stroy all my 'membrance I gwine give right up. Yo' ain't nary one of you got yo' eyes shet up nuther. If dyah had been any winder to see frum I would uv sade so. Dyah wan' no winders in dem days, jes de do, an' me' an' Aunt Crissy jes peep frum de crack an' see de three mile fence 'long side de woods all 'luminated an' dem things er dancin' an' prancin' up an' down jes as if dyah wan' nobody 'roun' dat 'fessed 'ligeon."

"Yo' see, nuthin' never ken come where prayin' people live. Ol' satin hisself can' stan' aginst prayer. When I see dat sight I gits all over in a ague an' slam de do' to. Den Uncle Jake settin' down dyah by de fire, gin to tell all we how one night he an' Uncle Isaac started off to see dyah wivezis, da gin to spute 'bout dis way, an' dat way bein' de shortes' an' da couldn't 'gree, so da got attached an separated one frum de yuther, an' Uncle Jake he started 'cross de swamp by hisself. He didn't never hev but one eye to see wid, Uncle Jake didn't."

"Where was his other eye?" inquired Honey.

"I don' object to know zackly how he got 'sposed uv de yuther one. Howsomever he mostly got 'long all right. When de night wuz still de Jack o'Lanterns sleep some. An' he would 'scape um, but yuther times when de win' blow noisy like, da wuz all up an' lively. "Dis heah night Uncle Jake ain't made no preparation to keep um down, he ain't 'member to put no graveyard dirt in his lef'

trouses pocket, nor to turn his jacket wrong side outwards, nor nuthin'. Still wusser, he wan' no' 'fesser uv 'ligeon, an' when de breezes come up sudden, da all blaze up in his face laughin' ha! ha! ha! an' Uncle Jake say he wuz so blinded dat he run in de brier bush an' got all his close tore off him, an' his foots full uv thorns. He had allurs been a sinner man, but at sich times as dese people is blegst to come to dyah senses, an' now Uncle Jake fell down on his knees an' gin to pray. But he done put it off too long, da done mark him 'fore dis; an' da don' pay no 'tention to him, but jump on his back an' laugh! an' laugh! an' ol' satin come right 'fore him, an' Uncle Jake drapped right down an' don' know nuthin'."

"Did he die?" asked the children, who now sat up in bed trembling with fear and excitement.

"No, he jes saved hisself by 'memberin' dat dyah wuz a darnin' needle in his jacket, sis Milly allurs put dyah in case uv 'mergency, an' he took dat needle an' stuck it in de groun,' an' dyah cumed up a dark drizzlin' mis', and' de lights went out, an' da vanquished away. Nex' mornin' dyah wan' nuthin' dyah but a pile uv jelly. But what yo' chillun settin' up dyah fur? I don' believe yo' is thinkin' 'bout sleep. Wan' to come in mammy's lap? What fur? Yo' ain't gittin' skeered, is yo'? kase yo' knows I don' promise Miss Carline I ain't gwine tell yo' no mo' scary stories, an' I is boun' to keep my word. Well! come up heah in mammy's lap, an' go to sleep, an' don' be thinkin' 'bout dem things no mo', kaze dese people don' bleive in um, an' da actually wouldn't if yo' tol' um 'bout it."

"Cause it asn't really true, is it, mammy?" asked Sweetie, nestling closer to Honey, in mammy's lap.

"Miss Carline bleives it," answered mammy, as she carefully folded a blanket around the children. "an' I done heah her say dat de North judges all we down South kaze da ain't 'quainted wid us, an' don' know no

better. Now keep yo footses under de blanket an' go right to sleep, mammy is heah."

Honey and Sweetie closed their eyes and were silent. Mammy heard the door open and looked up.

"No, Miss Carline, da don' wan' yo.' Da is mos' 'sleep. Deed da ain't too big to set in my lap. I gwine hol' dese chillun long as I ken, an' it ain't gwine spile um nuther."

The door shut again, and mammy sat patiently watching and it was long after midnight before she could disengage the clasp of two pairs of little clinging arms. Then when she lovingly tucked them once more in bed she whispered:

"De Lord knows my 'tentions wuz all fur de bes' an' I bows to His will."

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XXI

Continued

With his head held high, 'Gene went on towards the home of Silas Moulton. He was half delirious with triumphant joy. His imagination overleaped all bounds as his extravagant brain sprang from one notion to another. He was his own hero and his own audience, with, however, Julie always smiling at him from the background. He had now no hesitation in facing the Moultons. He neither feared nor cared what their attitude might be. Puffed up with his own egotism, he challenged the whole world to criticise his actions. He strutted to the front door and without stopping to knock walked in. The door to the sitting-room was open, and he found himself confronting a group of three. Mrs. Moulton was sitting rigid in a chair, with Julie at her feet. Silas stood by his wife, with his face white and his head half bowed.

'Gene strode into the middle of the room and greeted them with a broad smile.

"Julie has told ye?" he inquired.

The girl, at sound of his voice, sprang to her feet, her face as white as her mother's. The latter gave one glance at 'Gene's bloodshot eyes and shut out the sight with her hands.

Begun in the February, 1912, number.

"'Gene," cried Julie, "what's the matter with you? Are you sick?"

Silas Moulton swept her aside. He studied the younger man a moment, as though to make sure of what he suspected; then with a look of sickened disgust he turned to his daughter.

"Sick?" he choked. "He's drunk — drunk as a dog."

'Gene clenched his fists, but Julie was instantly by his side.

"No," she gasped. "That isn't possible. That isn't —"

Then she turned away. With bloodless cheeks she shrank back — back into her father's arms.

"If a man takes a single drink, they call him drunk round here," snarled 'Gene.

Silas stepped forward.

"Get out of my house," he commanded.

"Easy. Easy there," warned 'Gene. "If I go I take my wife with me."

"Your wife?" stormed Silas. "D'ye think a ring and a prayer-book makes her your wife?"

"I reckon before the law it does," answered 'Gene.

"What do I care for the law?" stormed Silas. "Why, before I'd see her your wife I'd see her dead. So help me God, I'd see her dead."

Mrs. Moulton staggered to her feet and tottered to her husband's side.

Copyright, 1912, Small, Maynard & Co.

"Silas," she said quietly.

"I mean it," he answered savagely. "Why —"

"Hush, father," broke in Julie. "It isn't all his fault. It's partly mine, too. I —"

"Is it your fault, too, that he comes back here beastly drunk?"

"Perhaps," answered Julie. "I oughtn't to have sent him away."

"Who's drunk?" broke in 'Gene. "I've had a drink or two — yes. But I'm no more drunk than you are, and I tell ye the law's the law. I married the girl an hour ago and she's my wife. Ask her if she ain't. Ask Julie."

Julie raised her head.

"Yes, 'Gene," she answered, "I'm your wife."

"There ye are," he exclaimed triumphantly. "There 't is from her own lips. Now I'll go if ye want me to, but she goes with me. I was plannin' a little visit with ye, but say the word and we go. I reckon my folks will take us in till I have a chance to look around."

"No," trembled the girl, "we mustn't go from here. If you'll be patient, Dad, I'd rather stay with you a little."

"Stay! Of course ye'll stay. D'ye think I'd let ye cross the door by that man's side?"

"You'll stay, p'tite," put in her mother. "It would kill us both if you went now."

"I'm willin'," 'Gene put in good-naturedly. "But I tell ye now I won't stand for much more of that free talk."

He swaggered to a chair and sat down. Silas turned on his heel and tottered out.

"You go too, mother," pleaded Julie in a whisper. "Let me talk with him a moment."

But the mother clung frantically to her daughter's arm.

"I can't, I can't," she trembled.

"Just for a minute," insisted Julie.

She led her mother to the door and closed it. Then she came halfway back to 'Gene. The latter rose to meet her.

"Sit down, 'Gene," she said.

He obeyed a new quality in her voice.

She paused a moment to catch her breath and then asked, as though with some faint hope that he might deny it:

"'Gene — you have been drinking?"

"I told ye I had a drink or two," he answered.

Her lips did not quiver, but the pain shot through her eyes.

"I — I didn't know you were that way," she said.

"Seems to me you're makin' a lot of rumpus about nothin'," he answered.

"It wouldn't be so bad," she said, as though to herself, "it wouldn't be so bad if you hadn't done it to-day. You — you had been drinking before you met me first?"

He shifted uneasily. But before her steady eyes he told the truth.

"Yes," he answered.

She clutched at the back of a chair, with her eyes turned away from him.

"And we're married now, really married?" she asked.

"What d'ye mean? Of course we are. Wasn't you present?"

"I don't know," she trembled. "I suppose I was, but I can't remember very well."

"Well you was," he informed her.

"So you're my husband, 'Gene."

"I reckon."

"But it's my fault too," she put in, still talking as though to herself. "I mustn't forget that."

He sprang to his feet.

"You're talking as though ye was crazy, Julie. Why —"

He started towards her, but she waved him back.

"No, 'Gene — sit down."

Once again he obeyed. He was getting drowsy.

"'Gene," she said, "I am very tired. Won't you go upstairs and lie down? You — you can have my room."

"Now you're talkin' sense," he answered. "Where is it?"

"I'll show you, 'Gene," she answered.

She led the way up the stairs, and he followed, groping for the wall. She

opened the door for him and stood back.

"But you —" he began.

She shrank away from him as from something unclean.

"The room is yours," she said. "I will wait downstairs for you."

CHAPTER XXII

'GENE AWAKES

GENE slept through the remainder of that day, through the night and far into the next morning. When he finally awoke in the dainty white-curtained room, it took him some time to piece together his scattered thoughts. He had to go way back to the morning when in the dawn he had felt the warm arms of Bella about his neck and had looked down into the gray eyes which burned from the shadowy face. From this point his brain leaped to the scene of yesterday afternoon, and he shrank back beneath the coverlet. His cheeks burned with shame, and he felt here like an intruder in some holy shrine. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep again in an effort to escape the present. This was impossible, and so he lay there weak and sick at heart and tried to plan some way of escape. If he could get out of the house unseen, he might make his way back to Boston and still retrieve himself with Bella. She would forgive him and he could explain his absence on the ground of homesickness and a trip back to his mother. He plucked up courage at this, and getting out of bed began to dress. He was honestly contrite for the whole adventure. Had it been possible, he would have undone it all and returned to his job on the Ferry and settled down for the winter. It was Flint who was to blame — Flint who had offered him a drink in the first place. He persuaded himself that from the beginning all he had intended to do was to visit his folks and Julie and then return.

He finished dressing, but drew back startled at the sight of his face in the mirror. His eyes were bloodshot and

heavy. He sickened at his own appearance. He brushed his hair until it shone like gold, whisked his clothes until they were speckless, and still he looked like a tramp. From below he caught the aroma of hot coffee. If he only had a cup of that, it might straighten him out, but his forehead became moist with perspiration at thought of seeing Julie again. He had no defense left. He must take the mauling of those eyes, listen in silence to whatever she might say, and still realize the deeper horror of what he had done. He couldn't endure it. He must get out — get away.

He swung to open the door and tiptoed down the stairs, feeling like a thief. The house was gruesomely quiet. It was as though some one were lying dead in one of the rooms. He paused at sound of his own creaking, and felt an impulse to shout and make a wild bolt for the door. Halfway he sat down and rubbed his big hand over his dry forehead in an agony of self-reproach. When he had partly recovered himself, he went on again. He reached the foot of the stairs and was stealing past the sitting-room door when he heard a voice. He saw Julie rise from a chair and come to meet him. She might have been the dead thing he had feared as far as her appearance went. Her dark-rimmed eyes stared dully out of a face as colorless as anything in shrouds. She was dressed in pure white, which made the effect even worse.

"Good-morning, 'Gene," she said.

Even her voice was dead.

He passed his hand over his eyes.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"It's almost eleven o'clock," she answered. "I have been waiting breakfast for you."

"Waiting? For me?" he answered.

"Yes, 'Gene."

He turned away from her.

"I don't want any breakfast. I don't want anything. I wish to God I was dead."

She had come to the door.

"But you aren't dead," she answered.

It sounded like the hopeless statement of one who had prayed for death.

"Come," she said, "your coffee is ready."

She led him into the dining-room and showed him his place. She went out into the kitchen, and soon returned with the coffee, some hot biscuits, and his eggs. She broke the eggs for him and then took her seat opposite him and poured his coffee. He didn't dare to look at her while she was doing these things, but kept his head bowed and his eyes on his plate. When she handed him his cup, he managed to say:

"You're mighty good, Julie."

She did not answer, but he could feel her eyes upon him. Once during the meal he heard the quick intake of her breath.

"Julie," he said, "I've half a mind to clear out and leave ye."

"What good would that do?" she asked.

"Then I wouldn't bother ye."

"If you ran off, you would bother me more than ever," she replied.

He glanced up.

"Then ye want me to stay — spite of everything?"

"You must stay — in spite of everything."

"I could go back to sea."

"And leave me here?"

"Ye wouldn't want to go with me, would ye?"

"No," she answered, "but I would have to go."

"Ye would? Ye mean ye *would* go?"

"'Gene," she said, "do you understand that yesterday I married you?"

"Yes," he groaned. "But —"

"That I took oath to cling to you for better and for worse?" she interrupted. "We can't change that, can we?"

"I s'pose not," he answered.

"Then," she said, "if you go I must go with you. But I don't want you to go."

"It won't be very pleasant here, I reckon," he growled.

"It isn't going to be very pleasant anywhere, 'Gene. But if you stay here, it seems to me you can make it

better. It seems to me you ought to make it better."

"How?" he asked.

She studied him a moment and then answered:

"You'll have to work that out for yourself."

"If ye could forgive me and forget yesterday —" he began.

"If you could *make* me forgive you and forget yesterday!" she cried.

"I will, Julie," he answered eagerly. "I will if ye'll give me a chance."

A bit of color returned to her cheeks.

"You'll even have to make your own chances," she answered.

"But ye'll let me try?" he asked.

"If only you would try!"

He made his feet and hurried to her side but she warned him off.

"No," she said. "You mustn't touch me — you mustn't touch me again for a along while."

He resented the rebuff.

"There, ye see. Ye won't give a man a show."

"I — I can't let you touch me, 'Gene," she insisted, half in apology.

"And then ye say you're my wife."

She shuddered at this.

"And you're my husband," she nodded. "But I can't let you touch me."

Her aloofness inflamed him. He tried to seize her as he used to do, but she fought free of him. With a chair between them she faced him indignantly.

"Listen," she said. "You mustn't ever try to do that again. You don't know how near I am to hating you."

"Then what was ye talkin' about a minute ago?"

"I meant every word I said. I mean that I am willing to let you make me feel different. But that's all I can do. Last night I thought it out; you will have my room, and I will have the spare room next to mother's. We will live here and you will try to do better. And no one must know; not a soul must know, 'Gene. I don't want any one to think ill of you, because that would make it all the harder for you. So, if you will do that and try, then some day God will let us forget."

"In a year or two?" he frowned.

"I don't know," she answered wearily. "It seems now as though it would take longer."

He grew stubborn. Her cold indifferent attitude irritated him. And yet it held him too. This was a new Julie, but none the less a beautiful Julie. He had never so desired her as at this moment.

"I don't have to wait for you. You're mine now. You're my wife."

With a quick step towards her he seized her arm.

"I love you and you're mine," he cried passionately.

"Gene!" she warned.

But he forced her nearer to him and kissed her hair. She shivered the length of her delicate young body. She fought him like a tigress, while he laughed at her struggles. But in the end she squirmed free and running towards the kitchen door turned and faced him with horror.

"Now," she choked, "now you've spoiled it all."

"You're my wife," he answered stubbornly.

The words seemed to break even her present passion. Her head fell and she began to sob. 'Gene was quickly sympathetic, and the sight moved him more to shame than her words had done.

"I couldn't help it," he muttered. "Don't cry."

"You've spoiled everything," she choked.

She groped for the door and stumbled out, leaving him staring in baffled shame and anger.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE GUARDIAN

WITH still five miles of the fifteen to walk before he reached the home of Julie, Nat met Al Foley, who was exercising his mare Belle Marie. Nat never saw these two together the fine blooded horse clean and delicate as a woman in all her parts and the weak-faced man with pimply face, but

what he wondered why the mare didn't take the bit in her teeth and end it. Foley drew the sensitive beast to a standstill with a vicious jerk of the reins, and offered Nat a seat by his side in the sulky. Nat shook his head. In addition to the aversion he felt to the driver, he had no intention of imposing his weight upon the mare. He stopped to stroke her sleek neck, and she in response to the big tender hand brushed his ear with her velvet nose.

"Didn't know but what ye might be in a hurry," suggested Foley with a significant leer.

The attentions of Nat to Julie Moulton were known to all the world.

"No," answered Nat.

"I s'pose," said Foley, "you're on your way to pay yer respects to the young couple."

"No," answered Nat, "I'm going to see Julie Moulton."

Foley drew a deep breath. He could scarcely believe in the good luck which had selected him as the bearer of the news.

"Ye don't mean to say ye ain't heern?" he drawled.

"Heard what?"

"That she and 'Gene is married — married yesterday?"

"Who —"

"She," interrupted Foley gayly. "Julie and yer brother 'Gene."

Foley shrank back from the heavy hand which suddenly fell upon his shoulder. The grip and the white face and the burning eyes searching his soul for the truth made him wince. He felt himself lifted from the sulky to the ground, where he was held at arm's length. Said Nat:

"Foley, if you have lied God help you! If you haven't — if you haven't, Foley, then God help me!"

Nat stepped into the sulky, lifted the reins, and Belle Marie in surprised response to the new touch took the road as though winged. Mile after mile she sped on with the joy of the freed thing, and obeying the reins drew up in the yard of the little white house with a joyful whinny. Nat tossed the

reins over her back and leaped to the ground. He strode to the front door and brought the knocker down with a report that rang through the house like a pistol-shot. It was Silas Moulton who answered it. Heavy-eyed, he asked:

"Have you heard?"

"Then it's true?" demanded Nat.

Silas Moulton nodded and ushered him in as into a house of death. The father knew the boy as well as the brother knew him, and both knew there was in him little of brave good. He had the strength of an ox, but the heart of a fallow deer. He was well enough on the outside, but all wrong within — all wrong within.

When Nat Page came into the darkened parlor where Julie sat, he saw that the door on the opposite side of the room was just closing. He caught the creak of a board beyond, and knew that the feet which moved so stealthily away must be heavy, because the girl had often laughed at the way he himself made the floor boards creak which remained silent beneath the tread of herself and her father. She rose to meet him with her cheeks flushed but her head well up. She looked now more like a mother brought to bay in defense of her young than a bride. Her eyes were tender, almost pleading, while her attitude was defiant. As he came nearer to her she advanced to meet him, trying hard to smile.

"Nat," she said, "you have come to wish me happiness?"

For a moment he made no reply, confused by the whole situation, like an untamed lion crouching before the first stinging cut of a trainer's whip. The only thing of which he was conscious was of his great love for her which seemed to persist after it should not.

"You have come to wish me happiness, Nat?" she repeated.

"From the first time I saw you I have wished you nothing else," he answered.

"And now?" she asked, as though she must have a direct response to her question.

"Now," he answered steadily, "more than ever before."

For a moment the tenderest smile he had ever seen hovered about her lips and then, dumbly, she held out her hand.

He took it, and as he felt her warm pulse beat against his palm the world swam for a moment. It seemed that even then he had a right to her. This was some terrible mistake. It could not be that in so brief a time she had been snatched from him forever.

"Julie," he asked again, "is it true?"

"It is true," she answered.

Then his vision cleared, as it always did at the big crises of his life, and he dropped her hand. He saw that there was nothing to be done here. He forced a smile, because he would not hurt her even with the pain of his own hurt.

"Well," he said, "then I guess I'll be going."

His words sounded so final that she thrust out her hand and placed it on his arm.

"You will come and see me often?"

He considered a moment. It was difficult to refuse her anything, but at present this seemed an impossible thing to promise.

"I go into camp next week," he answered.

"Oh, but —"

She checked herself.

"I had forgotten. I wish you luck in your business."

"Thanks," he answered.

Because he stood before her so sturdily and without complaint, because he neither questioned her right of action nor whined over the past, because even now he sought not his own happiness but hers, Julie with a pain in her throat came to a new knowledge of what a man may be. Her head dropped and her breath came fast.

He turned to go, but halfway to the door stopped.

"If ever you should need me, I will come," he said.

At that she raised her head proudly.

"Why should I need you?" she asked.

"If I can help it, you won't," he answered.

He walked steadily because he knew exactly what was before him to do. As he passed through the kitchen, he grasped Silas by the hand and placed his other on the drooping shoulders of the mother.

"I have wished Julie happiness," he said. "I guess this will turn out better than you think."

"If it had only been you," exclaimed the mother, looking up.

Nat turned away his head.

"You mustn't talk like that," he pleaded.

Silas' eyes leaped to the clenched jaw of the young man, and with sudden understanding he whispered:

"He's out there — in the barn."

"I know," nodded Nat. "I shall see him and wish him happiness too."

Nat found the big barn door half open, but as he entered he could see little because of the heat in his eyes. He stood there helpless, listening to the rattle of the halter chains about him, to the low bleat of greeting from the ever hungry sheep, to the restless moo of the kine. Presently the shadows began to dissolve, and he made out the bulging masses of hay beneath the cobwebbed windows under the eaves, then the boarding below, then the feed-box to the right, and near the box the outline of a man. Here his eyes rested. He saw that it was 'Gene. The latter was leaning against an upright with a pitchfork within easy reach.

Nat waited until he could see clearly, for he was not fool enough to take chances on being speared. He had too much in hand for that. He studied his brother's face with curious interest. The boy looked older than when he left, but he had lost much of his freshness. It was the age of the city he showed and not the age of the hills. He seemed heavier and harder, and Nat was glad of that. 'Gene would need his strength. Studying him more keenly, Nat could see no gain in the deeper strength; the eyes were still shifty and the mouth loose. Yet over and over to himself Nat declared there must be something

which had attracted the girl, something which he himself must have missed! He must cling to this fact or the temptation to batter down the man would overcome him. So long as he was able to reason, he realized that this course would do little good; he could not batter down with the man Julie's love for him. It was probable, unless 'Gene had greatly changed, that if allowed to go on in his own way he might accomplish this himself. But neither would that do. He might by this course kill the woman too. Nat knew how deeply she must love to have been so blinded to the true nature of the man which even he had read since they were boys together. He knew her contempt of weakness, of hypocrisy, and had heard her comments upon these same flaws in other men. Even if 'Gene had deceived her by lying, why, that made no difference now. The point was that the man must be made to live up to her ideal of him. That was what remained for Nat himself to accomplish. That and nothing else.

He found his voice.

"'Gene," he began, "they tell me that you are married to Julie Moulton."

"They tell you right, Nat," answered 'Gene.

It was like a fresh blow to hear it grom 'Gene's lips.

"You have a good wife, 'Gene," he said.

"I'm glad ye like her," sneered 'Gene.

It was a full minute before Nat trusted himself to speak again.

"And now that you have a wife, what are you goin' to do?"

"That's my business."

"Have you any money?"

'Gene squinted a moment at his brother's eyes to make out the intent of that question. Then he answered:

"Have ye any to lend?"

"If ye need it," answered Nat.

Still 'Gene hesitated, but this was too good an opportunity to miss.

"Then," said 'Gene, "if ye feel like doin' a favor, ye might lend me a little."

"I will lend you all I have," Nat answered promptly. "And after that what are you goin' to do?"

"I don't know just yet," answered 'Gene.

"You haven't any job?"

"I'm goin' to look around a little," 'Gene parried.

Nat was breathing more heavily, but he was still in good control of himself.

"No need of that," he said. "I'll give ye a job."

"What is your job?" asked 'Gene suspiciously.

"In the woods. I've taken a contract for some pine on Eagle."

"So?" queried 'Gene indifferently.

"Ye'll begin next week — Monday."

"So?"

To tell the truth, 'Gene had no great relish for such a job. He objected to the hardship involved, and he objected to remaining so closely under Nat's eyes. Then, again, he was very comfortable where he was for the present.

"I reckon I can pull 'long without that kind of a job," he replied.

For a second Nat watched him. Then he slipped his leash. With a quick run in he sent the pitchfork flying across the barn with a swift side kick of his foot. This brought him face to face with his brother, but he still pressed his two clenched fists close to his side.

"Good God!" he panted; "but ye *will* take that job. Ye'll come into camp at five o'clock a week from next Monday morning and before spring I'll make a man of ye."

Though Nat made no motion to strike, 'Gene raised his arm above his eyes with a startled cry.

"Quit!"

"Not till I've made a man of ye," ran on Nat. "She thinks she married a man, and now she's goin' to have a man. I don't know how ye've made her believe in you, 'Gene, but ye've done it. Maybe there's good in ye I don't see — maybe there is. I'd trust the girl to see straight in most things and I ought to trust her now. But, right or wrong, she isn't goin' to

see any different. You're goin' to be what she thinks ye are. You're goin' to walk straight and talk straight and act straight. You're goin' to be a man and show folks she married a man."

'Gene had lowered his arm.

"What blamed business is this o' yours?" he demanded sulkily.

"I'm makin' it my business," answered Nat.

'Gene's eyes narrowed. Then he said:

"I see. Kind of liked her yourself, didn't ye?"

"Yes," answered Nat.

"An' now ye're kinder sore?"

"If ye mean by that it hurts, I'll answer ye fair; it does."

"Well," sneered 'Gene, plucking up courage, "she's mine now. Don't forget that."

With the cry of a wounded animal Nat rushed in. But 'Gene was ready and met him with a blow on the jaw. He might as well have leveled his fist at one of the oak uprights. Nat never paused, but with a heavy blow from the shoulder sent 'Gene staggering into the middle of the barn floor. There he waited for his brother to recover. But the latter, shielding his face with an arm, only backed off.

"Come on," called Nat, "come on, for it's like that I'll do, brother or not; it's like that I'll do until ye get enough of her in your heart to stand up and fight me off."

He followed after 'Gene and struck him once more.

"Ye've got the size and strength of a man," he cried. "Why don't ye use it like a man? Ye'll need it; by the good God, ye'll need it before the spring comes."

"Quit!" called 'Gene.

Nat seized him by the shoulder and tried again to rouse him. He couldn't maul a man who wouldn't fight, and yet he knew from the strength of that first blow that the boy had the brawn in him.

"Fight!" he choked. "Stand up and fight!"

Writhing beneath the sting of being thus man-handled, 'Gene snatched

a hungry look at the pitchfork. Nat waited in eager hope that he would come back at him. Even a whipping at 'Gene's hand would have been a welcome relief from watching the husband of Julie cow back like a frightened dog. But it was no use. The boy had the heart of a fallow deer.

"Then," concluded Nat, "if ye won't fight, ye'll come into camp a week from next Monday morning — at five o'clock. D'ye hear?"

"I ain't deaf," 'Gene retorted feebly.

"An' if ye don't come, I'll find ye and bring ye — I'll find ye if I have to go to Hell to find ye. For we'll make a man of ye yet, 'Gene."

'Gene made no answer.

"Tell me when ye're comin'," commanded Nat.

"At five o'clock a week from Monday," growled 'Gene.

"And ye'd better start early 'cause it's a long walk from here. And if ye aren't there at five-thirty, I start back here to St. Croix to find ye."

Nat turned and walked out of the barn. He took the road home and never stopped until he reached the house on the crest of the hill. He opened the door and went in. What happened there is the secret of a man's soul and shall remain a secret.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MAKING OF A MAN

THE snow came early that fall, and in four days covered the ground a foot and a half deep.

Every inch of it added a chance to the success of Nat's venture. He had been in the heart of his pine for a week with Bartineau and half a dozen others, making preparations for the main crew, which was due on Monday. They had erected a camp and a cook-house, and a barn for the horses, and had blazed the roads they would need to the river at the foot of the mountain. In all this Nat had done the work of four men. He was often up at three in the morning and toiled until he had only strength enough to drag his heavy feet to his bunk at night.

"Sacrel!" complained Bartineau. "We have time enough."

"Too much time," answered Nat.

"Then what the devil —"

Nat placed his hand on Bartineau's shoulder. Heavy-eyed, he looked into the rough misshapen face of his friend.

"Pierre," he said, "I can't sleep."

"And your skin burns and you have little spots all over you?" questioned Pierre eagerly.

"No," smiled Nat; "it isn't the smallpox."

Pierre looked disappointed.

"If only you would get that and let me pay you back —"

"No, it isn't the smallpox," repeated Nat.

But nevertheless Pierre watched him closely until he saw the amount of work Nat was doing. Then he shook his head disappointedly. A man with the smallpox could not lift a load that a horse couldn't budge.

Bartineau was in charge of the stable. It was a position of responsibility second only to Nat's. Men and horses work together in the woods. Cripple one and you cripple the other. Bartineau had his opinions about the superiority of the society of horses to that of men. He slept in the barn as a matter of preference, and when he had a pipe to smoke, smoked it there. So too he aired all his opinions to his horses except when he had anything to say against a man, and then he said it to his face.

On the Monday morning that his crew of ten men arrived, Nat sat on the sill of the barn by the side of Bartineau. It was half-past four and the horses had eaten their oats and were now munching the last few wisps of hay in their cribs. Bartineau was watching Nat's face in the light of the lantern by his side. The latter was staring down the wood-road fading off into the sentinel pines.

"Sacrel!" Pierre finally exploded. "What do you see — a loup garou?"

"I'm waiting for another man," answered Nat.

"Eh? But they are all here."

Bartineau counted them off on his thick stubby fingers.

"Stevens, Ladoux, Campbell, Trumbull, Allen, Martin, Corbeau, Mullen, Clancy and Red George. Red George came an hour ago."

"There is one more," answered Nat. "Eh?"

"Gene Page," said Nat.

"I do not know this 'Gene Page."

"He is my brother."

"Tiens — a good man then."

"Not a good man yet," answered Nat. "But before spring perhaps we'll make a good man of him."

From the bottom of his pocket Bartineau scraped together some loose bits of tobacco, which he placed in the palm of his left hand. He produced an old clay pipe, and sticking this into a corner of his mouth rolled his tobacco, palms together.

"Pierre," said Nat, "I shall put him to work here with you."

Bartineau glanced up quickly.

"I need no one here," he answered jealously.

"Use him any way you will and forget that he's any brother of mine," said Nat,

"Eh bien."

Nat glanced at his watch. It was a quarter of five. If 'Gene did not arrive within fifteen minutes, it meant a walk of twenty miles back so St. Croix and from there — God knows where. But if he found the boy gone to Rio de Janeiro again, there he would follow him. He would follow him around the world and back again, and this pine on Eagle could go to the devil.

In the shack to the right there was a great rattle of tin dishes and the growling early morning talk of the men. The smell of strong coffee scented the cold air.

"Had your grub?" questioned Nat.

"And you — is it that you have eaten?"

"Not yet."

His eyes were again trying to pierce the heavy shadows which clotted the snow. He listened, but heard no sound. He recalled his talk with 'Gene and made sure that he had made no mistake in the day or time. This brought his thoughts back again to Julie, who for a week now had been a

wife. He had not seen her since the day he left her, but at times he felt as though he should go mad with the yearning to look upon her face again. The desire was an acute pain which gnawed at his heart, choked him in the throat, and blinded his eyes. It came at night and it came in the day, and the fight against it left him limp. And yet, though she was the cause of it, he could in no wise put blame upon her. There was neither anger nor jealousy in his heart, neither hope nor regret. He knew that Julie saw 'Gene as his mother saw 'Gene — fair to look upon, big of body, ready and pleasant of tongue. So women had seen 'Gene since he was a small boy and seen nothing else of him. None of them ever had occasion to watch him in a man crisis, for even at school, when trouble threatened, he was bold enough before the petticoats and never ran until the latter were out of sight. But men knew him instinctively, even as Silas did, who had seen little of him.

Once again Nat glanced at his watch. It lacked five minutes of five. He rose to his feet and took up his belt a notch. Then in the yellow alley of light made by the latern he saw the form of a man emerge from the pines and step heavily towards the camp. Nat went forward to meet him.

"'Gene," he called.

The latter wheeled in his tracks as suddenly as though expecting a blow.

"I've been waitin' grub for ye," said Nat.

"It's you, is it?" growled 'Gene.

He came nearer.

"See here, Nat," he began. "I jus' came up to tell ye I had another job in the village."

"Ye have a job here," answered Nat.

"I've got a better one."

"How much?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"I'll pay ye fifteen."

"It isn't so much the money —" answered 'Gene.

"What is it, then?"

"Well, ye see, Julie —"

At the name Nat stiffened.

"Did she say she didn't want ye to work for me?"

"Not exactly, but — well, it's rather tough havin' to be away from home so much."

"Ye can go back every Saturday."

"Back to St. Croix?"

"Back to St. Croix."

"How?"

"Walk."

'Gene laughed sulkily.

"I see myself," he answered. "It took me four hours to make it this mornin'."

Nat frowned. The man would allow a four hours' walk to stand between him and Julie! He himself would walk twenty-four for just a sight of her. In disgust Nat turned away.

"Here's Bartineau," he called over his shoulder. "Ye'll help him with the horses."

"I'll be damned if I will," sputtered 'Gene.

Nat turned back. He walked to his brother's side.

"Get into the barn," he called as he would to a dog.

'Gene squared his shoulders. The sight of this was like balm to Nat. He waited hopefully. But in the end 'Gene slinked past to the side of Bartineau.

In the stable that morning 'Gene gave vent to his wrath on the horses. He was leading out Nat's own team when the animals, becoming frightened at a moving shadow, crowded back upon him. He had a whip in his hand and brought it down sharply across the quivering flanks of the nearer one. It was at this point that some demon sprang out of the dark and gripping his throat held on. For a moment 'Gene thought it was an animal. He could see little, and the breathing was not that of a man. Nat freed him from Bartineau at the point where things swam black before 'Genes' bulging eyes and he seemed about to die.

"Sacré!" cried Bartineau, straining towards the two. "If ever again that dog of a man comes into this barn —"

"I saw," interrupted Nat, "but you came at him in the dark. That — that is why he did not fight better. This is the husband of Julie Moulton."

Nat paused for breath. The words choked off his wind as though Bartineau had in turn seized him by the throat.

"You came at him in the dark," continued Nat. "In fair fight I do not know. This is the husband of Julie Moulton."

"Eh?" snapped Bartineau. "I care not whose husband he is. I care not whose brother he is. I will fight him now."

He stepped back and squared his shoulders and lowered his head. Nat placed a hand upon his arm.

"To-night," he said quietly. "To-day I need you both."

All that day Nat kept the men in sight for fear of the axes. With axes, a fight is a serious affair. But though the two exchanged ugly glances, they worked on without further conflict — Bartineau in stolid silence and 'Gene with occasional overtures of peace. 'Gene might as well have talked to a hungry gray wolf. With the horses out of the barn, Nat set both Bartineau and 'Gene at work on the logs. The latter could lift as much as two men, and Nat was glad that several of the crew had a chance to see this. He would give every man in camp this chance before he was done.

On the whole, Nat was sorry that a crisis had been reached so soon, for he had hoped for time in which to train his brother a little. If the latter were defeated in this first battle, it might take away much of his scant courage and this would make it go harder with him in later contests. On the other hand, if he won, then this would make a fine beginning. It would put heart into him.

Twice during the day Nat spoke words of warning to 'Gene.

"Take it easy," he advised. "Don't use up too much of your strength."

Then in fairness he told Pierre Bartineau what he had told 'Gene.

"It was well said," was all that Bartineau answered.

That night before dinner Nat spoke again:

"Do not eat too much; enough, but not too much."

With the dark and the tension of the day and the face of Bartineau scowling at him for twelve hours, 'Gene was growing uneasy. It was one thing to fight in the heat of the moment and another to go at it deliberately. He had never fought such a fight in his life.

"Why in hell should I fight the Can-nuck?" demanded 'Gene. "I'm not holdin' any grudge ag'in him."

"You," answered Nat, "are the husband of Julie Moulton. That is why. The husband of Julie Moulton must fear no man. You have much fighting before you until in the end you fight me."

"Don't — don't ye go too far," cried 'Gene.

"As soon as ye fight off me, that will be the end," explained Nat. "Ye have only to speak the word when ye want to try."

"You're two years older than me," whined 'Gene, falling back upon a boyhood argument.

"Yes," admitted Nat. "But now you're man-size. If you're man enough to marry Julie, ye've got to be man enough to fight me. I'd ask the same of any one in the world who married Julie."

"You're just mad cause ye got left," snapped 'Gene.

Nat turned white.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "If I was mad — I'd — I'd kill ye."

'Gene shrank back and Nat soon regained his self-control.

"But I'm not mad," he explained more quietly. "Now listen. Bartineau has a trick of running in under the arms. Look out for that. He has a grip that never lets go. He is slower on his feet than you. Keep him moving. He is tough in the body; you will do more with one good blow under the chin than with twenty on the body."

The instructions were given with brutal calmness. Nat caught a shifty look in 'Gene's eyes, which meant but one thing, a passion for escape. His heart grew bitter and he seized his brother's arm.

"Husband of Julie," he said, "if ye do not beat him to-day, ye must try

again to-morrow. So until ye do beat him. If ye run — then I will follow. Don't look around any more. Keep your mind on what you've got to do."

That night after supper Nat rose from his place at the table and made a speech. It was a wise speech for one of his age.

"Men," he said, "I don't believe in fighting in camp, because livin' here together the fighting grows. But when something nasty does come to a fight I want to see the fight done fair and done in the open. It looks like a bad beginning to start a row on the first day, but this time I happened to be 'round when it started, and it looks to me as though there was just one way to settle it. 'Gene Page, here, the husband of Julie Moulton, struck his horses. Pierre Bartineau saw him and struck 'Gene Page. I stopped the fight and told the men they could finish it to-night. So here they are, and if ye'll clear away the tables, we'll see an end to it."

A speech was never greeted with a noisier demonstration of applause. Though much of this was due to a desire to witness a good bout, there was much also that expressed an appreciation of the rough justice and fairness of the proposition. In a few minutes the tables had been swung to one side and the men had gathered in a generous circle. Nat fastened a nail to the ceiling and suspended from it a large lantern in order to give as much light as possible. Then he called upon Pierre Bartineau, who sprang forward eagerly. Then he called upon 'Gene Page, who came shiftily. Instantly Bartineau sprang for his grip below the arms, but 'Gene dodged and, rushing, struck a blow that landed between Bartineau's eyes. That was the beginning, but the end did not come until forty minutes later. Both men were sore bruised and battered, and 'Gene by then had had enough. In sheer desperation he made a final heavy, lunging blow. It took Bartineau once more between the eyes and the latter dropped. Nat counted off ten seconds and then, proudly lifting his head, he made the announcement:

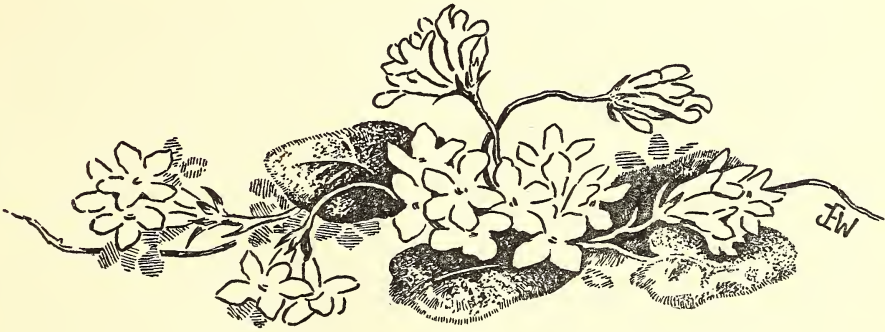
"Men, the fight is won by 'Gene Page, the husband of Julie Moulton."

Half blinded and dazed though he was, 'Gene strutted into the group of men who were noisily applauding him, while Nat crossed to the side of Pierre Bartineau. The latter opened his eyes again to consciousness.

Nat gripped his hand and helped him to his feet.

"Mon Dieu," stammered Bartineau. "I didn't think he had it in him."

"Ye don't know him," answered Nat. "But you made a brave fight, Pierre."



ART INTERESTS

UNUSUAL catholicity presided over the selection of pictures of Swedish, Norwegian and Danish artists exhibited in a number of American cities, under the auspices of the American Scandinavian Society, and the patronage of his majesty, Gustav V, king of Sweden; his majesty, Christian X, king of Denmark, and his majesty, Haakon VII, king of Norway.*

Many schools with widely divergent art ideals are represented in the exhibition. Courage as well as democracy and catholicity characterizes the selection. Neither timidity nor truckling to public opinion has stood in the way of the recognition of merit. One catches refreshing glimpses of an artist community not devoid of cliques, for that would be too much to expect, but at least not clique-ridden as to its ultimate judgment.

This is the visitor's first thought as he glances about the well-filled walls of the renaissance room of the Boston Art Museum, where these canvasses are hung.

The second thought is that the diversity is unified by a racial quality that justifies the title of "Scandinavian" applied by the exhibitors to the work of artists of three countries. This quality is well expressed by a word used in the descriptive text of the very excellent catalogue. The pictures have a *blond* atmosphere.

The third and sober last thought follows a closer study of the individual pictures. Slowly and inevitably it is borne in upon the unprejudiced observer that, while the enthusiasm and verve lies in the eager modernism of

some of the work, the best pictures are those in which this new life has not extinguished the solid traditions.

Those pictures which are touched with the futurist infection, exhibit the morbid extravagance which characterizes that most impudent form which decadence has yet assumed.

The most gracious work in the exhibition is that of Bruno Andreas Liljevois, the Swedish animal painter, although the work of H. R. H. Prince Eugen of Sweden, is pervaded with much of the same poetic mood — the more mellow aspects of the northern twilight. The Boston Art Museum should not fail to secure one of Prince Eugen's pictures. The most novel work exhibited is that of Gustav Adolf Fjaestad, the Swedish landscapist, the decorative spirit of whose studies of snow and running water open new truth. Andreas Leonard Zorn appears to be the most accomplished technician of the Swedish group.

The Danish section was particularly notable for its intensely modern spirit.

Jens Willunisen's "The Mountain Climber," almost belligerent in its modernism, is one of the very strong pictures of the exhibition. The portrait of "My Mother," by Edward Weihe, is another compelling work, provoking immediate sympathetic comprehension. The "Four Artists," by Sigurd Swane, is a very thoughtful work.

In the Norwegian section the work of Christian Krohg and Henvik Lund stand out strikingly. The junior Krohg seems hopelessly touched with French modernism. In fact, it may be said of most of the Norwegian paintings that they have bowed the knee to Paris to a more marked extent than their brother Scandinavians. But the two artists mentioned above

*The American-Scandinavian Society was established "to foster the knowledge of Scandinavian culture" in America. It administers an endowment of more than \$500,000, given by the late Neil Poulson.

are strong enough not to be overwhelmed by any method.

The one woman artist to exhibit in this collection is Anna Boberg, of Stockholm. She renders with power and facility the picturesque features of a chosen district. Her paintings may be characterized as elaborated sketches.

Reviewing the exhibition as a whole, one is impressed with the youth and vitality of the work.

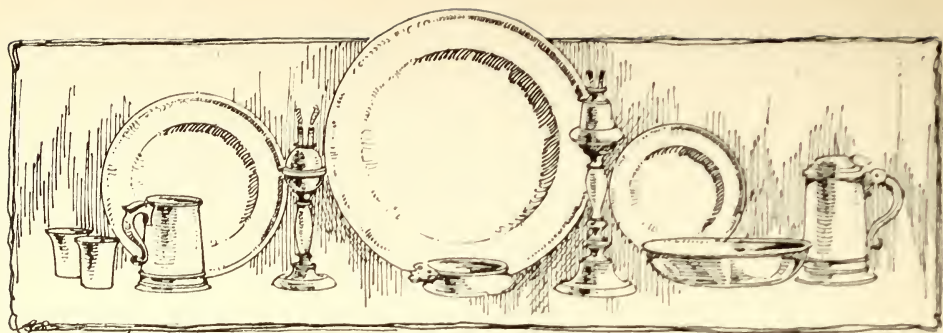
It is very pleasant to turn aside to a little incident of local art interest that is not without instruction. I refer to the decided interest shown in the exhibition, at the City Club, of the water-colors of Mr. H. Louis Gleason. The subjects were taken from New

England rural landscape. They were realistically produced, an effort being made to faithfully convey not only the "impression," but the details of local scenes. And this effort met with a prompt appreciation from Mr. Average Man, I say there is a lesson in the incident. Modern art has gone so far in the evolution and devolution of impressionism and past-impressionism, that it has lost sight of the great ministry of art to human enjoyment in the simple reproduction of that which concerns our daily life.

Mr. Gleason is a young man, and he has chosen a very interesting field. We wish him a full measure of merited success.



TWILIGHT — FROM A WATER-COLOR BY H. LOUIS GLEASON



A GROUP OF COLONIAL SILVER ...

GRANDMOTHER'S COOK BOOK

By the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE Cooking Club

An excellent and very simple way to serve eggs is the following:

EGGS SUR LE PLAT

Melt butter on a stone china saucer or plate. Break the eggs carefully into the dish,—one egg if a saucer be used, not more than three small or two large eggs for a plate. Dust lightly with salt and pepper and put on the top of the stove until the whites are well set. Serve in the dish in which they are baked.

Cooked in this way they are an appetizing change for the person who is fond of them, but who tires of the inevitable boiled or dropped egg.

BAKED OMELET

Beat the yolks of six eggs and add the whites of three eggs beaten very light; add salt and pepper to taste. Mix a tablespoonful of flour in a cup of milk and mix all well. Pour into well-buttered pan and put into a hot oven; when thick pour over it the whites of the other three eggs beaten very light; then brown nicely without allowing the top to become crusted. Serve immediately.

For an ill or convalescent person the flavor of meat extract is often

unpleasant. Try adding to it a cupful of boiling milk. This disguises the taste of the extract. A small quantity of this mixture taken when there is a feeling of exhaustion will often prove an admirable restorative.

LEMON SPONGE PIE

One lemon. 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter. Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of the eggs, grated rind of the lemon and the lemon juice. Then add the flour and the cupful of milk. Lastly, stir in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs. Bake the mixture in one crust.

FROZEN COFFEE CUSTARD

One-half pint cold, strong coffee, 1 cup of sugar, 1 pint of milk, 4 eggs, 1 pint whipped cream. Scald the milk in a double boiler; beat up the eggs and sugar together until light and add to the hot milk. Stir over the fire for a few moments and remove and cool. Then stir in the whipped cream and the cold coffee; freeze.

FRUIT SALAD

One cupful of stoned dates, 8 slices of canned pineapple, or one fresh pine-

apple, shredded, 1 cupful of broken nut meats, 1 stalk of celery and 3 medium sized apples. Chop the apples, walnuts, dates and celery. Mix with mayonnaise dressing. Serve very cold on crisp lettuce leaves.

NUT CANDY

Three-fourths of a cup granulated sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups New Orleans molasses, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound figs, 1 cup pecannut meats, 1 cup hazelnut meats, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups walnut meats, pinch of baking soda. Boil the sugar and molasses same as for molasses candy. When nearly done, add the butter and continue boiling until it becomes brittle when a little is tried in water. Chop the figs (dates may be used instead). Add the chopped figs and the soda. Next add the nuts whole. Mix well and pour into a buttered bread pan and when cool cut around the edge and turn out. Cut into slices.

CINNAMON CAKES

Take two cupfuls of molasses, 1 cupful of boiling water, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of salt. Stiffen the mixture with flour until it will just pour out. Bake in gem pans and serve hot with whipped cream. One-half this rule may be used.

AN EXCELLENT EGG DISH

Chop the whites of 12 hard boiled

eggs and mix the yolks with a teaspoonful and one-half of melted butter and a cupful and a quarter of sweet milk. Season with onion, salt, pepper, and mustard. Add to this the whites of the eggs and 1 cupful of soft-boiled rice and bake to a light brown.

SCALLOPED RICE AND TOMATOES

One cup cooked rice, 2 sweet peppers, 6 large tomatoes (fresh or canned), 2 tablespoons butter, seasoning of a little salt, sugar, and pepper. Peel and slice the tomatoes and chop the peppers fine. Into a buttered baking dish put a layer of tomatoes and cover with rice and chopped peppers and seasonings of salt, pepper and sugar. Add another layer in the same manner and so on until the dish is filled, having a layer of tomatoes on top. Dot with butter and add a grating of cheese if desired. Bake, covered, for three-quarters of an hour and uncovered for one-quarter of an hour. (Excellent.)

AN EXCELLENT LUNCHEON DISH

Remove the skin from several large Spanish onions; remove the center core enough to leave a large hole. Chop a little of the removed centers with some minced ham and fill the onions with this mixture, seasoned with a little pepper and salt. Place the onions on a well-buttered baking dish and baste them freely with melted butter. Bake until a golden brown.

WORCESTER'S GREAT FORWARD MOVEMENT

The Worcester Chamber of Commerce has just concluded a highly successful re-organization and membership campaign under the direction of William R. McComb, Civic Engineer and City development expert of Chicago.

This organization is on the departmental plan and is intended for economic and efficient service. The plan

is the product of Mr. McComb's methods.

The Worcester Chamber of Commerce has for its president, Mr. A. H. Inman, of Pratt & Inman, wholesale metals, Worcester; Mr. C. H. DeFosse, vice-president; and Mr. H. N. Davison, secretary. Mr. Davison is the president of the New England Commercial Executives Association.



MR. A. H. INMAN
President, Worcester Chamber of Commerce

By this plan of organization Worcester is assured an up-to-date and efficient Chamber of Commerce, according to the experience of modern organizations of this character. Additional units or bureaus can be added at any time under this arrangement.

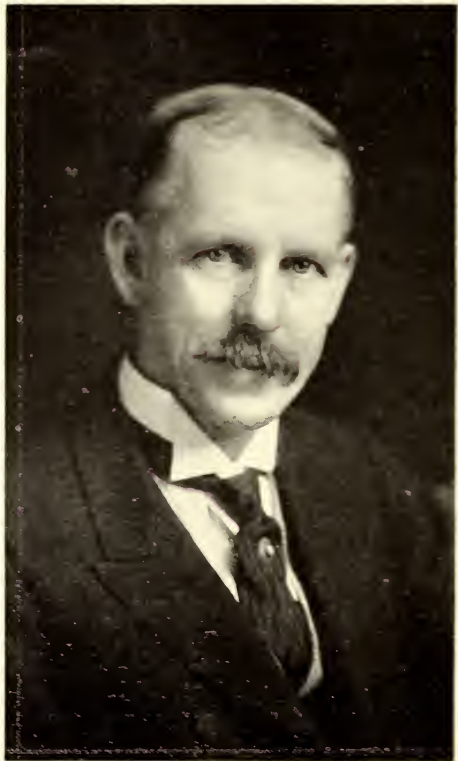
The plan is extremely simple. The entire membership of the organization is immediately divided into groups according to the desires of the individual members; that is to say, there are five divisions, or departments of the organization, and the members are privileged to affiliate themselves with any department they may desire. They enable every man to make some contribution to his city both of money and time and to put them both where they will do the most good.

The basis of a civic organization on this plan is that every man has two relations or interests in life — first his individual interest in his own immediate business; second, his

broader, or community interest. The first is thoroughly and entirely selfish; the second is as thoroughly unselfish.

Because a man may be a retail shoe merchant is no reason to presuppose that the entire interests of his existence are centered in footwear. It is only fair to him to suppose that he has a broader interest in life than the immediate affairs out of which he draws a living. For that reason, members of the Chamber of Commerce are asked to designate their affiliation with the various departments, not so much to advance their selfish interests as their unselfish interests. So that while a man may be in the retail business, his heart interest may be in philanthropy, in foreign trade, in new industries, or in civic betterment.

The work of the body and its principal activities will be at first handled in five departments.



MR. H. N. DAVIDSON
Secretary, Worcester Chamber of Commerce

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

JUNE

1913

Contents

	PAGE
BEAUTIFUL NEW ENGLAND	154
JAPAN IN AMERICA	159
THE NEW AGE IN LAWRENCE	160
GALES FERRY MARY LOUISE GRAY	163
FOLLY LEDGE ALICE SHEA	166
THE PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, ETHEL SYFORD	172
THE PROSPECT UNION GRACE AGNES THOMPSON	183
BOSTON IN THE PHILIPPINES	190
THE GUARDIAN — A SERIAL. CHAPTER XXV	191
THE VANISHING BIRDS NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH	194
THE EAST IN THE WEST	204

Entered at Boston Post Office as second-class matter. \$1.75 A YEAR. Foreign Postage seventy-five cents additional. 15 CENTS A NUMBER.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE COMPANY, *Publishers*
POPE BUILDING, 221 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

IN ORDER TO CORRECT AN ERROR OF LONG STANDING, WE ARE ADVANCING THE DATE OF PUBLICATION, AND BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, WE ARE ADVANCING THE DATE OF PUBLICATION OF THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE ONE MONTH. YOU MAY EXPECT, HEREAFTER, TO RECEIVE YOUR COPY ON THE FIRST INSTEAD OF THE LAST DAY OF THE MONTH. THE SERIAL NUMBERING WILL REMAIN UNCHANGED. TO COMPENSATE FOR THE APPARENT LOSS OF ONE NUMBER THUS CAUSED, WE ARE GIVING YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ONE MONTH'S ADDITIONAL DURATION ON OUR BOOKS. THIS EXPLAINS THE APPARENT OMISSION OF A FEBRUARY NUMBER.

Beautiful New England

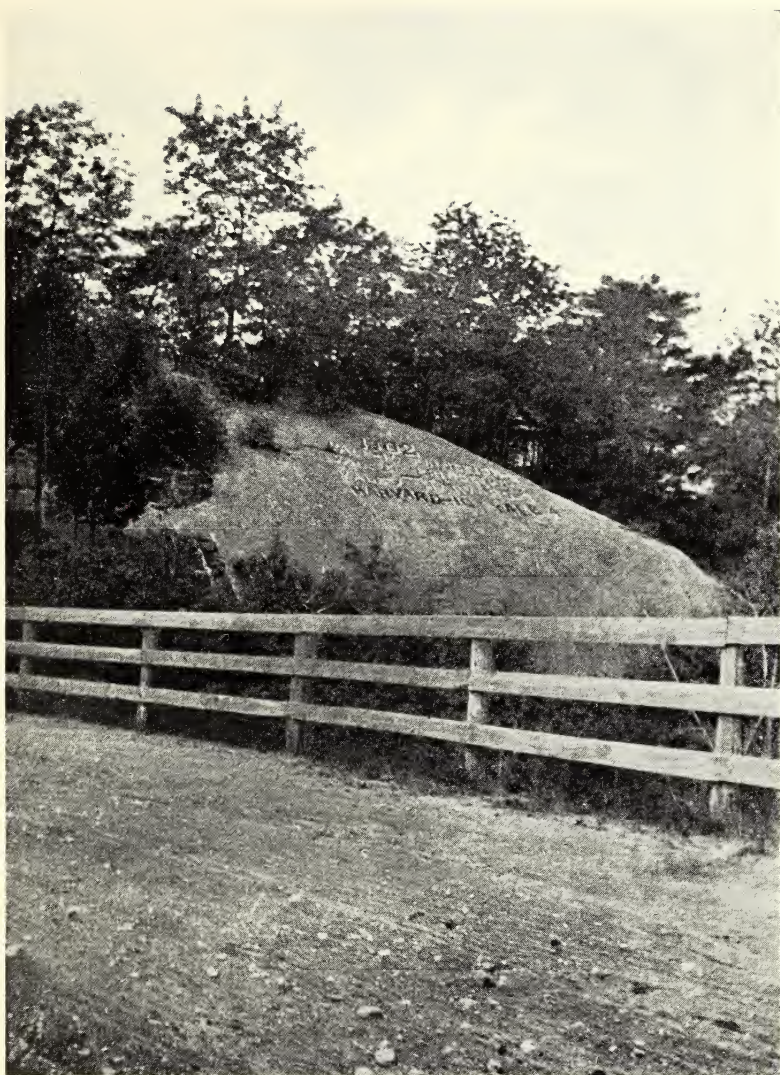
WHEREVER youthful prowess and athletic development is held in regard, the Thames River at New London, Connecticut, is known as the scene of the annual Yale-Harvard Regatta. We are picturing this month scenes about Gales Ferry, the Yale headquarters on the River. The rural sweetness and the simplicity of the appointments contrast so strongly with the lurid tales of collegiate extravagance with which the public is misled by the irresponsible sensational press of the country, that we are sure that many fathers and mothers will look upon these pictures with contentment and reassurance. It is good to know of the development of youthful vigor in the midst of scenes so simple and wholesome. Quiet and unmarked by any extraordinary feature, Gales Ferry is still characterized by that elusive charm that gives so unique an individuality to all New England.



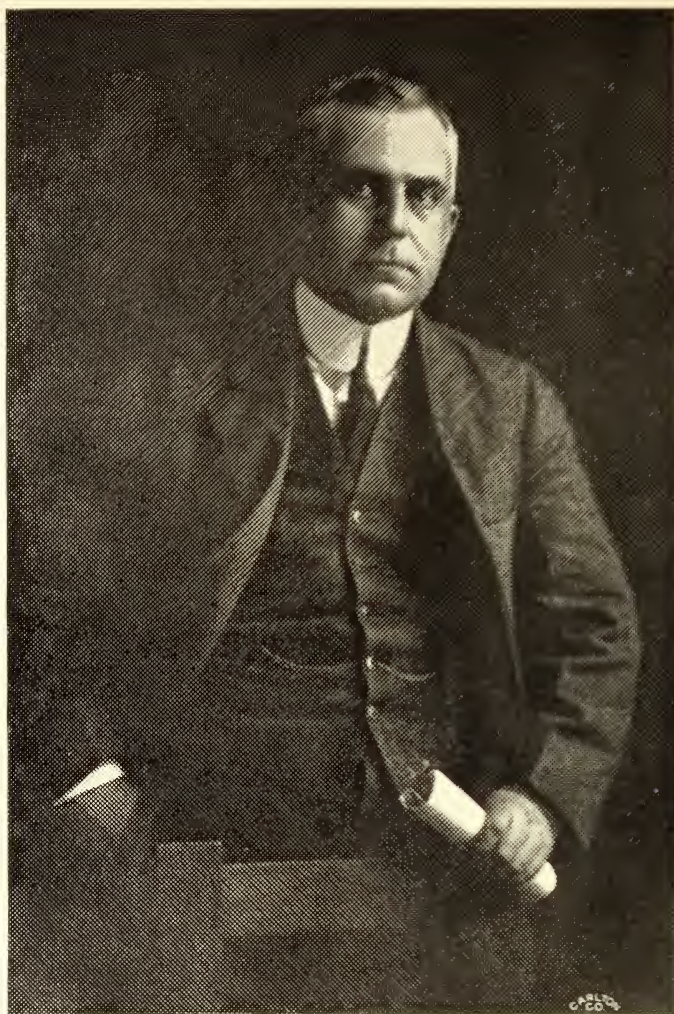
THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES



A BEND IN THE ROAD WHERE THE CREW EXERCISE.
ON EITHER SIDE ARE SWEET LOCUST TREES



THE ROCKY LEDGE BY THE ROAD
WHERE THE BASEBALL SCORE WAS KEPT



MR. WILLIAM McCOMB

"THE WEST IN THE EAST"

William McComb is widely known as a successful commercial organizer. It is through his instrumentality that such splendid results have been achieved in Worcester and Lawrence. Mr. McComb is from the West and brings the western commercial evangelism to New England.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIX

JUNE, 1913

NUMBER IV

JAPAN IN AMERICA

LAND-HOLDING in California is not the whole of the Japanese question. Something more than that is at stake in the negotiations now pending between this country and Japan, and although Japanese insistence should not be allowed to hurry our decision, we, on the other hand, should not evade the issue.

Japan is overpopulated. Her people are seeking an outlet. Wherever they find a foothold and encouragement they come in increasing numbers. It is no secret that their eyes are now looking across the Pacific. Our people are justified in feeling that the situation is serious. There are two views of the matter either of which is logical and consistent.

The first view is that the Japanese are an intelligent and thrifty people, and their presence will lower no standards and therefore can do no possible harm. If they are our inferiors, they can but occupy an inferior place. If they are our betters, we can only gain by their presence among us. They come to meet the fair competition of our own citizens, and we do but ill to maintain our supremacy on any other basis than that of superior merit in the face of any and all competition.

The second view is that the Japanese coming to this country in numbers will introduce a new race question.

We already have one, which is quite enough. There is no question of their superiority or inferiority at stake. It is simply a race issue, and much more easily settled before they come than when they represent a considerable percentage, perhaps a majority in some districts, of the population.

There is a third view, but it is weak and temporizing. It is merely that not a great number have yet come, and we are borrowing trouble. Perhaps not many ever will come. Let us wait and see, and in the meanwhile extend to them the same hospitality that we do to others.

This third view is unworthy of the dignity and strength of our nation. There is a very real question before us, and we ought to settle it.

The second view would seem to be that which must prevail. There is no question of friendliness to the Japanese, nor of respect for their many fine qualities. They are a sharply differentiated people. Inter-marriage with whites produces a race of inferior persons. But there can be no true assimilation without inter-marriage. Therefore they would remain among us as an alien people or amalgamate only to produce a race possessing none of the finer qualities of either—a mongrel and inferior type. To deliberately invite such a situation would be to invite the just resentment of posterity.

Nothing hinges on the question as to whether the Japanese are or are not Mongolians. It is a fact that they differ in essential racial characteristics from the whites. The physical qualities which they exhibit are as radically different as the moral. They may have their own high destiny, and in working it out we should befriend and aid them. But that destiny is not advanced by sullyng their racial purity. They should be the last people in the world to desire it. The soul that looks through almond eyes will not see just as the soul that sees through horizontal eyes—they may see better. Any claim of superiority on our part is not justified and is not

called for in order to justify us in a policy of discouraging immigration.

I believe that I am stating a conviction of the majority of thinking men in America, when I say that the American people do respect and admire the Japanese and desire friendly intercourse with them, but that we do not believe in the intermingling of the two races and desire to effectually discourage their immigration to this country for permanent residence.

In settling the questions pressed upon us by the Japanese government, we have a duty to perform that may require something of courage and firmness, but that ought not to be shirked.

THE NEW AGE IN LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE is an American city,—an American city in traditions and ideals. She has been a component part of the forces that make for America's greatness. Whether, in the past, she has achieved the highest planes possible in those things that tend for constructiveness in national greatness, is not the question, nor can it with justice be charged that if sometimes she has fallen short in her achievements that she has lacked our national standard.

Lawrence needs no apologist in her behalf. The record of her Americanism is clean and clear. She stands before the world upon her history, nor need her sons and daughters blush at its recounting. Those born of her mothers and bred in her atmosphere have gone abroad and contributed their part to the current events of their time. The names of her sons are enrolled among the law-makers and justices of the nation. She has contributed her part to the educational and artistic forces, not only of her own country, but of the world. No finer examples of sturdy industry and integrity of New England blood can be found than among those who with pride claimed Lawrence as their birthplace. In

art, in music, in law, in medicine, in governmental office, Lawrence's name represents the acme of human achievement as the birthplace of the brightest lights in the firmament of these activities.

Yet there are those who may have said that in the greatness of her age, when much honor should be heaped upon her head, she falls on evil days. But this is not true. Nor does she fail when she is called upon to refute the charge, for past and present she has filled her office as a representative American city,—staunch in her faith in herself and her faith in her people. Her record speaks for her in clarion tones, and vindicates her claims of prestige.

America in population is the most heterogeneous, and at the same time most homogeneous, of all nations. Her homogeneity is large, it is broad, it is permanent; her heterogeneity is small, it is narrow, it is pronounced, it is momentary. The heterogeneous mass of population pouring in on all sides from all the world is quickly absorbed and amalgamated, becoming part of the great nation that welcomes it.

There are times and places where

this influx of new raw material becomes so pronounced that it is prominent, and like any unusual condition anywhere becomes obvious and is spoken of. But the mere fact of its quantity and momentary prominence does not alter nor change the abiding laws in the chemistry of civilization that change the foreign into the common substance.

Lawrence, so far as she is a part of this nation, may be a melting-pot. Her condition may be spoken of as unusual, since by reason of economic and industrial conditions, she is receiving more and more of the raw material that goes to make the homogeneous whole known as American citizenship. Again, she may be getting by reason of these same conditions, a little more material that is peculiarly difficult to amalgamate because of racial traits or ancestral environment. These conditions peculiar to herself, and the character of the raw material that she receives may intensify the difficulties of her assimilating processes, and lengthen the time of their completion.

Time, in the formation of national character, and in the shaping of human souls to new standards, is a relative term. That which might seem long in the mind or life of the individual is but short in the history of a race or people.

All of this need not, nor does it, nor can it detract from the standards and ideals of Lawrence and her citizenship. Increasing difficulties and multiplying problems may sometimes have darkened her vision, but in the clear light of her reason she stands firm to her ideals and her true Americanism.

If, by the cast of Fortune, she is to be an instrument of use in absorbing from other peoples those who will tend to the greatness of this nation when they have become a part of it, she welcomes her task, and with courage and fortitude prepares herself for it. She stands with open arms to receive those who come to her and cast themselves into her keeping, and asks only that they live up to her

standards. She will take the children of the earth to her bosom as a mother, but as a mother she claims obedience to law and order in return for love and care. With the sternness of virtue she demands righteousness and she will give succor.

She will not tolerate those who would come to destroy, nor those who stand aloof and refuse to become a part of the progress and might of the nation, exemplifying her ideals. But those who will become imbued with American ideals and will live up to American traditions and will become a part of her and will help to solve her problems, — these she will make of herself.

This, in brief, represents Lawrence and the attitude of her awakened citizenship. So far as the influx of foreign population is concerned, she welcomes them if they will stand by and for law and order. If they will not, she will forcibly compel them to, if they remain with her. The people of Lawrence recognize their own industrial problems. They are not blind to the problems of labor. They have a clear understanding of the questions of capital. Her right-thinking citizens have joined hands to make themselves a helpful and constructive force in working out the problems of the employer and employed.

Lawrence recognizes that in the flux of affairs many problems will come to her, in the future even more than in the past. Her geography and locality, coupled with her wonderful water-power, have made of her a hive of industry. In the sixty-six years of her existence she has proven her stalwart worth and her ability to meet and overcome all difficulties. In her growing industrial might, she has solved the problems of industry as the years presented them. She has been at all times a stalwart New England city, giving her sons to her country's service, and adding the weight of her strength to her nation's greatness. And in the future, as in the past, will the city redeem that promise by her adherence to strict

Americanism and all that it entails.

The men of Lawrence recognize to-day that not only have they their industrial problems, but they have the working out of the part this city shall take in New England's future, and the part the city, section and nation shall play in the world's destiny. Realizing these things, the men of Lawrence are sanely undertaking to deal with the great problems of transportation, industry and commerce in a big way; for they know that production, transportation and commerce go hand in hand, and the perfection of one must be coupled with the completeness of all.

The men of Lawrence have created among themselves a strong, representative, central, civic, commercial and industrial body, the Lawrence Chamber of Commerce. It has been created on the basis of American traditions and American ideals. Its watchword is personal righteousness, righteousness civically, righteousness commercially, righteousness industrially. In the spirit of that watchword does it propose to deal with itself and with its citizens and with those in its midst who are citizens in the making.

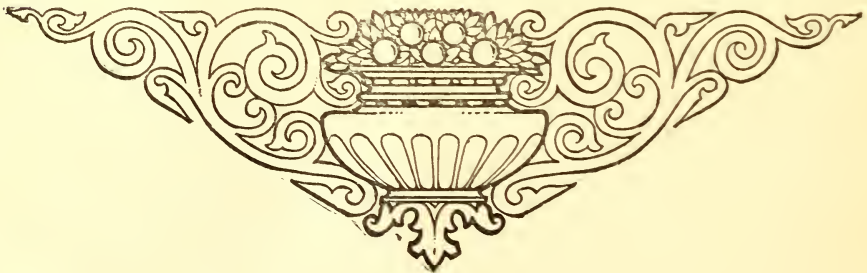
This organization and the men who are building it are creating a Lawrence idea, and that idea is the solution of

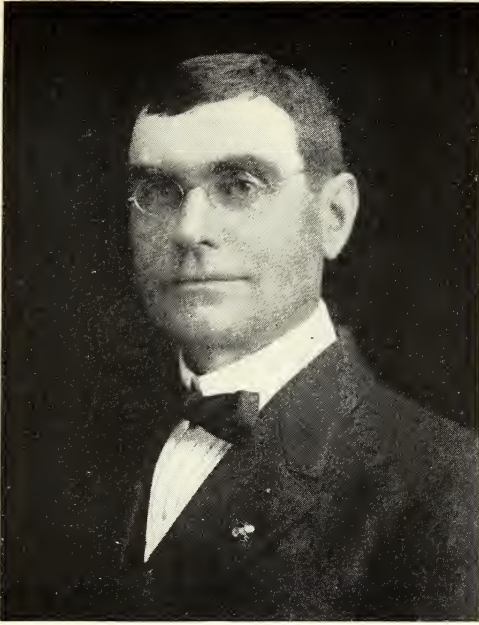
the problems not alone peculiar to themselves, but problems peculiar to all intensified industry. This idea is expressed in the single word "humanization" — humanizing industry — putting a little more sunlight, a little more happiness, a little more joy, and making a little fuller and a little more beautiful every human life, whether that of employer or employed.

The Lawrence Chamber of Commerce is being organized on the departmental plan under the direction of William McComb, the Civic Engineer of Chicago, and Mr. W. B. Moore of the same city, his associate.

This organization stands sternly on the basis of law and order in this community, the conservation of men as well as wealth, the humanizing of individuals, the conservative growth of the city along right lines, the diversification of industries, and the improvement of mercantile conditions, the proper relation of shipper to transportation interests, creating above everything else an improved environment by building a better home town.

An organization campaign under the direction of Mr. McComb and Mr. Moore has just been completed, giving Lawrence one of the strongest and most efficient organizations among the smaller cities of the United States.





HON. M. A. SCANLON
MAYOR OF LAWRENCE



FREDERICK U. CHANDLER, ESQ.
PRESIDENT LAWRENCE CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE

GALES FERRY

MARY LOUISE GRAY

UPON the Thames River is a little village almost unknown save for a short time each summer. During the few weeks the Yale crew live and practise there, Gales Ferry is the mecca of all interested in the Yale-Harvard race, then is forgotten again for another year.

Once this was a thriving little village, with a flourishing school. There was a wire ferry connecting it with the village and railroad across the river, operated by one Gale, for whom the place was named, but that has been gone for more than half a century. Nearly all the men who lived here were sea captains who owned their houses and small patches of land, while back on the hills lay prosperous farms. Now the farms are run down or deserted and few of the old names are to be found

among the owners. The sea captains, too, are all gone and their calling with them. Many of the old families have disappeared entirely and what remain are nearly all women with a few old men. There is practically nothing for a young man to do, so of course he has to seek his fortunes elsewhere.

Strange to say, when the place was more inaccessible more people lived here. Formerly the only way of reaching it was by train to Montville, on the west side of the river, then across by rowboat. Fourteen years ago the railroad was put through, connecting it with Norwich, eight miles north and with New London six miles south and many of the old places are now owned by summer residents. These places are closed the greater part of the year and during the winter there are less than



BROADVIEW — YALE VARSITY QUARTERS

fifty people living between the river and the church—and two-thirds of these are women.

For a few weeks in the summer the transients make the place quite gay. On the bluff between the river and the railroad track are about twenty-five small cottages owned by clerks and bookkeepers in the cities near by and the population gains greatly.

But it is in the few weeks before the big race that Gales Ferry is really on the map. Every train brings visitors, the street is lively with automobiles and many more come in launches. All interest is centered on the Yale crew and their quarters. On the bank of the river Thames stands what was once Broadview, owned by Captain Christopher Brown and the headquarters of Decatur in the year of 1812. It is now the Yale Varsity Quarters and has been enlarged and many improvements added in the past five years. Next to this are the Freshmen quarters and all the houses in the neighborhood are levied upon for rooms for the tutors

and visitors. Across from the post office is a little cottage called "The Ichabod," after some former owner. Here the Yale examinations for the crews used to be held before they owned their present quarters. Just back of the post office is a high ledge and here, one year, the Yale crews painted in flaming letters the scores of the Yale-Harvard baseball games. Twice a day the crews turn out for exercise, singly, in pairs and in squads, taking the stretch between the quarters and the church, a proceeding very interesting to strangers. Part of their way the road runs between sweet locust trees, and further along under the shadow of a high hill crowned with thick pines.

Across a very beautiful cove rises a hill commonly called Mount Decatur. Plenty of hills there are that are higher and far more celebrated, but none great or small, can be any lovelier than this one, spring and fall. In the spring, great masses of laurel cover the base and stretch up its slope wherever the rocks will give it room. In the fall,

its colors are gorgeous, toned by the dark green of its pines on the summit and the gray of its ledges. On the top are the remains of Decatur's fort and a few years ago the C. A. R. placed a tablet on a boulder marking one boundary line.

About half a mile beyond the church, on a road that is no longer used, is an abandoned cemetery. Many stones are sunken and so overgrown it is impossible to read them, but there are some Revolutionary stones in good condition yet and these the local D. A. R. have placed their

markers on. One of these bears the following unforgiving, vindictive inscription:

In Memory of
Mr. Rufus Hurlbut
Who fell in the bloody massacre
Committed by Benedict Arnold's troops
At Fort Griswold
Septber the 6th,
1781, in the 40th
Year of his age,
Reader consider how I fell
For liberty I bled.
Oh now repent ye sons of Hell
For the innocent blood ye shed.



THE YALE BOAT-HOUSE



"JOE, THERE IS A MAN OUTSIDE, CALLING FOR HELP"

FOLLY LEDGE

By ALICE SHEA

IN the Sunday twilight, between the rounds of a southwesterly storm, Joe Gotti was leading his bride to her home. They went at a pace suggesting Italian infantry, the bride in white and plumed like an officer, the kinsmen behind, two and two and two, each bearing something of the impedimenta of the honeymoon. One had a bright, new bag, and the others long boxes from the big stores. They were the fresh gowns of the trousseau. The friendly half light was no screen from the eager, expectant interest of the neighbors, Finns and Irish and Yankees. They found their view from the windows cut off by the fringe of locusts, and ran into the road for a better appraisal of Joe's bride.

The hurrying party was well started. Although a few followed, the intimate, hearty greetings of the family gave them the pang of the intruder, which arrested their steps if not their curi-

osity. They lingered, but a glimpse of Joe's bride was denied. She was with the Gottis.

Inside the house was great joy. Simple, hardy men they were. They had succeeded to the vigorous callings of early Yankees and Irish, who had gone out in a dory or had "walloped" stone in the quarries. They were gathered for the *festa*. Their leisure was spent for the most part listening to Italian opera, thanks to Signor Edison for his miraculous horn. The women were very beautiful as they welcomed Joe's bride in a way that Joe had fondly desired. She, poor lady, could only respond with tears.

They seated her at the generously laid table. With the *antipasto* all ate and talked in their hearty manner, and listened to Caruso and to Bonci and Tetrzzini, and the slogan of the canals of Venice and the Neapolitan race-courses.

Old Georgio must tell the bride —

the others were tired of hearing of it — of the night that Caruso first sang in Florence.

"It was celestial," mused Georgio. "We all went into the Square of Vittorio Immanuele and looked up at the sky and thanked Heaven for the new star that had risen in Italy."

"*Peperoni incolata*," breathed Mother Testa, as Tina Romaneghli came in from the kitchen bearing a white platter of green peppers stuffed with little salty herring, caught in Ipswich Bay. Lena was serving onion soup, putting a piece of browned toast, covered with bits of veal and besprinkled with Parmesan cheese, in the bottom of each soup-plate. Fumes were rising from the *Gnocchi Doro*, that golden food of the gods, first made by the chef of Lucullus or whoever managed the Olympic dinners. They were all as merry as children over the *dolce*, in the making of which twenty of Testa's eggs had been beaten to a pale custard. It was an enormous pasty fully twenty inches across, a toothsome sweet. Children long for it at Christmas time, Easter Sunday and wedding feasts. There were the heartiest congratulations for Tina Romaneghli and for Lena, too, for the splendid dinner, wonderful cooking in this land of scrod and chowder.

"Let's go in and see the house," said Joe, who did not see why all these people did not go home and leave him alone with Maria. They were far from thinking of Joe's comfort, however. For several days the local express had been carrying goods to that house next door. They were all eager to look it over, and they started to rise with approving shouts.

"The bride must be the first to enter," Georgio was suggesting, when a series of sharp knocks having the intensity of pistol shots sounded cruelly above the din of voices and the scraping of chairs.

To end the silence, Joe shouted, "Come in, come in."

The door flew open. There stood a little, agitated figure. Joe recognized her as Miss Kay, a school-teacher from

Cleveland. He had often chatted with her in The Cove, man-fashion, about impersonal things, presidential candidates, the struggles in the town going on between the Finnish Lutherans and the Finnish Socialists, wages and working conditions in the quarries. As Joe saw Miss Kay in the door-frame, wrapped in a long-hooded cloak that enfolded her figure, head and all, he remembered in a flash all these conversations. Joe liked Miss Kay. She wasn't like that artist friend of hers. Joe read the papers. Miss Kay wasn't like those women who tried to blow up Parliament and destroy dukes. Her eyes were set in dark frames, and they were full of tenderness. She always stopped in The Cove to play with the *bambini*. Before he could address her courteously, she gasped:

"Joe, there's a man outside crying for help. Will you put off in your motor boat and save him?"

"*Madre di Dio*," murmured Maria.

Joe's impulse was to go. He was as brave as the lion-hearted Butcher, hero of a hundred rescues, but after glancing at his wondering bride, he replied, "I have only a little gas, Miss Kay. I wouldn't last any time. Why don't you try Frank Ames?"

"How can you shift your responsibility in such a time? Joe, come to the door and you can hear the poor fellow's shrieks."

Either the wind had stiffened from the southwest, or the poor man was quiet forever,—they heard nothing.

"I am going out in a dory, myself. I am ashamed of you," the little woman pleaded.

The sex in Joe leaped to strong life. A woman ashamed of him, and before Maria? Never. Joy had departed from the *festa*. The women proved long-suffering and the men brave. The thought was present to them all that in the midst of so much life there might be death. They could understand the horror of it only by imagining themselves out in the cold water and the unfriendly darkness, clinging to some bit of a boat. Joe, without a

good-bye, save to reassure his bride, broke for The Cove, hatless and in his wedding garments.

It was raining in spits and spats. On the top of the breakwater stood a little band discernible in a lantern's light, seemingly as high as a star. On the pier waited Miss Kay, in nervous conversation with Dudley, the tardy police officer, whom she was sending to the drug store to telephone for the Gloucester life-savers. Joe spoke to neither of them, but with Silas Diaz for a mate, he was soon under way through the gap in the breakwater into the open sea, which looked rather a closed sea for the darkness and the rain. Fortunately they found oilskins in the boat. On the ramparts some of the band could be made out by the lantern's light, Charlie Cunningham, Herbert Lane and Albert Wells.

Cunningham shouted, "The cry came from the ledge, but we haven't heard it in five minutes."

This reply angered Joe. With Maria at home waiting, he was not trying for a monopoly of glory.

"Why didn't you take a dory, and go after him yourself?" he cried.

"There wasn't an oar in The Cove."

"I think I'd have taken a chance and broken into one of the fish-houses," Joe snapped back.

With the cruelty of boyhood that survives in some form in every man, the little group laughed. Joe was fortunately out of hearing. It was well known that Joe's worst grievance was that he could not get a hold on any shares in the Breakwater Company which would give him the use of one of the fish-houses. The massive wall that held back the battering sea had been built by early settlers, who were fast growing old and bent. There were no young men to take their places, the usual condition in country towns of New England, but they hated to sell to a "ginney." Instead, shares were quietly slipping into the hands of Dr. Gammon for services rendered, while the old men pattered over seines and nets and lobster-pots, neighboring in the doorways of the

gray fish-houses facing The Cove zigzag-fashion, sometimes sunning themselves on the weathered bleachers, on the twenty-two foot lots across the road that every fisherman possessed from the early days when he used to cure cod.

Joe cast out hatred and envy as his boat sped along. Fish-house or no fish-house, he would take the place of the brave Butcher, the life-saver, and Maria would look at him with pride. Was not that enough for any man?

Silas Diaz crouched in the bow as the boat nosed into the sullen sea, every fourth or fifth wave washing the stern, drenching the two men by turns. Joe's fathers had been sailors. Some said that they had been pirates, at home from Genoa to the Bay of Messina. It was a tradition that they had the key to a safe passage between Scylla and Charybdis. They used to withdraw to family life up in the hills back of Florence when not sailing. The Diazs had sailed the Spanish main, Silas's grandfather landing on Cape Ann in shipwreck. The spirits of the two men rose to something primal, to pre-natal instincts that spurned fear as they cut through the ugly black water that would have terrified any land-hearted man.

"Where did the cry come from?"

Joe called.

"The Ledge — over by The Folly," returned Lane.

Joe pointed her for the veiled ledge. A lantern here and there identified the groups on shore, one at Steer's Porch, another at Bridey's Pocket. Like a wild duck, the boat flew straight ahead, the straining motor making the lantern in the bow jerk with rhythmic regularity.

"I never knew Joe could go so fast," said Herbert Lane.

The nervous movings of the lanterns betrayed the charged feelings of the helpless spectators. Some hallooed, to serve notice on whoever it might be out there in the darkness, that his kind was still thinking of him and please to hold on to life until help came.

Others were speechless. It seemed so futile to attempt to send any ray of hope into all that waste.

The boat light was now motionless. Joe and Silas Diaz were calling, but no answer reached the obsessed watchers on the shore. The light moved on, and it was suddenly lost behind the Folly Ledge. What could have happened? It reappeared, a cynosure on that starless night, this time at maximum speed.

"He's got him," yelled Cunningham, "or he wouldn't come so fast, and he's beaten the life-savers from Gloucester."

"P'raps the life-boat can't get through the low water," Herbert Lane observed.

"Oh, pshaw, they could get through all right, jes' by goin' easy. She ought to be here by now," Cunningham speculated.

Joe was now at full stop just off Bridey's Pocket, calling for a dory. Their gasoline supply had become exhausted. The body of a man lay motionless in the bottom of the boat. As nearly as he could make out, it was an Italian, not a fisherman, and not a man from the south of Italy. He was long and dark and graceful, probably a Florentine. Surely he knew little of boats or the sea, or the Gloucester shore on such a wild night. What might have brought him there?

From their height on the breakwater, the watchers could see the searchlight of the life-boat sweeping the bay.

"Here she is,—keep off 'til the life-boat comes," shouted Wells.

At last Joe saw her rounding Annisquam Light, making bright the dark vastness of the water, mistress of the sea. On she came like the beautiful day, her mile-long shaft of light stabbing the darkness to death. It rested humanly on Joe's motor boat, and it seemed to draw it towards her as a magnet draws a pin. The hearts of the watchers were rising. They could hear the hail of the lookout, made big and strong through a megaphone, making Joe's unassisted call

sound weak. Those on shore could see the expert boatmen, as soon as they became aware of Joe's plight, draw alongside the smaller craft and skilfully remove what appeared to be the helpless body of a man.

"They're goin' to work over him 'board their own boat, where there's a plenty of room," Cunningham explained.

They had Joe's boat in tow, and they were coming slowly towards the gap in the breakwater. It was too gripping. As the merest spectators at a tragedy, summer visitors, outstaying the season for a little more quietness and relaxation, were thrilled to the marrow.

Into the gap came the life-boat with her convoy, to be enfiladed with eager inquiries.

"Who is he?"

"Is he alive?"

"Where did you get him?"—all talking at once.

"He's alive," answered the stalwart lookout. "Some one's got ter take him for the night," he continued.

"He's one of us, and he's coming with us," cried Joe Gotti.

A cheer went up that must have pierced the black night to the invisible stars. Joe was heedless; eyes, ears and heart he yearned for Maria, waiting on the pier. How she hated the wicked sea that had separated them so fearfully! As for Joe, just the sight of her and the sound of her voice. There she was—God bless her—with his greatcoat about her wedding gown, the only woman in the world who could make him love life.

Neatly they warped into the pier. Joe had sprung ashore the last yard of distance. Maria in his arms, he was comforted. So selfish is happiness that they forgot the poor, quiet figure stretched along the granite landing place, a lantern at his head and the pitying crowd all about him.

"Joe," old Georgio startled them, "I'm going to give him your old room."

"Sure," shouted Joe.

He and Maria moved over to the body, Joe bending low to listen to

the heart beat. Maria, in the white shadow of a great block of granite, was caught into immediate and friendly embrace by Tina Romaneghli.

"He'll come 'round all right," Joe was saying. "Just a little rest, that's all."

Was not the man saved, and were they not all ashore? To Joe it was all over, but Tina Romaneghli felt the bride tremble. She heard her whisper in a breathless voice,

"My brother, he's my brother Roberto."

Had not her husband caught her, she would surely have fallen. It was a night of unusual happenings, and he gave himself as simply to the task of comforting Maria as he had to the work of the rescue. The unconscious man was the only one who did not add to the ensuing confusion, questions, exclamations, prayers, and wondering.

"She said her brother Roberto; kind Heaven, who ever heard of her brother?" wheezed Mother Testa, rolling this bit of gossip under her tongue.

"Well," old Georgio fairly bellowed, raging that the Gottis' family affairs should furnish a subject for public talk, "who's got a better right to her husband's old bed? Come, Joe, we'll carry him up to the house."

They ignored the onlookers and between them they managed to get the still man up the street and into the little attic bedroom. Father and son scorned the help of the women downstairs, but Maria slipped in. She gazed dumfounded at her brother, the unconscious Roberto.

"Is he your brother?" at last old Georgio demanded sternly.

"Si, si," wailed Maria, thoroughly terrified.

"Hm," grunted the old man. "He's come to the wedding all right."

They worked over him grimly for a long time, rubbing warm oil into his cold body, rolling him in blankets, slapping and chafing his hands and feet, and pouring the hot punch from the *festa* down his throat. After all this care, he simply had to recover. Old Georgio forbade Maria to appear.

Finally, he ordered the young couple out of the house and watched them go up the road and into their own new home, waiting until he saw an upper window show a light.

"God be kind to them," he murmured. It was still dark and blowing hard, no stars or moon. In the Cape Ann chill, the old man shut his eyes and saw a small house up in the hills of Fiesole, where the moon was wrapping the grove of purpling olive trees in a white mantle. Was it more than yesterday since he had taken Joe's mother home?

"Ah, well, *Dio mio*, what a night."

He sighed as he went indoors. All the wedding guests were gone. Although the rescued man was breathing painfully, he was in a deep sleep. Ipswich Bay had been fairly cheated of one more victim whose bones would not whiten on its dreary bottom.

Next morning Roberto was sitting in the full glare of the September sun, wrapped in blankets, on Gotti's back porch, overlooking the treacherous sea, now a dancing, innocent blue. He was still cold.

"It was the night that I put on the films of the wandering Ulysses," he began, trying to tell Joe and his father the beginning of the story. "It took two years to get them ready in Milano," he continued proudly. "You know all kinds of people come to Lawrence," he explained, while for the moment his thoughts dwelt on that troublous place that beckons the children of southern Europe but to betray them to the sodden life of the mills, the mecca for agitators, adventurers and the idly curious who enjoy looking on at fierce aspects of life.

"Well, when Ulysses is in the shipwreck, and the storm is all about him, my new friends are enchanted. They come again and again to see the show, and they invite me to go fishing with them and see the real pictures in Ipswich Bay."

Roberto covered his face with his hands and wept. "Poor fellers," he said. "I hope we hear from them to-day."

The three men looked across the bay and were silent.

It seems it was in the variegated audience that he found in his moving picture theater in Lawrence that Roberto had made friends with the Italian trawlers. They are the daring men who form their luggers into small squadrons for night fishing in Ipswich Bay, where they catch the fish that swarm at the mouth of the Essex and Ipswich Rivers, where the sea and the winds are so uncertain that regular fishing hamlets have never sprung up on the near-by sandy shores of Wingaesheek. Their squat boats, broad and deep, are the diminutives of the Galway luggers that carried so much mackerel in the eighties and nineties to the Irish canneries. Swinging lanterns fore and aft, they are oftentimes seen at night lying across the bay, a bright serpent on the face of the waters, for the admiration of the landsmen, vying with the reflection of Scorpio from a summer sky.

Roberto took up the thread of his story.

"I go with them on Sunday. It is fine day, blue sea, and a clear fair sky, but they say the wind it shift when the sun goes down and night came in as black as melancholy. I have no counsel. I submit to my friends."

He could not tell how it had happened. There was *chianti* in the cabin. In no time they were up the bay and lost to the boats of the other trawlers, who were making for the Squam River, trying to get to Gloucester. In a fierce blow, their gas all gone, they had capsized. Roberto had hung on desperately to the tender. The last he saw of his companions they were being borne away from him out to sea.

"Over towards Newburyport, God pity them," murmured old Georgio.

Filled with terror, Roberto had kept up a piercing cry for help. He never will forget the moment he saw Joe Gotti's light and heard the unmuffled motor. The great white way of the life-boat was nothing compared with the little yellow lantern that came so swiftly and steadily, bringing him the warm grasp of a human hand.

Wonderful weather followed. Roberto was loath to go back to Lawrence, but the pictures needed his guiding presence. Maria was proud of her brother, so wonderfully returned into her life. She had not seen him since their mother's death, when they had taken continuously diverging paths. They called him a smart man down in The Cove, where he made many new friends. Mother Testa wagers he won't be long in returning to Lanesville if she is any judge of such things. As for Tina Romaneghli, she will never forget the Gotti wedding *fiesta*, when they brought in that beautiful young man, oh, so cold and white!

Old Georgio is always going to keep this news item, cut from the Gloucester *Chronicle*:

GLoucester, MASS., Sept., 13.—The band of Italian trawlers who have been fishing near the Essex River have not recovered their two companions who were out with them last Sunday night. It will be remembered that Roberto da Pesa, their guest, the owner of a moving picture show in Lawrence, was gallantly rescued by Joe Gotti of Lanesville, proving to be his wife's long-unheard-from brother. Gloucester is proud of the brave men who snatch others from death at sea, and she regrets if she must at such a time mourn the loss of two more fishermen in a salt grave.

They say that Dr. Gammon and Joe Gotti are dickering over the sale of ten shares of the Breakwater Company, which carries with it the rights to old Morgan's fish-house.

THE PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND

By ETHEL SYFORD

THE successful education of the blind at Perkins Institution is not so much a matter of method as of the mental attitude of the school toward its work. It is the kindness of unsentimentality bearing fruit, common sense crystalizing in definite accomplishment, the spirit of its founder, a prophet among men, perpetuated in those upon whom his mantle has fallen. The graduates of Perkins Institution become not wards of the state but citizens, not because they have been taught some trick or useful handicraft, but because of the spirit of self-reliance, the character, that has been infused into them. At Perkins Institution education and character-building are synonymous terms.

The noble and truly monumental group of buildings, recently completed at Watertown, house something beside a few hundred pupils and a teaching staff; within them lives a great ideal, beneficent, far-reaching, leavening.

"Obstacles are things to be overcome," is the motto given by Dr. Howe to the Perkins Institution for the Blind. The foremost and oldest institution of its kind in the country, the Perkins Institution for the Blind, is an historic name to almost every one. But to how many is it a definitely significant name. Here is an institution of which unique things are true. Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who laid its foundation work as to policy, made that policy a far-reaching one, a policy which to-day is as timely and as important as it is traditional. To develop the individual, to make him an efficient individual in spite of his handicap, to train him in so far as is possible, without reference to his handicap, — this was the policy initiated by Dr. Howe, earnestly carried on by Mr.

Anagnos, and continued and broadened by the present director, Mr. Edward Ellis Allen. What other institution in the country can lay claim to a practically continuous policy for over three-quarters of a century? He who thinks of Perkins as a plant which houses and cares for the blind and which incidentally teaches them a trade, is far from the truth.

Like the tower of some old minster, the central architectural feature of the new group rises above the surrounding verdure, at once a land-mark and a message — a message of goodwill, an invitation to the high possibilities of life and an inspiration to spiritual accomplishment and achievement.

On a wide and gentle curve of the Charles, not far above the meadows loved by Longfellow and the Arsenal, which is the subject of one of his best-known poems, where the river yields its course to the firm soil of a sloping highland, a site formerly known as the Stickney estate, has been selected and developed with great skill by the architect, R. Clipston Sturgis.

The style is a late English Gothic, a Gothic softened by domestication, simple but not severe, not devoid of ornament, but never tending toward the over-decorated styles. Save for the great, gray concrete tower, the buildings are low-eaved, constructed principally of brick laid in English bond and very pleasing against the green background of lawns and trees.

As a ground plan arrangement, the English close system has been followed, the buildings for each department being grouped about a formal quadrangle. There is an expression of purpose, of deliberation, of sound workmanship and solidity of construc-



THE MAIN BUILDING, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL TOWER

tion everywhere, and this is no doubt the source of the restful atmosphere of the place.

Incidentally, one cannot but note the interesting possibilities for the upper bank of the Charles from Boston to Watertown suggested by the approaching construction of the Institute of Technology buildings and the completion of this interesting group.

The Institution represents two schools, the lower, generally known as the kindergarten — to which blind children past the stage of helpless

infancy are admitted, — and the upper school, which was for many years in South Boston. The kindergarten for the blind has always had the larger endowment and it would not have been possible from the comparatively insufficient funds of the upper school to have built so adequately had it not been possible for the kindergarten to share both the expense of first cost and of maintenance of the new plant, as it should justly assume. When a pupil in the kindergarten has arrived at the sixth grade he is transferred to the

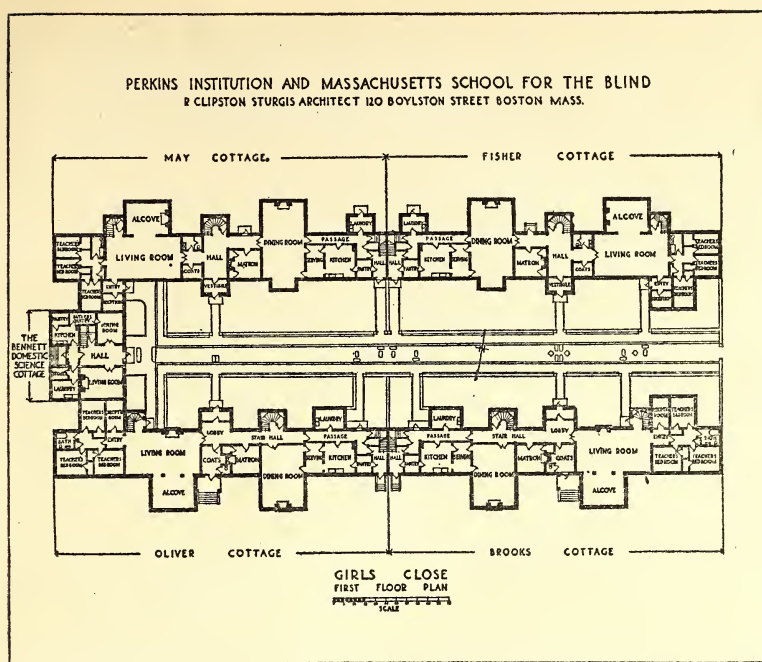


THE CLOISTER OF THE KINDERGARTEN

upper school. On the new grounds the lower and upper schools are each complete and independent, except for a common tunnel connection with the power house and service building. The lower school consists of two kindergartens and two primary schools and is divided into four independent families, each with its own matron and teachers, dining-room, kitchen, play cloisters, etc., and its own class-rooms attached, all under one roof and enclosing a great court. The central building of the entire group is the main building of the upper school. The remarkable

Cathedral Tower, which alleviates what might otherwise be the monotony of the extent of the buildings, rises one hundred and eighty feet out of the center of this main building. This tower can be seen for miles around and a beautiful peal of English bells in the belfry rings gladness and beauty into the hearts of those who live there and those who hear it from afar.

The architectural style of the buildings is Tudor Gothic. They are fire-proof, low and narrow, but relieved with gables and bays affording the maximum of light and air. Practically



all living and sleeping rooms are given southern exposure. The buildings are of brick with a slate roof. The plan, the exterior and interior of the buildings is wholesomely simple yet of much beauty as to lines and coloring. Cartouches, significant in the history of the blind, are introduced in spots. The main building is constructed about two hollow squares, forming a girls' and a boys' quadrangle. The north and south axis building, common to the courts, is a museum of teaching objects. In this axis are also an assembly room and a swimming pool, and south of the assembly room, and with its roof on a level with the assembly room floor is the gymnasium, built of concrete and fully equipped and having a roof skating rink. There is a great hall which will seat about four hundred persons. It is the only section of the whole group of buildings provided with a wooden floor, so that it may be used for dancing. This great hall is used for public entertainment, for dramatics and for dancing. In this same main building is a large library, rooms for an ample music

library, for music teaching and practice and for piano tuning, and all the needed class-rooms for the girls' school and boys' school and for their manual training. The administration offices are also in this building.

The girls' "close" of cottages is on one side of the main building and the boys' close on the other. In each case the cottages are under one roof and make three sides of a rectangular "close" 270 by 60 feet. Down its center runs a 20-foot brick walk connecting with the main building. A cottage family is a unit and consists of a matron, four teachers, a helper who cooks, half the time of a second helper and twenty girls or boys of grammar and high school age. The house is complete with kitchen, dining-room, living-room, shower-bathrooms, etc., no dormitory, but the small room plan, every one having a sunny exposure. The buildings are planned so that they may be readily kept in order, as far as possible by the pupils themselves, the example being set by teachers and officers, all of whom personally care for their own rooms.

The floors are mainly battleship linoleum, cemented down. The windows are outward-opening casements so that they may be open during rain. The two groups of the upper school are housed in nine cottages, the boys' "close" comprising four families, the girls' close consisting of four families and the model domestic science house. This arrangement does much to eliminate the "institution" aspect; rather does one think of a little community of families living together in harmony.

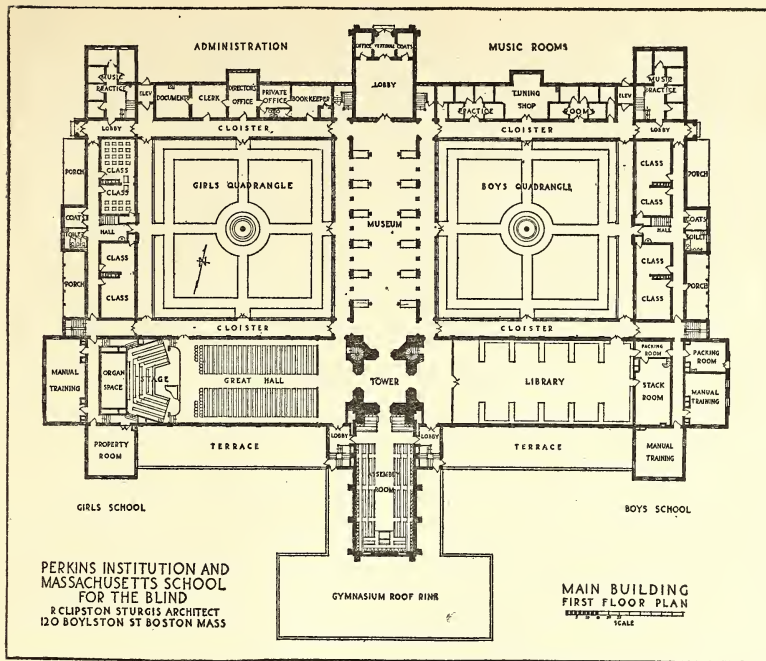
The isolated buildings are: a little hospital, containing four separate suits, each with its kitchenette; also dentist's and oculist's rooms; a power house and service building; boiler, generating and refrigerating rooms, storerooms, bakery, laundry; kitchen, dining-room, and quarters for ten men; rooms for the Howe Memorial Press; directors' private residence.

The grounds are extensive and well planted with trees, not only fine shade trees, chiefly elms, lindens and horse-chestnuts, but also considerable orchards of pear and apple. Half of the grounds is devoted to the boys' playing field and half to the girls'.

Perkins Institution does not exist to wait upon, to care for the blind. It exists to make a certain portion of the young people who grow up to be helpful and to be able to care for themselves and for others. The young people to whom Perkins administers are those classified as *blind*. In order that we may understand from the outset all of the force of the policy and intent of the school, let us clearly realize the problem. Blind children are not mentally deficient or physically deficient children. Why, then, expect or allow them to become inefficient and helpless members of society? Mr. Allen has referred to them as seeing people in the dark. To start with, a child who is merely blind has as much mentality as any other child. The average home is not only of no real help to a blind child but, in many cases, ruinous to the child because it too often persists in regarding the child as incapable and helpless. The

blind child then gradually *vegetates*, mentally, and becomes a stagnated body, helpless and morose. To modify this by merely teaching him a trade is to give him *something* to do, but that does not solve the difficulty as he would still be an undeveloped mentality. It is thus easy to see the far-reaching force of the policy which Dr. Howe initiated. To quote Mr. Allen, "He believed the blind pupil should be trained as nearly like his seeing brother as possible, and that then, like that brother, he should be put out equipped to make his way in open competition, and that, like him, he should become a citizen, sharing the privileges and responsibilities of that estate. This was his conception of duty to the blind and to the community."

But in this effort to make of the blind efficient citizens what facts need to be considered? The blind are naturally less vigorous than other people and have less vitality. This means that they must be developed and energized physically, and so from the first physical training has been an important feature of every day. Again, since the pupils of the upper school are adolescent it is wise, for economic and for eugenic reasons, to educate the boys and girls strictly apart at all times. This prevents the possibility of attachments and of inter-marriage which may mean beggars. Instead they are taught that they need *windows* to the house — a pair of eyes — and to some of the graduates of Perkins has such opportunity come, and whenever such has been the case they have more than proven themselves worthy and efficient helpmeets. To consider the problem further, most of these blind children come from humble homes, from homes where every member of the household needs must bear his share of the burden. It is to these homes that they will return and they can not afford to be unable to bear part of the burden. The policy, then, which Perkins had in its nucleus, Mr. Allen has enlarged upon. In order to make more helpful individuals, in order to



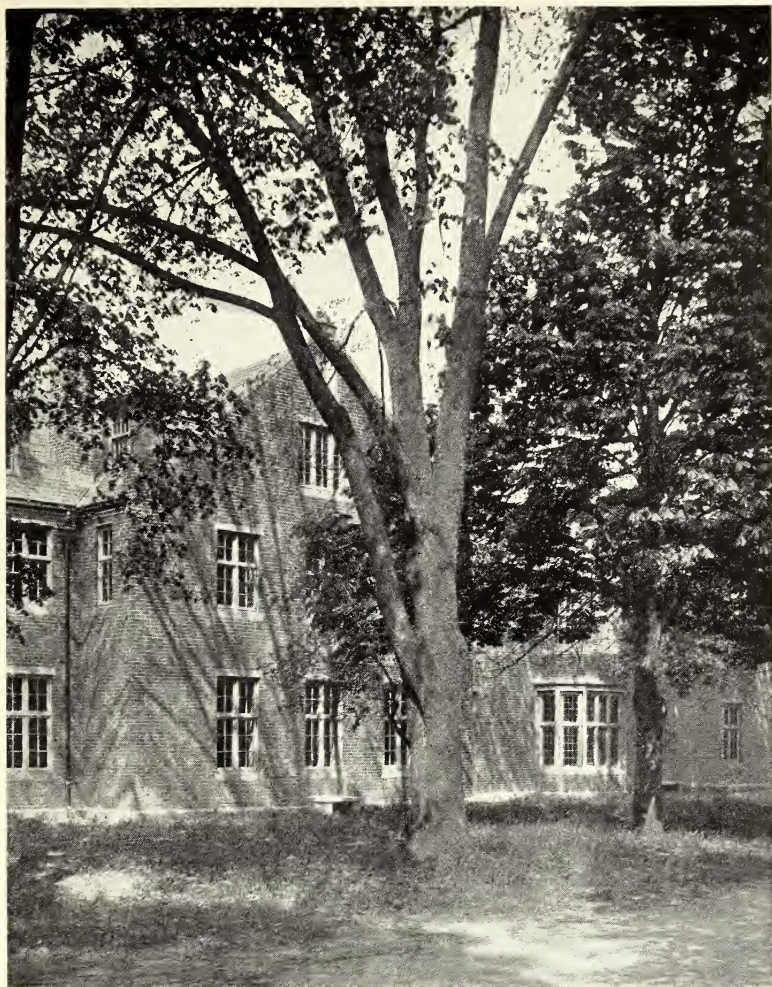
make them happier, better prepared for what they will need to know how to do, and in order to make them welcomed members of the household to which they will return, they live here at Perkins a life of service, each one a helping and a responsible member of an inter-dependent household. In order that they do not acquire the notion that to be educated means to be exempt from ordinary duty, these little households are little democracies where *everyone* does his share. The teachers care for their own rooms and share in the housework. The teachers in the boys' department help cut the wood with the boys, mow the lawn or do any necessary task, and since the school has been in the new buildings the boys are taking a more active share in their households. They wait on the tables and clear away and wash their dishes with willing hands and happy hearts. This contributory effort is entered into by all alike, by boys, by girls, by teachers and house-mothers. Thus, then, the policy of Perkins now is, not to instruct but to

educate, not to prepare for life but to bring into their every-day life at Perkins the work-a-day duties which they will need to know when they go back to their homes, — to make this going back a transition and not a shock, to enable them to bear back to their homes not only efficiency but some degree of culture — and to hear the papers read by loyal alumnæ the other day at the dedicatory exercises of Bennett Cottage was to realize that out from Perkins go ready-to-work hands and happy hearts and no small degree of real culture. Bennett Cottage is the domestic science cottage, which makes the third side of the girls' rectangular close. Here, for periods of three months at a time, four girls at a time live with the domestic science teacher and conduct all of the work of a household, including the preparation of their meals. This enables every girl to have an opportunity for practice in doing the duties which every one of them as a woman will need to know. The four girls are chosen in turn from the advanced

girls, and they are eager for the opportunity to come to them. Thus every pupil is obliged to have constant physical training, to contribute his share to the labor required in the cottage in which he lives and to learn the many things which are taught them in the manual training department, — to sew, to knit, to seat chairs, to do sloyd and carpenter work, to make mattresses, to tune pianos. But it is not upon specialization that the stress is laid. The *effort* is to normalize the student, to make him become all he can become *in spite of* his blindness rather than to work him into an obvious pigeon-hole. A general education, a cultural education is emphasized. Then gradually, as the natural bent of the pupil becomes more and more evident, he is allowed to begin more and more to specialize. It was recently arranged that a girl who has proven herself fitted for it, might pursue the study of harmony as an equivalent for mathematics if she were desirous of so doing. The advantages for music study at Perkins are superior to those to be found in most schools and the quality of work produced is only equalled in a conservatory or school where music is the chief aim. The chorus work is excellent and each year some notable work is given. The addition of a normal class of advanced pupils in piano was instituted with a practical idea in mind. When, as graduates, they leave the school they will teach *seeing* pupils, hence it was advisable that they should learn how to teach the seeing. Consequently children from the neighborhood are invited in at a small fee and they form the laboratory. Music is an important feature of the life at Perkins. For those who have a good ear, piano tuning is an excellent occupation, for others who have the ability, the various forms of music instruction are open according as they have aptitude for it. For thirty years the school has had the contract to tune the pianos in the public schools of Boston. They now also hold the contract for tuning in the public schools of Malden and

in Worcester, and they are always eager to find more work and new fields. From outside contributions each year the pupils are enabled to hear some few concerts and recitals, and could the real joy of these blind listeners be known, I am sure the opportunities for these eager young folk to hear good music would be doubled. This year it was made possible to take the whole choir to hear the Cecilia Society give *Hiawatha's Departure*, and their interest was intense because they themselves had given the same work most excellently. There are several reasons for the superior quality of the work in music done at Perkins; the chorus rehearses daily throughout the year, thus the progress is steady and sure. Gradually but unfailingly they work toward their goal, — the yearly concert. Not a small force is the painstaking instruction which is given them. Patiently they are taught to master one hand at a time at the piano. By the time they have learned a piano composition they *know* every note and chord; they have *mentalized* the make-up of the composition, and that is a far cry from the chancing-by-ear through a composition as does a great per cent of pupils. This means not only learning a piece of music: it means brain-training, it means development in concentration, in application and in inner-sight. Perkins Institution for the Blind is doing a great work for the community at large by the stress which is laid upon music here and by realizing its great power for creating happiness and its inestimable power for intellectual development and for developing those qualities of character which make for a rigidly trained brain capable of definite control and of consecutive concentration, for these are qualities which serve one well in any walk of life. Too much cannot be said of the effort which is made to make music a vital cultural force in the lives of these young people or of the ideal for which they are encouraged and helped to strive.

A scholar's day at this school is a



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING FROM THE LAWN

busy one. A bell sounds at six in the morning. After a shower-bath and dressing, the pupils prepare the tables, and fifty minutes later finds the nine family groups seated at breakfast. The tables must then be cleared and the dishes washed, beds made, etc., by the pupils, and at eight o'clock all connected with the institution assemble in the chapel for the morning service. An inspirational service, it might well be called. An anthem is sung by the choir and later a simpler work in which all take part. There is Bible reading and all present recite the Lord's prayer. Mr. Allen, the director, then talks to them about

something which he feels will help them to start the day with courage; sometimes it is poetry, sometimes about a man or woman whose life has been a force for good and for achievement, sometimes about the recent commendable achievement of some blind scholar who has met with distinction in the world to which he has gone out from Perkins or elsewhere. This whole morning service lasts about twenty minutes and it would be helpful in the life of *any* group of students. To these particular students it means much; it is the leaven of the day's work, a joining together in good endeavor. Mr. Allen

does not believe in using this as an occasion for discipline. If that becomes necessary, the school is assembled at another hour.

From the assembly the pupils go out to their various classes to be busy until the twelve o'clock bells send them to their cottages to have their dinner at 12.15. After the meal they clear away the tables, wash the dishes and do their various duties about the house, after which they go out into the closes for a stroll until time for classes again at 1.30. Study hours cease at five o'clock and they may again play until supper, which is served at ten minutes before six. At 6.30, four times a week, after having cleared away their dishes, there is a study hour.

Looking over a seventh grade girl's schedule for the day I found: geography, grammar, arithmetic, reading, sewing, gymnasium, music and domestic science,—a busy day for any normally equipped girl. I believe after an hour's stay at Perkins any visitor would notice that these boys and girls are *busy* and *happy*. I believe these two words signify success and results. Any school which can show at almost every turn that its boys and girls are busy and happy in their school duties and in their school life, must needs be an educative force, a force for good to its pupils and to the community at large. It is not only making blind children efficient, it is playing a vital force in the field of education, for it is of the quality that molds well and that bears fruit.

Wednesday evenings there is an entertainment, or the pupils devote their time to reading. And what good times they have together in the evenings. In one cottage they enjoyed their evening talks about the open fire so much that they contributed small coins and bought a pair of andirons. They take much pleasure in the pictures on their walls and hang them with the greatest interest. Mr. Allen believes forcibly in the cultural influence upon the blind of the beauty which surrounds them but which they

cannot see. There is a quick response from the blind to their surroundings. Environment is a great function in their life. They may not *see* the beautiful things but they *sense* them keenly. The beauty of the grounds, of the buildings, of the rooms of the new Perkins will be an enlivening, a quickening force. The surroundings affect the teachers, affect the remarks of teachers and visitors and the general *mood* of all who come within them, and these blind young people must needs draw *their* mood from the interpretations which seeing eyes make for them. When a boy seems morose or has fallen to brooding over his lot as an unjust one, Mr. Allen does not reprove him nor talk to him about it. Instead, he sends him, as soon as an opportunity comes, to show visitors over the Institution. They remark upon the beauty here and there and their enthusiasm becomes contagious. Little by little the boy brightens and by the time the visitors have gone his whole mood has invariably lightened and he has become of the opinion that he is in a very excellent place, and a real pride is in his soul.

Fourteen years ago Mr. Allen helped shape the plan of the new buildings of the Pennsylvania Institution at Overbrook. He then laid his main emphasis on centralized control coupled with a beautiful environment and the magnificent results which accrued have only convinced him that the young blind do respond to environmental influences of all kinds. Were I to characterize Mr. Allen's policy I would say that he believes in the increased potentiality of the effective, the physically competent body: that not only physical health is to be gained, but buoyant spirits, a temper that is productive because it is conducive to mental development. Aided by the open grounds of the new school, Mr. Allen has done an enormous work in his introduction of athletics into the school in a more extensive and systematic way, the encouragement of sports and playground work. He has in mind not only physical training but

the making for assurance and confidence. When a boy who thought he couldn't, finds he can sprint, he is just that much the more sure of himself and of that much of a gain in the realization that "obstacles are things to be overcome."

Another point emphasized and put to a more unflinching use by Mr. Allen is his belief that the daily service which they can render to others and towards their own keep at school counts for more in the effort to normalize them and in preparing them for *living* than does the pursuit of any instruction. It is from *service* that they come to believe in themselves. It is from *service* that they come to *feel* competent and responsible and *able* to learn. Their brains can take on as much of instruction as their temper, their mood, their introspective opinion of themselves has *faith* in. Mr. Allen has also brought about a certain wholesome measure of freedom for them and it has had a quickening effect surely. Lastly, but of extreme importance, is his staunch stand for the cultural effect of the beautiful upon them, as before mentioned.

Perkins Institution has not been built for more pupils but for better service to all. It is a place of attraction to those who live and labor there, to those who come there and whose presence and mood lingers after them, a pride and an inspiration to the public, who must needs be the future employers of these young people when they go out from here. After all, the spiritual, the cultural forces — and the joy of service is one of them — are the strongest shapers of their destiny. The forces for sweetness and for light are the quickeners of their character and of their mental acumen and accomplishment. Under Mr. Allen these forces for sweetness and light are constantly held out to them, for he believes sincerely in their power. The great pealing bells, the mental image in their minds of their own massive and beautiful tower, the river below, free open air, the trees, the helpful,

earnest and devoted teachers and housemothers, the opening service as Mr. Allen conducts it, the lifting of their voices in harmonious song at the beginning of their day's work, the music which they occasionally may go out to hear, the lightened mood which their dancing lessons give them, — these are only a mentioning of some of the forces which help to put sweetness and light into these young folk and to give them courage to want to try.

Here is a laboratory which is increasing the per cent of efficiency of those who go out into the world and it will continue to increase the value of its results. Up to the coming of Mr. Allen as Director of Perkins, so much emphasis was placed upon the kindergarten that it has always been promoted by fund and by attention far more than has the upper school. The upper school in facilities and intent has made far strides since then and there is no reason to believe that it will fail of needed resources. The alumni who returned a few days ago to present to Bennett Cottage, at the Dedicatory exercises, a clock, a picture and a mantel carving along with their fervid and worthy praise, were a testimony to the work that Perkins Institution has done and is doing with increasing result.

Those who have contributed to this monument of service which stands without our city's gates must indeed be proud. Built high as a fortress, of up-reaching striving and ideals, making for lives that can labor and be glad, and for souls that have faith, the Perkins Institution for the Blind stands worthy and deserving, not because she is an institution for the blind, but because in policy, in effort, in achievement, she makes for the realer quality of education, because she has, ever and constantly, the fundamental *function* of education in mind, — not to know, but to serve; not to grow beyond labor, but to grow *with* labor and to be patient in heart and in task.

A VISION

By ZITELLA COCKE

A maiden looked in at my window
 A goddess most fair to see.
 Again and again to my window
 The maiden fair, came she,
 With wonder and longing to greet her,
 I rose, and stepped to meet her,—
 The maiden, O, where was she?

Ah, surely I must have been dreaming,
 Asleep in my great armchair,
 And 'twas but a fancy or seeming
 I took for a maiden fair,—
 Yet, vision as lovely as poet
 Or painter or sculptor could show it,
 I saw at the window there.

My face to the window then turning,
 I sank in the great arm-chair,
 My soul in a transport, still yearning
 To gaze on this maiden fair;
 Sweet odors from pale roses stealing,
 Enwrapped all my senses and feeling,
 And mellowed the summer air.

Then out from the mythical ages,
 A goddess and nymphs as bright
 As pictured on old Homer's pages
 Passed swiftly before my sight,
 On — on to the chase swiftly speeding,
 My longing and sighing unheeding.
 Aglow with celestial light!

O vision of beauty most splendid!
 O nymphs of surpassing grace!
 Where every perfection was blended
 Divinely in form and face.
 My being with ecstasy thrilling,—
 I woke, and the round moon was filling
 With radiance the room and peace.

THE PROSPECT UNION

A GENUINE DEMOCRACY WHICH TYPIFIES THE BEST QUALITIES OF BOSTON'S WHOLESOME SPIRIT

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

THERE still prevails in the world a centuries-old notion that any school for the study of high branches of learning and culture is essentially a body apart, alien from, and indifferent to the interests of the common people. Likewise, another popular superstition regards the possession of wealth as a proof of arrogance; each impression nurtured by the careless reports of many daily journals and the embittered speech of agitators, and persisting absurdly in the face of increasing beneficence, that is maintained, could only be maintained by those whom rumor accuses of snobbery. It is a spirit akin to that which tortured pre-revolutionary France, thrice malicious on this side of the Atlantic in a land that aims to cherish the nobility of public service, and that provides for every man, woman, and child in its domain suitable avenues to the knowledge which makes high service possible.

But the constructive writer, or teacher, is fain to believe such notions are gradually disappearing, as the earnest student of civic and social conditions realizes they justly should disappear. Time was, truly, when the rich preyed upon the poor, the learned disdained the ignorant. To-day it is the rich who support the great benevolences that transform existence into life for the poor and the ill-born; it is the educated who inspire the earth-clod and uplift the illiterate. Under the standard of universal education, the gulf between the people and the schools has been securely bridged, so that what the government of this land does not offer in its class-rooms is

supplied by private enterprise or through some lyceum or college extension. Across the Charles, in Cambridge, there is an institution which is more intimate and broader than mere college extension effort,—the Prospect Union, which has no parallel in the world at present. It is not college settlement work like that of the University of Pennsylvania, nor even a men's club like that in London. It has a quality and a standard of its own.

The Prospect Union is an association of workingmen and of students and teachers from Harvard University, on a basis of common manhood and in the spirit of brotherhood. There are afternoon and evening classes taught by Harvard students in elementary, high school, and college subjects; lectures by members of the Harvard faculty and other prominent persons; musical and other entertainments; debates, athletics, and a cordial social fellowship. Teachers and lecturers give their services. Workingmen who are active members pay for all privileges of the Union a fee of two dollars a year.

Robert Erskine Ely, a minister, whose parish work was among the poorer families of Cambridge, and Prof. Francis Greenwood Peabody of Harvard, founded the Union twenty-two years ago, Mr. Ely opening rooms in the old Prospect House on Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, for the first meetings of its members. Until that time the two chief communities of the region, wage-earners and college men, had lived geographically near each other, yet spiritually widely separated, and mutually misappre-

hending. To the wage-earner, the university seemed an aristocratic institution in nowise conscious of or interested in his welfare; the Harvard student, absorbed in his personal affairs, did not know of the struggles of the workingman, or guess that many a brawny fellow who toiled with his hands all day hungered for intellectual opportunities, or had ideals and problems worthy to be shared. The new Union brought such men together on a footing of mutual confidence and respect. The name assumed came of the building in which they met, and has been preserved for its historical association since the Union occupied its own quarters in the building that was formerly the Cambridge City Hall.

From forty-four original members the Union has increased to an annual membership of more than five hundred, of whom over ninety per cent are doing work in the classes. There are one hundred teachers, all of them, except those that instruct in stenography and two or three similar subjects, being from the law school, the various graduate departments, and the upper classes at Harvard. Now one might suppose these teachers must be "grinds," or else men working their way through college, such as are drawn upon for the public evening schools. Not at all. Consider that they give their services at the Prospect Union. Many a man who is working his way through college cannot afford the time he would otherwise gladly bestow for the help of some other man less fortunate than he. Moreover, the spirit of the Prospect Union demanded the commingling of elements more widely separated as a step toward the amelioration of social conditions, and it has accomplished its purpose with remarkable success. In a very quiet way, never advertised or made conspicuous in the public press, the Union has gone from year to year welding the chains of sympathy around the men who labor with their hands and those who labor with their brains.

The motto of "Freedom, brotherhood, unity," is worked out as scrupulously as enthusiastically.

The Prospect Union has become a kind of forum, in which every man's question may be fairly discussed, provided only a revolution by physical force be not advocated, or matters of religious creed involved. As the teachers have represented the best elements in the student body at Harvard, so the numerous speakers, who have addressed the Union audiences, represent always the greatest forensic energies of the period. Besides frequent lectures by professors and members of the Harvard faculty, and the faculties of neighboring colleges and schools, and by prominent lecturers of the hour, the Prospect Union has listened to William Lloyd Garrison, Eugene V. Debs, Prince Kropotkin, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, John Fiske, Hamlin Garland, Washington Gladden, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Rabbi Charles Fleischer, Dr. Samuel Crothers, Dr. Eliot, and a score of others whose names are honored from sea to sea. The topics discussed have been as varied as the personalities of the speakers. Arguments about the single tax or woman suffrage or electricity have been outrivalled often by dissertations on ancient Babylon, the realistic novel, sources of happiness, and lessons from New England history. Your working man is an appreciative listener, give him but a chance to compose his mind. Sometimes he brings his wife to hear the lecture, and they weigh it together and digest it for months to come.

He is not so intensely radical as some suppose, the workingman. His beliefs and superstitions are usually mere echoes of what he has heard from his youth up, clearly the training of ignorance not wilfully ignorant. At the Prospect Union, in contact with men of different ways of thinking, different occupations, different social status, different experience of life, and in contact with books, his prejudices disappear and he becomes a

better husband and father, a better citizen, a happier and more hopeful human being in the position in life in which he is stationed. Is he a foreigner, unable to speak in the tongue of the land? In company with five or six other men in a similar predicament, he receives an hour an evening, twice a week, possibly four or five hours, of personal instruction in English, and with industry finds himself, in the course of a year, well initiated into the mysteries of that formidable language,—and at the same time established within the safe fortification of an accurate and appreciative comprehension of American principles, so that he has grown unconsciously into the stature of good citizenship. Such as he will never play the demagogue to illiterate immigrants, or join in demonstrations against government.

Perhaps he is an aspiring young teamster, who feels sure he could enter the government employ if he only had an adequate stock of arithmetic, grammar, etc., to pass civil service examinations. At the Prospect Union that need is supplied in generous measure by the very athletic star whose name he had been accustomed to read with awe on the sporting page of his newspaper. Or he is a jolly Irishman, with a family of lively boys and girls, whom he is striving to send through high school, aroused to interest in study by the animated talk of his children, out of which he was more or less tactfully excluded. There is some one at the Union to teach him the intricacies of grammar, to guide him through spelling, and show him how to “think on paper.”

Thus, instruction at the Prospect Union is adapted to the needs of deficient industrial training. Courses of study and class work are elastic enough to suit individual cases, though planned on a systematic basis, and announced ahead each fall. Over sixty courses of primary, intermediate, grammar, academic, and sometimes of college rank are offered. These are based upon what experience has shown is a fairly constant demand. But from

time to time new classes or temporary classes are formed, sometimes comprising only two members, teacher and pupil,—so ready is the Union to help each inquiring mind. Last year, for instance, a young Jew expressed his desire to study Hebrew. It was not difficult to find a suitable teacher, and soon the ambitious youth brought several friends, who pursued the subject through the winter with mutual profit, and won certificates on closing night for excellence of work. Then there was a class in pedagogy, wherein three pupils kept the interest and inspiration of their teacher throughout the twenty-five weeks of the two terms.

Another man, with kindly coaching, succeeded in passing the Harvard examinations in June, 1911. Nor is this so rare an example as one might presume. There are two Union-taught men in Tufts, one in his second year; another chose Bates College in Maine, and is making good progress. Most of the men, however, who join Prospect Union classes, if they prepare for any school of academic or higher grade, generally choose the various technical institutions. Several have gone hence to the Lowell Institute lectures well equipped to make the most of that splendid college extension. Others prepare for various medical and law schools, and for schools of science.

The membership, since the foundation of the Union, represents more than two hundred manual and clerk occupations, and this year includes over twenty different nationalities, among them one Japanese working student. There is an age limit—boys under seventeen are barred as too youthful to be responsibly earnest. Several of the men are more than sixty-five years of age; the majority average about twenty-six. They may be of every possible creed and tongue and race, for in the Prospect Union building dwells eternal democracy. Black meets white, Catholic meets Jew, Democrat meets Conservative, in a spirit of friendliness inconceivable to one who has not investigated in what a wonderful way the Union lives out its motto.

The men become interested in the Union, not only for themselves, but for their friends and relatives, so that the good work extends constantly. An incident that happened only a few days ago illustrates this. A youth had heard of the nice pool and billiard tables at the Union, and recently sought membership. He often dropped in to play a game, but parried all suggestions that he join a class or two, which would cost nothing further, and was clearly needed, since he had left school when in the seventh grammar grade. One noon, between the hours of work, and full half an hour before the regular opening hour of the Union, at one o'clock, the youth sought the president of the Union, bringing his father, whom, he said, he had persuaded to join the Union. He added that they were both going to join the classes.

A number of the members, though they might be called plain working-men, have experienced most interesting and lively adventures in various lands. Many of them have traveled into some of the wildest and least known quarters of the earth. Some have merely knocked about far and near. Quite a number were in the Spanish War in Cuba or the Philippines, others in the Boer War. One is the son of a British army officer, who retired years ago to a business life in South Africa. The son served England in the Boer War, and came to America during the unsettled period that followed. The specially interesting fact about him is that he was born in the house on St. Helena in which the great Napoleon died. He is considered a real genius in the dramatic and musical activities. "He is a mighty clean, strong chap," pronounces the president of the Union, proudly adding: "We have many such men, of whom this country will never have cause to be ashamed." Clearly, the atmosphere of the Prospect Union is favorable to immigration of any worthy foreigner, whether he is educated or not, provided only he is morally and physically suitable. One of the Spanish War veterans is a letter

carrier from Watertown, whose character has been commended in strong terms. He and his wife are among the reliable promoters of the dancing classes. An adventurer from the Philippines is a prominent member of the debating team.

The high reputation of the Union is spreading in the quiet, pleasant manner that presages greater strength and usefulness for the future. Its object is in no way rivalry of the evening schools or of the many settlement and other benevolent educational enterprises. It does its own individual, unique work. Wherein it might be suspected of rivalry, it is found only to have proved more available and satisfactory.

To illustrate its reputed value as a trainer of the ambitious mind, note this typical example: a Milton man, who has been studying chemistry and mathematics at the Union during the past two winters, works at some scientific employment, where such knowledge is of much practical value to him. His manager was approached the other day by a man who sought advice about a school suitable to teach him certain subjects he needs to learn. The manager remarked that he himself had acquired his training through the correspondence school, but that it had cost him three hundred dollars. That seemed too expensive for the man. Turning to his employee, the manager remarked that here was a man who had been studying in some sort of a Union, and asked him to tell the inquirer about it. The Milton man told of his work at the Prospect Union, and what further could be acquired there. The inquirer is about to enroll at the Union.

To revert once more to the student teachers,—in them one discovers qualities of fine manhood, of lofty purpose, and of genuine human sympathy the unacquainted mind presumes could not exist in the young man. In them one discovers also that the tribute of present-day standards is not so far misdirected as some would have us believe; since our belated athlete

is pretty sure to be wearing the poet's or the scholar's chaplet as well. Most of the teachers are mature men, chiefly from the law and the graduate schools, and all qualified to present a strong, manly argument on any of the large subjects of the day. They are not whippersnapper sophomores, who think they know it all, and would count as a big lark the chance to visit the Union and lord it over un-college men. Many of them have already had good experience as teachers, frequently have traveled about a good deal and learned to know men and things.

The famous intercollegiate champion pole vaulter, Nelson, of Yale, 1911, is doing graduate work at Harvard this year, and is one of the Union's most valued instructors. Mr. McDermott, who so ably supervises all the classes and directs the entire educational department of the Union work, is a Princeton man, who has distinguished himself in the Harvard Law School and as president of the Woodrow Wilson Club. He was chosen recently by Harvard to represent the Law School in Montreal at a convention of law schools held there. Colonel Roosevelt's cousin taught at the Union. So do still the sons of ex-Governor Hughes and ex-Governor Draper. Mr. W. H. Capen, who teaches electricity, is a Phi Beta Kappa man,—that announces brilliance of scholarship. So is the man who taught Hebrew to those industrious Jews last winter; he took high honors in Semitic languages, and has gone to Germany on a fellowship to continue his studies. Hasty Pudding men are far from unknown at the Prospect Union, and the "gold coast" is not too remote for acquaintance. Indeed, it is not the workingman alone who gains from such association: one of the teachers says forcibly—"Among other things the student has brought the workingman knowledge, culture, ambition, sympathy, and friendship; and the workingman has given the student knowledge, patience, earnestness, and inspiration. May each year bring them closer to-

gether and increase their respective powers of mutual helpfulness."

The Prospect Union gives to its members much more than text-book instruction, its principles standing for harmonious development of the whole man rather than merely storing the mental shelves. Besides a comfortable reading-room, therefore, stocked with some five hundred volumes of fiction and reference works, and numerous magazines and newspapers, the building contains a long living-room with tables for a quiet game of pool or billiards, a hall in which pleasant dancing classes and socials are held, and a really talented choral union practises, and industrious classes conduct Swedish gymnastic exercises, also shower and tub baths. There is a baseball team, too, and a dramatic committee.

The social activities of the Union are of a very high order, and so directed that they are already demonstrating what the community needs to counteract many of the social maladies that trouble us to-day. For the dancing classes, the men are encouraged to invite their women relatives and friends. This instruction began only two years ago, but was immediately successful, and has expanded now into two large regular classes with weekly social hops in the Union Hall, with suitable patronesses and masculine supervision to make everything as proper and pleasant as any one could wish. Indeed, there seems to be little tendency towards disorder. The men appreciate the need of acquiring good party manners as quickly as possible, and the girls are not unresponsive—or should one reverse this statement? Music is provided by an orchestra of five instruments made up of Union members. For the larger socials, which occur from time to time, the Prospect Union orchestra, which plays for many public affairs in and about Boston, provides excellent music.

Correct dancing is recognized now by all sensible people as a very valuable method of developing self-respect

and self-possession. The physical instructor will tell you that it develops body poise, grace and ease of motion. The physician will tell you that it exercises all the muscles without any undue strain and, therefore, promotes health. The educator will tell you that it encourages love of poetry, of classic study, of good music, of Nature, — that it is altogether uplifting and desirable as a means of mental, moral and physical training. Finally, the drawing-room guest will tell you that if you possess any social instinct at all to prompt you to advance in the esteem of your best fellow men, — than which there is no more worthy human ambition, when it is not misdirected into sensational "society" competition, — without ability to dance well you will remain an awkward flower on the wall of time.

Almost every boy and girl is early fascinated by the rhythmic swing and sweep of the dance. If not trained and cultivated into the right channels, this fascination leads youth and maid of the unchaperoned home to the vulgar halls where they learn all that is undesirable and nothing that is good. The Prospect Union dancing classes have shown that such young people, if invited to the right place in season, have no further fancy for the improper hall. He who has caught the happy inspiration of advocating schoolhouse social centers, ought to visit the Prospect Union Hall some evening when a hop is in progress and witness the pretty unfolding of manly gallantry and womanly courtesy in these merry gatherings. Note how that gentleman — yes, gentleman, if you please — hands his partner to her seat after the waltz; you never saw anything more genuinely correct at the Copley-Plaza. Compare his ease and her grace with the hesitant retreat of that stalwart Swede, who has brought his "best girl" to share the honors of his first social, and now, startled at the unexpected cessation of the music, leaves her standing in the middle of the floor while he flees self-consciously to a refuge behind several

men. He won't be so seemingly ill-mannered a few months from now; the first man we noted was awkward last year, — if you only could have seen him!

The Prospect Union Hall is not as large as it should be, if plans succeed for making it useful in the neighborhood to the extent possible. The corporation intends, therefore, to take down partitions and throw open the upper floor space, or to build an addition to the building on available adjoining land. The Union building, as it stands, is entirely suitable for the uses required of it, with such simple alterations. The social hall is quite twenty-five feet high. All the rooms downstairs are of ample proportions, and framed in good hard wood. The building was erected for the use of the Cambridge atheneum, which flourished before the era of public libraries and free lectures, back in the sixties. Then it passed into the hands of the city government and was the Cambridge City Hall for a number of years. After the new city hall was opened, the Prospect Union corporation bought the property with money left to them in 1887, by Miss Belinda M. Randall, in memory of her brother, John Randall. It contains several cavernous vaults, where the city records were once kept, now full of printers' cuts, text-books, and even of coats and hats. In the basement more vaults have been turned into convenient lockers for the gymnasium.

One might write on for paragraphs, telling about the baseball team victories, the Swedish gymnasium drills, the singing classes, the lively old-fashioned spelling bees, the earnest work of the dramatic committee. But one cannot fill a magazine with a single subject. The strong feature which has attracted widest approbation of the Union work must, however, be mentioned. Special attention has always been directed to forensic abilities of the men, and regular work in debating is carried on with fervor. The most careful instruction is secured for this department, and the

most vital and difficult questions discussed. Last winter the Union debating team had the remarkable success of winning all six of its debates in the Greater Boston Debating League on both sides of the questions debated; its opponents, the Boston Y. M. C. A., the Y. M. C. U., the Civic Service House, having each a high reputation in argument. Mr. David C. Howard and Mr. H. F. Goodrich of the Harvard Law School coached the Prospect Union teams. The three questions debated were all of national import: "Resolved that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act Should be Repealed and a Commission Should be Appointed with Power to Subject Corporations to a Policy of Regulation Rather than Dissolution." "Resolved that Massachusetts Should Adopt the Initiative and Referendum." "Resolved that the Closed Shop Policy of Labor Unions is Justifiable."

The present arrangements between

these four debating clubs stands for three years and Mr. Meyer Bloomfield, of the Vocation Bureau and Civic Service House, Boston, has offered a cup to the institution that wins the greatest number of their debates.

Finally, there is the co-operation for the members of this fortunate Union of an able and somewhat altruistic body of Prospect Union Association membership, naming men of several of the honored families who guard the best social traditions of New England, under the executive leadership of a tactful and enthusiastic president of the Union, Mr. N. F. Van Hosen, and the joint trusteeship of the property, with Professor J. L. Coolidge, president of the association.

There is abundant reason to believe that the Prospect Union will fulfil its aim: to become, as its officers think it should be, a strong social and civic center for all sorts of varying interests, when it will be actually "from many, one."



SERVING BREAKFAST



From a photograph, Copyright by J. E. Purdy, Boston.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL W. CAMERON FORBES

BOSTON IN THE PHILIPPINES

FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN, the author of a timely new book on the Philippines, called "The Philippine Problem," is a successful Boston lawyer and author. He is a graduate of Exeter (N. H.) Academy, and the Harvard Law School, and his journalistic experience includes the post of Paris correspondent of the *Boston Herald*. Among other books, Mr. Chamberlin has written "The Blow from Behind," dealing with anti-imperialism; and a Southern novel, "The Shoe String Country." He has studied the Philippine situation on the islands, where he was one of the first to interview Agui-

naldo, and since his return. Mr. Chamberlin is now pursuing his literary work in London. His book on the Philippines has been widely commended.

Although Boston was the hot-bed of anti-imperialistic talk, no city has been more forward in all that pertains to the development of the Philippines, over the retention of which by the United States the contest was principally waged. Hon. Cameron W. Forbes, whose work has been so productive of good, is a Bostonian and carries into his work the spirit of thoroughness of a New England training.

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XXV

'GENE THE GALLANT

THE result of the fight with Pierre Bartineau, who was well known to all as a sturdy man with his fists, was to give 'Gene a place at once among his fellows. They had seen him fight fair and fight hard with a strength entitled to respect. Those who until now had looked askance at him either because of the town gossip or a certain shiftiness in his bearing revised their opinion before the testimony of their eyes and accepted him into their midst. Nat noticed this with a good deal of satisfaction and turned his attention to the problem of getting his pine started down the mountain side.

As for 'Gene, his new position pleased him mightily. He felt himself a good deal of a hero and did considerable strutting. The mountain air cleansed his blood and his brain and put new vigor into his arms and legs. The exercise whetted his appetite, the simple food satisfied it, and he slept soundly. With this and the reaction from the tension of the previous week his spirits revived to a point where he did not find even the work irksome. At night, with the crowd gathered around the big wood stove, he added further to his prestige by recounting tales of his travels in the tropics. His fights grew at a pace equaling Falstaff's. It seemed as though his days on board the ship had been filled with nothing but mutiny and threatened piracy, while when on shore he had met with an adventure at every turn of the street. He was an acknowledged authority on tigers, and recounted such deeds of daring that all anecdotes of bears and mountain cats ventured by the others sounded

as tame as a description of the frolicking of house cats. Occasionally Nat sat on the outskirts of the group and listened, but 'Gene's eyes were quick to spy him, so that the former never heard the choicest adventures.

But in the stable 'Gene did not talk much and did not again hit the horses. That man Bartineau struck a chill to his heart. It was impossible to escape those stolid dark eyes. They met him at every turn and refused to alter, no matter what overtures 'Gene made. They seemed ever to be watching, ever to be waiting, and 'Gene knew that if matters came to a second fight it would be a harder fight than the first. Therefore, in spite of the knowledge of growing strength, in spite of the prestige of one victory, he resisted every impulse to hit the horses.

As for his relations with Julie, 'Gene was glad enough of a decent excuse of being out of the house for a while. The week before he left had been anything but pleasant. Silas looked as though he could murder him, while the two women haunted him like ghosts. Julie's face had remained as cold and white as death, even when she was most attentive. Every morning she waited breakfast for him and stood ready during the day to listen to whatever he had to say. But whether he pleaded or whether he sulked, whether he threatened or whether he spoke fair, made no difference. She answered him "Yes, 'Gene" and "No, 'Gene" without emotion. Every night before he went upstairs alone to the fair white room which had been her room she said simply, "Good-night, 'Gene." There was little joy in such conquest as this. And with all the romance gone from the episode, his own thoughts bothered him. Left alone in this fashion, he found himself haunted by

still another woman's face. He saw again the shadowy bedroom of the little flat, and peering from the shadows the gray eyes of her he had left. They were even more difficult to understand than Julie's.

But among the pines, where he had little time to brood over anything, he escaped them, for he was left so dog-tired at night that nothing came but oblivion.

So the first Saturday came, and with it a snow-laden gale that beginning at dawn swirled about the mountain all day. Before night some two feet of snow had fallen, and yet the storm raged only the fiercer. The pines drooped heavy with their white weight. It was the sort of day that made the prospect of Sunday seem very welcome to all hands. But at two o'clock that afternoon Nat strode up to 'Gene, as the latter leaned on his axe to watch a big pine topple over at which he had been hewing for an hour, and said as simply as though it were only the matter of stepping around the corner:

"Ye'd better be startin', 'Gene."

"Startin' for where?" demanded 'Gene.

"For home."

"Home? Ye don't think I'm goin' back to St. Croix this sort of weather."

"You are goin' back to your wife over Sunday," nodded Nat.

'Gene glared at him a moment and turned away.

"Well, I'm not," he answered.

"Then ye're ready to fight?" inquired Nat.

"Fight?" exploded 'Gene. "Can't ye think of nothin' else? Has a man got to keep fightin' here for his rights?"

"He's got to keep fightin' to go ag'in his rights," answered Nat very deliberately. "Julie is expectin' ye."

"Expectin' me?" laughed 'Gene. "Good Lord, don't ye know —"

But 'Gene didn't finish. He saw that Nat didn't know, and some instinct warned him that it was better he should not know. Some instinct and some remnant of pride warned him to keep silent on this point. His brother probably thought the girl was

head over heels in love with him. So long as he thought that — well, it gave him a weapon anyway. He made a little experiment in order to watch its effect.

"I s'pose she is," he said slowly. "Girls are queer, aren't they? I expect she's been cryin' half the time just because I had to go away."

Nat winced. The pain of the picture left his face as bloodless as though he had been hit. Well pleased with the result, 'Gene persisted.

"She's got her father and mother, but that don't make no difference. When a man's away from his woman or a woman's away from her man, the house don't seem the same."

Nat drew back as though to escape.

"Nat," 'Gene followed him up, "ye don't know what 'tis to have a pair of warm arms around yer neck — arms like Julie's."

"For Gawd's sake," exclaimed Nat, "don't talk like that! It ain't decent."

"Wait till ye get a wife like Julie," answered 'Gene maliciously.

"Get out of here! Get back to her," Nat shouted.

"If it was possible, Nat, I'd go. There ain't nothin' would stop me. But with the snow like this —"

He leveled his eyes upon his brother. The frozen bits of ice swept into his face. He shook his head.

Nat took him by the shoulder and turned him round.

"Ye'll go back to St. Croix to-night," he choked. "Ye'll start this minute."

"Ye want to kill me?" whined 'Gene. Nat lifted his fist.

"Get out!" he cried.

'Gene threw down his axe and stumbled off. Nat watched him until he was out of sight, and then, finding Bartineau, gave a half-dozen orders.

"I sha'n't be back until Monday morning," he concluded.

"Sacr ! Ye aren't goin' home in such a devil's storm as this?"

Without replying Nat turned into the pines and, picking up 'Gene's tracks, followed after. He had no idea of trusting the boy to get home alone, for

in the first place 'Gene's heart might fail him and he would then stop at the first farmhouse'; in the second place his legs might fail him and he might die by the roadside. For Julie's sake that must not be, so long as 'Gene's, life was precious to her, so long must 'Gene live; so long must he be responsible for 'Gene's life. There was much work waiting for him that he had planned to do between this time and Monday morning, but that did not count against this heavier duty.

For the first three miles down the crude road which led to the foot of Eagle, Nat kept his brother in sight without being seen himself. 'Gene took the journey with little heart. He walked slowly with much resting and did not stand up sturdily against the whipping gusts of wind. He swore a great deal in frenzied anger at the obstacles in his path instead of meeting them with a challenge. In this spirit a man cannot walk far; in this spirit he is easily overcome.

So 'Gene came to the foot of the mountain and into the main road. It had taken him almost two hours when he should have done it in less than an hour. Nat, at his heels, grew impatient, and though a half-dozen times upon the point of urging him on thought better of it. So 'Gene came to the home of Timothy Dutton towards four in the afternoon. Here he paused a moment and then, walking to the door, knocked. He was evidently given welcome, for the door opened and he went in. But Nat buttoned his reefer close about his throat and squatted in the snow outside. He gave the boy time to get warm and come out again, but still the door remained closed. Then he followed after, and in response to Timothy's welcome strode into the kitchen, where he found 'Gene with his coat, hat and boots off sitting before the stove. Near him sat the youngsters Josh and Ebenezer, with the blood high in their cheeks from the tales to which they had been listening.

"Kind of expected the bridegroom to be out a night like this, but what in

thunder takes *you* home, Nat?" exclaimed Timothy.

'Gene rose from his chair and faced his brother.

"I have business at St. Croix," answered Nat.

"Well, I reckon it ain't more pressin' than 'Gene's, and he allows that he'll spend the night here. Ye'd better stay too."

"A man's a fool to try to get to St. Croix to-night," growled 'Gene.

"Maybe," answered Nat curtly.

"Ye don't mean to say, now, ye are goinn' to try it?" put in Mrs. Dutton, bustling up. "Land sakes, there's room in that bed for two of ye. I've just opened it up to air."

"You're good," answered Nat. "But I guess we'd better go on."

Mrs. Dutton smiled benignly.

"Now don't tell you've gone and fallen in love yourself, Nat," she answered.

"Isn't there anything else that would take a man out in a storm?" he asked.

"Love and death — in a storm like this," answered Mrs. Dutton. "There ain't no sickness in the family?"

"No," Nat assured her.

"Then ye'd better stay till morning, 'cause love will wait," she concluded.

He shook his head rather soberly.

"It doesn't wait no more than death," he replied.

He buttoned up his reefer and glanced again at 'Gene. The latter, with his back to the stove, was evidently relying on a belief that Nat would refuse to make a scene here. But a second look at his brother's face gave scant hope.

"Come," said Nat. "It's harder goin' every minute."

"Go along if ye want," growled 'Gene.

'Gene turned to the others, as though for support, but they remained silent. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dutton caught an expression in the older brother's face which told them that here was some crisis which would brook no intervention. They waited uneasily. 'Gene reached for his boots and drew them on.

THE VANISHING BIRDS

By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

*The birds being gone, the caterpillars,
freed
From all restraint, began to enlarge their
breed.
The chaffer in the wheat his larvæ laid;
Dark weevils, mustering like the Cossac
preyed
Upon each leaf, and blackened every
blade.
Scorched up, as though by arson, sword
or plague,
Our land lies sickening through every
league;
Our children pine beneath the wingéd
curse,
Our cattle starve upon the hills — nay,
worse,
The foe, swollen up to monstrous size,
now seems
Hideous and huge as nightmares in our
dreams.
Food he no longer finds in fruit or flower,
But, pressed for sustenance, must now
devour
Man, man himself!*

W. J. COURTHOPE,
"The Paradise of Birds"

CYNTHIA says that she dates her revolt from orthodoxy to the day when, as a wondering child, she looked up to the high pulpit and heard an excited minister address his hearers as "Rebel Worms"! Rebel she might be, for she did not know the meaning of the term, but a worm never! She expressed, thenceforth, a preference for the liberal house of prayer which her father attended, and, holding his hand, wended her way to a spot wherein the congregation might be more gently entreated.

Cynthia has a horror of all crawling things, a greater horror than other women, seemingly, which she herself explains by saying that she is of a primitive type and near enough to Eve to remember the serpent.

"The worm is your brother, Cynthia," I say to her, gravely.

"He is not!" she stoutly protests, "I haven't one atom of kinship with him, and I believe if he had ever made one single effort to walk upright in all the ages since he was born, he wouldn't

be crawling now. He looks to me just like sin feels, and you can't make me believe he couldn't be different, if he tried."

By unhappy accident I took Cynthia, last spring, to a dearly remembered New England village, which we found, the morning after our arrival, to be besieged by the armies of the tent caterpillar. Never had such a thing been known in the neighborhood when "the street-musicians of the heavenly city," as our golden-throated Longfellow calls the birds, "filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee." Caterpillars dropped on Cynthia as she walked; she brushed one off her neck, she found one on a gown hanging in the closet, she began to dream of caterpillars and saw them, as Courthope says, "swollen up to monstrous size and huge as nightmares." We waged war upon them with every simple device we knew, but the public — such public as there was — did not support us and our neighbors' nests hung full of loathly worms when our own had been destroyed. The orchard was speedily stripped of leaf and blossom, and the discouraged trees stood waiting for a possible return of vigor that they might clothe themselves again.

But where were the birds of my youth?

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piney wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song."

I recalled the old gray barn of my childhood; the crowding nests dotted along its beams, and the soft flutter and swoop of wings, as the swallows swept in and out through the friendly doors. I remembered the clay-bank where we sought material for our rude sculpture, and the holes with which it was riddled where the sand-martens had their dwelling. I remembered the goldfinches, daintily feeding on the wayside thistles, the bobolinks rippling above the June



HIDDEN FROM VIEW

grasses, the catbirds in the hedge of spirea, the red-winged blackbirds on the road to the meeting-house, and a multitude of feathered people too small and inconspicuous in dress to be recalled by name. I remembered, with a yet more poignant sweetness, those day-dawns, fresh and glistening, as in a world new-made, when a drowsy child turning on his pillow heard that "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds" which to the ear that listens is at once dewy with tears and blossoming with gladness.

To-day, the birds were few and their appearance about the house a thing to be remarked. The barn-swallows had disappeared, the sand-martens had gone, nobody had seen a bobolink that summer. The orioles had ceased to hang their cradles in the elm trees, and even the swifts no longer thundered in the chimneys and tumbled their

ill-made nests with their hissing progeny down upon the hearthstones.

Our farmer-host agreed that the birds were few and growing fewer, but traced no connection between this fact and the blight of worms that lay upon the village. He was still in the untutored state wherein a bird meant to him, wherever found, a robber of the strawberry patch and the cherry tree, a marauder in the cornfield and a fit prey for the cunning of the predatory cat. Of the birds as "winged wardens of the farms," he had no real impression, although he knew as a matter of daily experience of the gallant service they did in fighting the host of crawling plagues about him. It is true in this instance, as in many others, that we often know the least of that which immediately surrounds us. Cynthia, fired by her loathing of the creepers and crawlers, immedi-

ately began to lay out a course of bird study for the rural schools. This was to be supplemented by a wholesale distribution of tracts on the subject, the money for which was to be raised by heavy fines imposed upon all women who wore any feathers, save those of cocks and ostriches, in their headgear. With the manner in which this was to be collected she did not concern herself, saying loftily that both to originate and carry out a great idea seldom lay within the province

links near Philadelphia in a single month. England imports between twenty-five million and thirty million birds a year. Altogether, it is estimated that between two hundred million and three hundred million birds perish each year to trim the hats of the women of the world."

It happened that I was born in Pennsylvania, but I abjured my native state when I learned from Cynthia that the dealers in egret plumes are carrying on their horrible trade in



NOT A LEAF FOR A NEST

of one mind. One of her tracts was to be entitled, "The Millinery Slaughter-House," and was to begin with the following figures which she had cut from a paper known as "The Animals' Friend." "Ten million birds a year," says this periodical, "are required to supply the women of the United States with suitable hat trimming; forty thousand terns in a single season on Cape Cod, a million bobo-

Philadelphia, since they are barred out from New York and New Jersey. "Their mail-order business," says a bird-defender, "is with women who think they make themselves beautiful by carrying on their heads a souvenir of a mother-bird killed, and her fledglings left to starve!"

The ire of our host was kindled by the massacre of the bobolinks, one of the few birds he really knew and loved,



THE SUMMER HOME



and he volunteered, in case Cynthia's plan should work, to collect her tax for her, or, in lieu of it, to hale non-payers to the nearest jail.

It appeared from Cynthia's reading on the subject that the Southern states were more in need of bird-defenders than any others in our domain, and that the cannibalistic dwellers therein literally ate up migrating birds who were trusting to their hospitality for the winter season. Cynthia's all-embracing scheme included a motor-car built on the plan of those that distribute railway guides in

cities, and liberally stocked with bird-tracts to be distributed as the car rolled rapidly along the Southern highways. One of these sulphurous squibs for the sunny South, as we called them, was to be entitled: "The Slaughter of the Innocents," and was to begin with the following questions:

Are you a robin-eater?

Do you prepare bluebirds on toast for your family?

Does a broiled bobolink suit your palate?

Do blackbirds in a pie appeal to you?

If you are not eating them your neighbors must be, for

STOP! LOOK!! LISTEN!!!

Mr. E. H. Forbush, ornithologist for the State of Massachusetts, and representative of the National & Audubon Societies in New England, has lately published a significant statement, in the course of which he says: "Many small birds are killed by the Southern people. Last winter many persons took advantage of the necessities of the blackbirds and bluebirds. The city council of Pittsboro, North Carolina, rescinded an ordinance forbidding shooting within the city limits, that the people might shoot the birds that were driven by the stress of weather to that town to feed on berries, and about four thousand robins were killed in a short time. Quantities of blackbirds and bobolinks have been killed in the Carolinas by negroes, and these birds are sold in the Southern markets."

Oh, unhappy North Carolina! Build a monument in Pittsboro and place upon it a perpetually weeping figure with a slaughtered robin in her hand. Four thousand joyous, useful lives, four thousand ruddy breasts, four thousand liquid throats carolling in the tree-tops, and all to fill some greedy stomachs that would better have gone to bed fasting.

"Oh, the pity of it, Horatio!"

Another of these sulphurous squibs Cynthia plans to distribute in the West, calling it there, "Caution to Callous Californians," or something of that nature. She learned that an up-to-date drug store had been built and expensively equipped in Santa Barbara, altogether from the sale of humming birds for millinery purposes, and likened the affair to the cementing of stones in ancient days with the blood of innocents. Beginning her tract with this statement she was easily able to make a telling pamphlet whose shafts would pierce the thickest skin.

Inspired by the effect of her elo-

quence upon her family, Cynthia next projected the borrowing of a few aeroplanes to cruise the airs of the New England states. "They are dawdling about up there, anyway," she wisely observed, "and might as well be doing something useful while they are at it. I will prepare 'Leaflets for Farmers,' and the aviators shall drop them down in suitable places. One shall be headed:

"'Cuckoos or Caterpillars: Which Shall it Be?'"

"And another:

"'Shall the Robin Go and the Cutworm Come?'"

"Under these headings I will disseminate a little information as to the relation between the flyers and the crawlers, and support my remarks by the dictum of the National Audubon Society on the subject."

But Cynthia knew, none better than she, that the gradual extermination of the birds could not be laid wholly to the vanity of women, the greed of traders, the lack of winter protection, the mania for collecting eggs and killing feathered creatures inherent in small boys, nor even to the gradual and necessary increase in the use of insecticides. She knew that at the root of the whole matter lay absolute ignorance of the value of the feathered folk as "flying squadrons," able, as Professor Hodge says, to move in any direction and carry help where needed. "It is clear," said Cynthia, "that a campaign of education is needed not alone for grown people in the ways I have outlined, but for the children.

"We need a course of bird-study in our schools," said the enthusiastic bird-defender. "We need informal talks on the subject, illustrated by colored pictures of our native birds, and diversified by stories and incidents concerning them. Then we need to go afield and find our singing friends, identify their characteristics and discover their group-relations. So we shall learn their haunts, their songs and calls, their favorite food and where it is obtained, their resting-

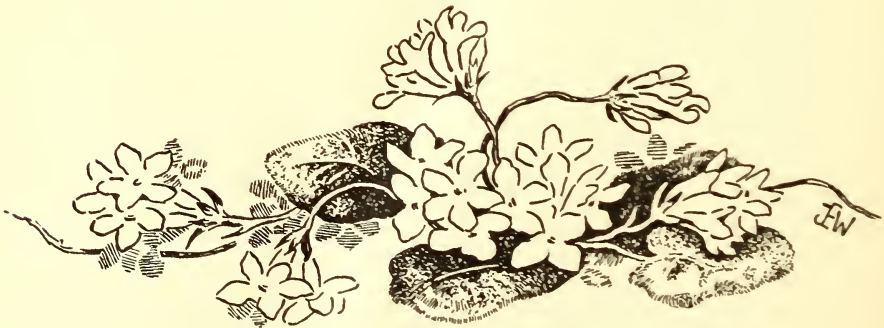
places, the care of their young, their special work by day and by night, their efforts at self-protection, and, perhaps, something of the mystery of their migration. So by watching them and studying their ways we shall learn to love them, and the next step, unconsciously taken, will necessarily be to protect them." Cynthia privately thinks that some form of euthanasia applied to the household cat may be necessary to her scheme, but she can hardly suggest it to children. Some of our schools have already organized Ten-to-One Clubs, which are devoted to the protection of birds, and the adoption of Bird Day, by educational workers all over the country, would be a tremendous stride in the right direction.

The idea of a national Bird Day seems to have originated with Professor C. A. Babcock, superintendent of schools, in Oil City, Pennsylvania, who wrote to the Department of Agriculture, in 1894, urging its establishment and suggesting May fourth as a suitable date for its observance.

The Secretary of Agriculture received the idea with enthusiasm, and sent out an admirable circular on the subject (U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Biological Survey,

Circular No. 17), which in its clear setting forth of the arguments for bird protection, and its urgent appeal for help from the country at large, is worthy of attention from every American citizen.

The study of ornithology as a recognized branch of instruction throughout the year, with the necessary field excursions, would give all the material required for a Bird Day in any school, for all libraries are well supplied with books on the subject, and with readings from these, accounts, verbal and written, from the pupils of their seekings and findings, their own paintings and drawings of birds, bird-songs and games, and selections from the poetry of bird-land, an afternoon would be happily spent. Wherever the idea has been tried the pupils have taken it up with enthusiasm, have been marvelously happy in carrying out all its details, and have promptly assumed a new attitude toward the "little children of the air." It is this new attitude of thought and deed and word which it is so needful that we encourage, an attitude based not merely upon a sentiment of protection for that which is tender, beautiful, and fragile, but upon a solid basis of economic fact.



THE GUARDIAN

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

(Continued from page 193)

He took his time, but Nat showed no impatience. In fifteen minutes they were out in the storm again.

The air seemed colder than ever after the warm shelter of that kitchen. The snow stung their faces and clogged their steps. They had no sooner reached the road than, in desperate fury, 'Gene turned on his brother.

"Damn ye!" he choked.

"Save your breath," advised Nat. "Ye'll need it."

Inch for inch, the two men measured the same; pound for pound, they weighed the same. The same blood flowed in their veins, and as far as muscle went they could lift the same weight. For the matter of ten seconds they faced each other out here in the swirling snow with no one to interfere. Yet once again, at the end of this space, 'Gene's head dropped, and he stumbled ahead without striking a blow. Nat led and made the trail, neither speaking nor looking at his brother.

This was one of the nights when Nat felt the need of being near to Julie, the wife of 'Gene. This was one of the nights when he couldn't resist the call of his heart. Even without 'Gene he would have come just the same. The sting of the elements took him back again to the night on the mountain top when he had watched by her side. He footed the road joyfully with that memory to cheer him. Each whipping cut of iced wind, each drifting mound of snow that he tramped down, each heavy mile made him gladder as it brought him nearer to her. Back of his own personal joy, back of the hunger of his own heart, lay the conviction that even in this humble way he was bringing her joy in bringing back her man to her.

Behind him, that man stumbled, cursing the night, cursing the storm,

cursing him who had forced him into it.

When an hour after dusk they reached the storm-bound house at St. Croix, Nat stood one side to allow 'Gene to pass. The latter went on with a muttered threat.

He tried the front door and found it locked. He pounded with his numbed fists.

From the roadway Nat saw a light move rapidly from the sitting-room to the hall. He saw the door swing open and caught a glimpse of Julie's dark hair, of her red cheeks, as with a startle cry she drew back at sight of 'Gene. He saw his brother push in, and then heard the door close with a vicious bang as 'Gene slammed it to.

That was all, after his long walk; that was all the man had to buoy up his spirits with over the long walk back to Hio, which still lay ahead of him. That was all, but enough. The heaviness left his legs and the rancor left his heart. He kept that face before him until two hours later he placed the key in the lock of the door of the house on the hill and went in. It was dark and bitter cold within, but he stumbled into a chair. Then, with his head bowed between his hands, he fought back the hot thoughts which the place conjured up.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE OUTCASTS

THE following month was a busy time for Nat Page. He found more trouble than he had anticipated in getting his lumber to the river-bank. The roads were steep and rough, and the deepening snow further clogged his progress. In

order to keep to his schedule he was forced to hire more men and horses and look more sharply than ever after details. This was good for him, even though it added a still heavier weight of responsibility than he was now carrying. It gave him little time for brooding.

As for 'Gene, his reputation as a brave and good man continued to grow. The mountain air and the hard exercise sweetened and hardened him clear to the marrow. Men, instead of jesting loosely with him, spoke him fairly, and women who had once ignored him nodded pleasantly as they met him in the village during his weekly visits home. Because all this was new to him and because, say what you will, men like to be well thought of, he enjoyed himself much better than he had anticipated. He swaggered a bit, to be sure, still talked over-boastfully and was eager for a quarrel, but in most ways he conducted himself well.

He even received some encouragement from Julie's attitude towards him. A woman could hardly be a woman and not appreciate the effort of that long walk home every week through snow and wind. If at first she had been only startled and suspicious, this wore away at the end of the month, for on these visits he conducted himself as well as she could ask. He was both mild-mannered and pleasant-spoken, and demanded of her nothing more than she could give. As a result, the color crept back to her cheeks and the tenseness left her lips. This weekly act of devotion seemed more like something Nat might do. It led her to hope that, after all, the blood relationship counted for something.

In the meanwhile, though Nat Page had no direct communication with Silas, other men told him that Julie was growing even more beautiful and that she seemed very happy.

"That is good," answered Nat. "That is as it should be."

Good for all the world save for him alone. To picture her as more beautiful made it no easier for him. He was glad she was happier, but even this

made it no easier for him. In fact, he didn't see where all this was going to end, and in that not even Father Laramie, the good priest from St. Croix, who sometimes came to camp to look after the souls of his half-dozen parishioners, could help him. In a talk one night with this gentleman Nat had been led to confess. He was not of the faith and he had no religious motive in so doing, but his heart was paining him sore, and the priest of the tender eyes had led him on. As the latter had listened his eyes had grown still more tender.

"My son," said the priest when Nat was done, "you are acting worthily of that love."

"But how long will it last?" Nat had cried. "Where will it end, for love for the one does not die, and hate for the other still lives."

"In time," answered the priest thoughtfully, "the love must kill the hate."

Then the priest, in an attempt to divert his mind from the present, had talked of all the good things which lie in eternity — of the peace and the love and the joy which would be his eventual reward. But when he had done, he turned away his head and to himself confessed:

"Mais c'est grand dommage."

Though pressed for time, Nat Page still accompanied his brother on his weekly pilgrimage for the sake of that brief glimpse of Julie at the door. From there he always returned to the house on the crest of the hill.

At the Lovell auction he had bought enough to completely furnish his house, including even kitchen utensils. The fact that the furniture was not new gave the rooms a settled appearance. The hand-made wooden chairs, the mahogany high-boy, the old clock and mirrors had been in use a hundred years before he bought them. They brought with them the comfortable hospitality of age.

It was on one Saturday night when it was bitter cold without that he was aroused from his brooding before the open fire by a weak knock upon the door. Hurrying to admit the late

visitor, he found upon his doorstep Tommy Flint and his father. The two were half frozen and in a pitiable state of collapse.

"Lord, man," he exclaimed, as he dragged them in to a place before the fire, "what's the trouble?"

The old man bowed his face in his hands and began to cry, while Tommy spoke for him.

"Ma's dead," choked the latter. "An' the Deacon, he's turned us out."

"Your mother's dead?" exclaimed Nat, who now heard little of the village news.

"Dead and buried a week ago," sobbed Tommy.

"I hadn't heard," answered Nat. "And ye say the Deacon turned ye out — a night like this?"

"He turned us out yesterday, but we crawled back and slept in the house. Then he found us again, and nailed up all the winders."

"Doesn't seem's though a man would turn a dog out this weather," exclaimed Nat. "Look here, crowd up to the fire! Are ye hungry?"

With his teeth chattering, Tommy spread his purple hands over the flames and nodded.

"Sit where ye are, then, an' I'll see what I can get."

He kept a small supply of provisions in the house and cooked his own meals here every Sunday rather than go home. His mother had pleaded with him to come back, but there was too much of 'Gene in the old place. He couldn't stand it.

He kindled the kitchen fire in a jiffy, and soon had a pan of ham and eggs on the stove. He set a table before the open fire in the sitting-room, and bringing in the food watched the man and boy devour it like starved wild creatures. He saw the hunger leave their eyes and the color return to their skin. The sight turned his thoughts away from himself and did him good. Furthermore, with the presence of these outcasts, the whole house came to life. It was the first time that any one except himself had been under this roof.

"What ye planning to do?" he asked Flint, as under the influence of food and warmth the old man partly recovered himself.

"I reckon Tommy an' I'll pull out," he answered thoughtfully.

"Where to?"

Flint shook his head.

"I dunno, but somewhere. If I was ten years younger, I'd go back to Jamaicy."

"I guess ye're both better off where ye be," answered Nat.

"The p'int is, where be I?" answered Flint.

"You're here now, and ye'd better stay till ye get a chance to look around. Then Tommy can go to school."

"Ye mean we can stay right here in this house?" questioned Tommy, big-eyed.

Nat nodded.

"I kinder want to keep the house warmed up, and you and your father can help the old folks some around the farm. Are ye willin'?"

"Be I?" answered Tommy enthusiastically. "I'll tote all the water an' feed the cows, an' Dad —"

He paused, as though uncertain just what his father would do, but the latter supplied the information:

"I'll help ye, Tommy."

"Thar ye be," exclaimed Tommy, as though this concluded the matter.

"It's a bargain," answered Nat readily. "An' there's just one condition — that ye cut out the booze, Joe."

Flint nodded.

"I was tellin' Tommy this very night thet I wasn't goin' to tech another drop — not if it was to save my soul from Hell."

"Good," drawled Nat. "And when your soul reaches thet point of danger, jus' let me know."

Tommy jumped up and insisted upon washing the dishes and putting away the supper things, while his father drew out his pipe and settled back in his chair before the fire as comfortably as though he had always been there.

(To be continued)

THE EAST IN THE WEST



MYLES STANDISH

MR. MYLES STANDISH, who for a number of years has been the New York representative of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, has accepted a position with "Motor" as Advertising Manager for the state of Michigan. The publishers of the NEW ENGLAND regret his departure and at the same time wish him every success in his new undertaking.

Mr. Standish was a lineal descendant of the famous captain of the Pilgrims. His father was born in Boston but moved to Minnesota from where he

enlisted in the Union Army, serving as an aide on the staff of General Benjamin Andrews. In Memphis, Tennessee, he met the daughter of Judge Seavey of the Tennessee Supreme Court and after the war he married her, making his residence in Memphis where he conducted a successful business, but died at forty-one leaving a young family.

Myles Standish began in the advertising business when he was sixteen years old with his brother who was but eighteen. Together they began street car advertising in the Southern states. In 1885 he journeyed a third of the way across the continent on a bicycle, earning his expenses by working in newspaper offices in any capacity where there was an opening, and gaining an invaluable experience. His first work in New York was with the Sperry & Hutchinson Company, who were introducing the famous Green Trading Stamp. In 1890 he married Eunice Swift, the youngest daughter of the Mayor of Yankton, So. Dakota. They have one child, Rose, named from the wife of the Pilgrim captain. Mr. Standish has served with the general advertising staff of the Hearst newspapers and as a book reviewer for the same publications. He filled the important position of New England manager for the Harper publications, until he was induced to aid in building up the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

With splendid health, a pleasing personality and ripe experience, Mr. Standish is certain to make himself felt in the Western field to which he has gone.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

JULY

1913

Contents

	PAGE
BEAUTIFUL NEW ENGLAND	206
VIEWS ABOUT BAR HARBOR	208
THE MONTH	211
BY NEW ENGLAND BEACHES	216
THE LITTLE LADY—A STORY. BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN	219
THE WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE	223
IN THE MAINE WOODS	231
THE GUARDIAN—A SERIAL. CHAPTER XVI. BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT	235
THE BERKSHIRE HILLS	239
SOME NEW ENGLAND MEMORIES	247
BUILDING UP NEW ENGLAND	251
GRANDMOTHER'S COOK BOOK	253

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED AT 221 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

Publisher, THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CO.

Editor, FREDERICK W. BURROWS

Stockholders: Samuel M. Conant, Pawtucket, R. I.; Bertrand L. Chapman, New York City; James F. Bacon, Boston.

Mortgagees, John F. Tracy, Belmont

(Published in accordance with postal regulations)

Published monthly at \$1.75 a year. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Boston, Massachusetts, Post Office.

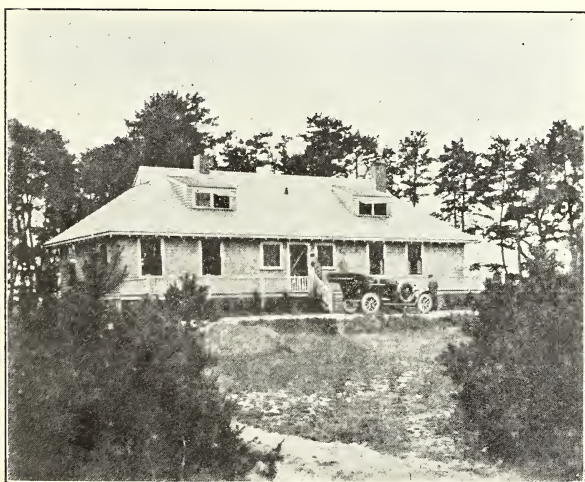
THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CO.
221 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

Beautiful New England

TODAY a population that seeks the most secluded nooks of farm and shore, of hill and valley, and forest fastness, comes to New England for recreation and health. Our beauty of landscape is wealth and danger. Pleasure-loving travelers are too apt to be heedless of the more serious sanctions of life. But New England has, in the past, gloried in another beauty — that of the mind and conscience. Will our visitors carry away with them something of that remembrance from the shrines that they visit and the homes that they enter? We cannot illustrate it in pictorial pages. We cannot show in half-tones and drawings the patience and hope of our race. But we can appeal for consideration as something more than a national playground. He is not worthy of us who does not grasp something of New England's moral sanity and sweetness.



TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND
SUMMER COTTAGES





ON THE BEACH AT BAR HARBOR



AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, ORGANIZED BY SUMMER VISITORS AT BOURNE



A COVE AND SHINGLE AT BAR HARBOR



WHERE THE GREEN WATERS BREAK



A HEADLAND AT BAR HARBOR

ON THE BLANCH AT SUNSET



THE MONTH

IT has been a strangely fatuous month: Congress drones on toward the inevitable, and tries to look important; Mexico, with Latin unmindfulness of essentials and the usual Latin *moue* at "American Crudity," complains of a lack of friendly recognition from her "sister republic," which she continues to insult and injure; the blatant popular press in New England continues to excoriate the New Haven railroad and to rejoice in the bending to demagoguery of the Mellen administration and the defeat for at least a dozen years and perhaps for a generation of a masterly plan for the development of this section; the country, not yet having felt its effects, continues to rejoice in the prospect of a new national tax system, whereby the foreigner who enriches himself at our expense is exempted from all share in the cost of government, which is to be borne by those who have won a competence among our own people—a tax on success and achievement, which reflects the leveling democracy of the narrow and provincial thought of the over-estimated "Middle-West"; the militant suffragettes continue to amuse the world with their important pettiness—Mrs. Pankhurst now "goes limp," like Lovey Mary's baby, when the police arrive—; the feminist wave that has destroyed art and literature, and dissipated social economics with countless frivolities continues to rise toward its fatal crest, as it has been rising ever since the nauseous sentimentalism of Jean Jacques Rousseau flooded the earth; private schools and colleges continue to clamor for increased endowment to the growing confusion of our educational system; most American men continue to work too hard at nothing and to live beyond their means; most American women continue to follow the fashions set by tasteless and conscienceless Hebrew manufac-

turers, and to spend too much time and thought on amusements, luxury and dress. How long, oh Lord! How long!

It has been a singularly beautiful month: here in New England, at least, the skies have been wonderfully clear, with magnificent cloud-masses floating slowly across from horizon to horizon; roses have enjoyed a second blooming season; the country is green, light showers having saved the grass and more tender herbage; it has been just warm enough to give to the water that refreshing aspect which is its ultimate charm, just cool enough to give zest to the floral glory of our gardens.

It has been a month of growing faith: the nation, staggered by the stupidities of governmental interference, has turned to face the future with a growing consciousness that in individual effort, and not in governmental action, has achievement and progress always resided; as a nation who takes our politics altogether too seriously and too absorbingly, we have stopped reading the political news and begun to face the future; business is finding its feet; we seem to have been vouchsafed a glimpse of a way out, in spite of the "problems" and "issues" and "revolutions" with which we are said to be overwhelmed by those who wish to exploit the community for their own gain; we even seem to see that there is public conscience and public sense sufficient to overcome the vapors of the yellow press and the flamboyant superficiality of the innumerable host of reformers. In short, it has been a month in which we have made no special progress in getting on the right track, or even in a general realization of how far we are from the right track; but it has been a month in which we have come to see that the country will surely survive the tariff changes, Japan, Mexico, Congress and even William Randolph Hearst!

It has been a month, withal, in which it is good to be alive, for the beauty of the world and the glory of ever wider and more open opportunity to activities that bless and do not harm.

An extraordinary feature of the general state of mind in America is the almost universal report of book publishers that never in their experience have serious books been so neglected by buyers. The condition is not sectional, but wide-spread. The people, apparently, do not want to think seriously or to inform themselves. Even the Wilson books have failed to meet with any popular demand. Some books of world-wide reputation have not sold over a thousand copies. On the other hand, the French naturalist, Fabre, with his books on insect life, has occupied the center of the stage. In other words, our zealous sociologists and world-builders have exhausted the patience of the reading public. There can be no question but that this is true. At the same time book publishers have

themselves to blame for what has been a growing condition for a number of years. They do practically nothing to encourage serious book reviews. The worthless, commercial book review is fostered. Every attention is paid to meretricious notices in mediums of large circulation. Mediums of large circulation do not sell serious books. The prevailing type of book review interests nobody. In other words, it is another case of cupidity over-reaching itself. A good book review, sincere, scholarly, suggestive, appearing in a journal of ten thousand circulation will sell more books than an adulatory notice in a "medium" of a million circulation.

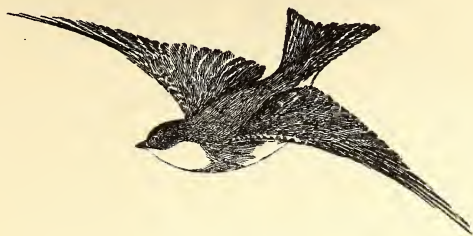
We are placing in your hands to-day a "Souvenir Number" of the New England Magazine. It is devoted almost exclusively to illustrations. This we are doing in consideration of the thousands of travelers who visit New England in the summer months and who may appreciate an opportunity to carry away with them such a pictorial epitome of Beautiful New England.



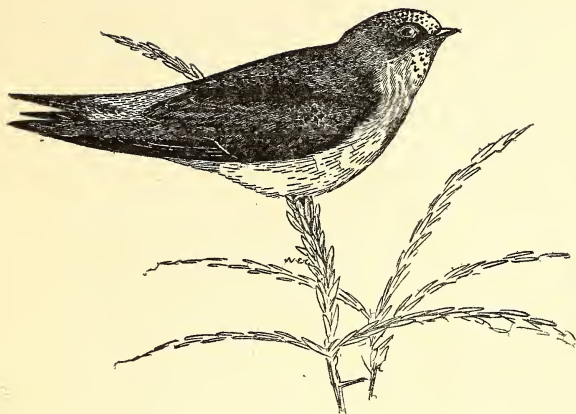
LANDING HALIBUT AT T WHARF

SOME OF NEW ENGLAND'S SUMMER BIRDS

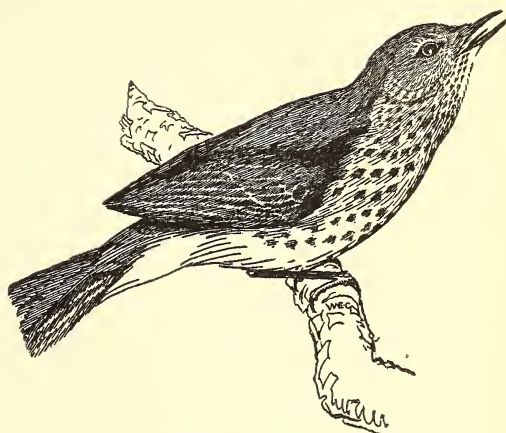
DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM



SAND MARTIN



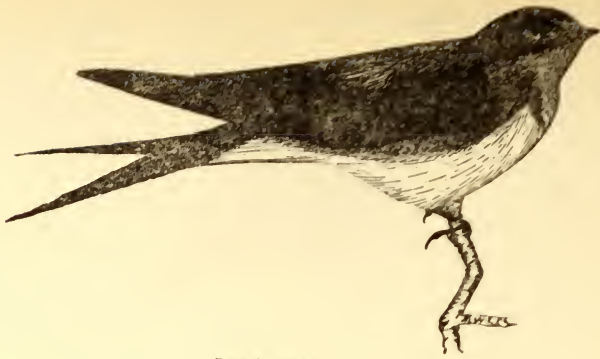
CLIFF SWALLOW



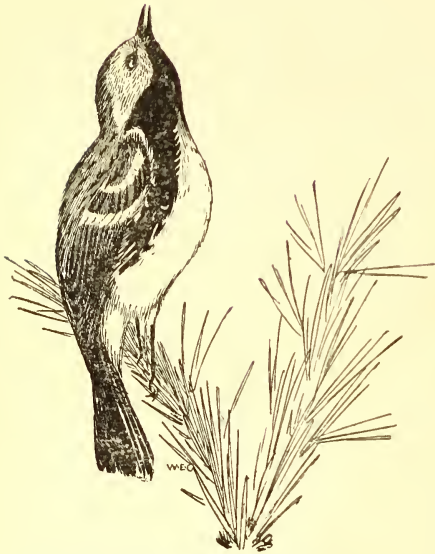
HERMIT THRUSH



MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT



BARN SWALLOW



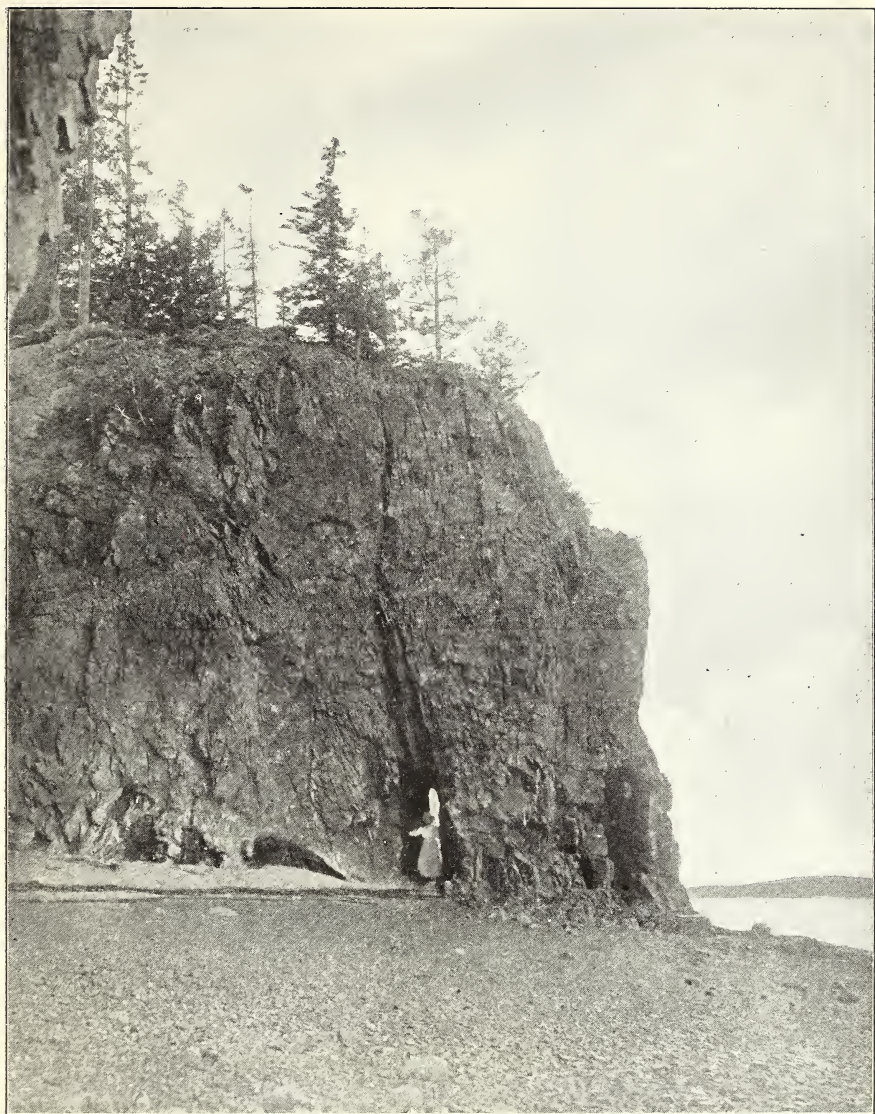
BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER



WHITE-BELLIED SWALLOW



CUCKOO



THE CLIFFS — ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL FEATURES OF THE MAINE COAST, NEAR BAR HARBOR



SURF AT SCARBORO, MAINE



THE BEACH ROAD



ON THE BEACH AT KENNEBUNKPORT



BEACH GRASSES



OLD HIGHWAYS IN PROVINCETOWN



THE LITTLE LADY

By CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN

I. IN THE MATRON'S ROOM

"I WONDER if we can suit her," said Miss Mills. She slowly folded the letter she had been reading, as slowly removed her spectacles, and laid letter and glasses on the stand at her side.

Miss Mills — lank, thin-visaged, narrow-lipped — was in charge of the Farnsborough Orphanage, and the plump, compact, good-natured looking little woman who sat rocking by the further window was Miss Dillsbury, her chief assistant.

"Oh, yes!" now said Miss Dillsbury cheerfully.

"Gracious, Louisa! You've not even seen the letter. You don't know what I'm talking about."

"Someone after a child?" placidly inquired Miss Dillsbury. She was darning a small, brown woolen stocking, and if the stocking had waited much longer to be mended, there wouldn't have been any stocking to speak of.

"Yes; but it's that Miss Loring." Then, indeed, Miss Dillsbury did stop rocking, and a look of some concern appeared on her plump countenance. For Miss Loring was well-known to be a Most Particular Lady, and if *she* came in quest of a child, one must be forehanded and have the right child in evidence.

"It's not that she's *rich*," said Miss Mills, — "It's not *that*, for she *isn't*."

"No," assented Miss Dillsbury. "Boy, or girl?"

"Girl. Let me see —," taking up the letter again, "A little girl of about eight or nine." Miss Loring and her brother are coming at four this afternoon to choose the child. Seem to be in a hurry. Miss Loring is going to make her home with her brother in England, and wants to take along a little girl to bring up and

have for company. Now, Louisa, we must set our wits to work!"

Miss Mills herself looked as if she liked nothing better than setting her wits to work. Her stiff muslin cap with its starched bows fairly bristled, and she sat, if possible, more erectly in the old rocker. But Louisa resumed contentedly, "Oh well, Eliza, I guess they'll see one they like. I'm sure they're a nice set this year. Of course *Katie'd* have no chance."

"Katie's here to stay, unless she changes a good bit. But there's Nellie Burns; I'm free to say I'm proud of that child."

"And yet Katie —" began Miss Dillsbury.

"*Nellie's* not afraid to speak up when she's spoken to," went on Miss Mills rapidly, "A smart, capable child. *She'll* be worth something to the home she goes into. And then there's Rhoda, — if Miss Loring could see her hemming —"

"And yet Katie —"

"Yes, hem she can as well as a girl twice her age. Pretty, too. Some call her hair red, but *I* say it's auburn. I do take solid satisfaction in looking at that child!"

"And yet Katie —" began Miss Dillsbury a third time. But just then a bell rang in some lower region, and Miss Mills had risen and was out of the door before more could be said.

II. IN THE PLAY-ROOM

The play-room at the Orphanage looked like anything but a place for play. The walls were bare of ornament except for a framed sampler at one end of the room. This sampler showed, in vivid colors, Jonah in the act of being swallowed by the whale, and was responsible for not a few nightmares among the children. Miss Mills had worked the sampler at the

age of seven. There were two plain wooden tables, but no chairs, excepting those for the somewhat infrequent use of visitors. It was Miss Mills' theory that chairs encouraged laziness, and that until children's habits were formed it was as well to keep them actively on their feet. As to games — "They only clutter up the room."

Yet a child will have it's own. In the bare play-room games were played, and laughter sounded. Smuggled newspapers were converted by small girls into paper-dolls, and the little boys were blue-coated soldiers who camped under the table-tents.

To-day the little girls were quieter than usual. Whether someone had overheard stray sentences from the morning's conversation between Miss Mills and Miss Dillsbury, or whether Miss Dillsbury herself had told one of the older girls, — however it came about, a rumor had spread among the children that a lady was that day coming, and coming to choose and possibly take away one of their own number. And, though not really ill-natured, they all shouted with laughter when Katie cried, "Oh, if it *could* be me!"

Katie's eyes looked too big in her thin face. Her hair refused point-blank to curl, even when Angie McManus twisted the black locks up in innumerable papers. "Your clothes *slip* and *twist* so, Katie!" said Miss Mills, "How is it?" Jennie's don't."

Katie made no answer (it was a provoking way she had) but looked rather stupidly at Jennie. Jennie was as trim as the freshly-clipped yew in the front yard, while Katie resembled more the stunted straggling silver birch with its few leaves across the wall.

Miss Mills had singled out Jennie as the little girl Miss Loring would probably choose to adopt. But then she wondered whether Rhoda of the auburn hair might not stand an equally good chance. Looks go a long way.

In Rhoda's own mind was no doubt whatever. She felt sure of not being

passed by, and the conviction led her to assume a new step and mien, and to look upon the bare walls as if already saying good-bye to them.

Katie had invented the game, called "Gather them golden," at which the children were playing. It was a pretty and ingenious game, but Katie herself could not be persuaded to take part in it. She blushed hotly and drew back when the children tried to pull her into their circle. She took the youngest baby up in her arms and, holding him cuddled close, looked on from a far corner. The baby patted Katie's cheek. He was allowed to pull the green ribbon from her hair, and she said never a word. But she laughed with Jimmie when the "golden apples" being at last gathered into a "basket" the boys proceeded to pick them out and to "eat" such as could not escape. Perhaps if Jimmie had been a few months older and able to speak clearly he could have told why Katie's frocks so often slipped and twisted.

III. ON THE WAY TO THE ORPHANAGE

"Edward, what in the world am I doing it for?"

"Heaven knows!"

"Shall we turn back? But no! I *do* want a little girl exactly as I wanted my first long gown, and before that a doll with real hair.

"Dolls are expensive."

"I think her hair will be fair, Edward. I've never thought of any but a light-haired, blue-eyed child, perhaps, like little Alice."

Mr. Loring looked away, and for a few moments neither spoke.

When he did speak it was with a faltering voice.

"After having her — if you choose someone — as you well may; it's all a lottery — who turns out not a lady —"

"I know, I dare say I shouldn't have said we'd decide so immediately. But we *must* sail Saturday. And there are all her clothes and other things to be seen to."

"Get 'em in London."

"The poor little forlornity must have something to travel in."

Of the tall, singularly fair, slender couple walking at a brisk pace toward the Orphanage, Miss Loring was the elder by several years. Her brother had just reached his fortieth year. The loss of their littlesister some twelve years ago was one they seldom could speak of, even to one another.

As they drew nearer to the Orphanage Miss Loring's color came and went, and her heart beat quickly. As Edward said, it *was* all a lottery. He and she were the only ones left of the old name, excepting some distant cousins in Canada. If this child could fit into their quiet lives, be a bit of color and fragrance where they had almost forgotten how to look for any blossoming, could lure Edward from his sadness, make her own active hands more *gladly* busy, — on the other hand (for the brother and sister were fastidious to a fault), if the little girl should prove, in the end, after care and cherishing, but an artificial flower, unable to bloom —

And now they were at the gate, and in a moment had been admitted and shown into the chilly little reception room.

IV. IN THE PLAY-ROOM

Miss Mills led her visitors up two flights of stairs and along the narrow hall which led to the play-room. "For here," she explained, "you can see the children all together. If I called them down-stairs, one at a time, I'm afraid it would wear out your patience."

"That will be much the best way," said Miss Loring, "we have a two-mile walk home, and the days are shortening."

The hall proved dark, and in opening the play-room door the light, coming suddenly, was rather blinding. Moreover, Mr. Loring's eyesight was very poor. He followed Miss Mills and his sister into the room, but just over the threshold stumbled over a toy cart (or more properly a wooden box with string attached) and fell

headlong. He was on his feet at once, brushing off the dust with his handkerchief, and smiling away the lamentations of the matron. The incident is mentioned only for what came in its wake. The children were entertained by the mishap, Jennie and Rhoda loudly sounding their amusement after the rest were again quiet.

Miss Loring's attention was drawn to the little girl whose black hair was held in bounds by the narrow green ribbon. This little girl was quite near the door, but to all appearances one would suppose had seen nothing of the fall. When it happened she instantly turned her head away, and seemed to be watching something intently from the window.

The matron allowed Katie to stay at the window, while she brought forward in turn capable Nellie, pretty Rhoda, and trim Jennie, — the bright particular stars —, and a few other little girls not so noticeable, "but likely children," Miss Mills assured her visitors.

"Nellie, run now to Miss Dillsbury and fetch a plate of cake for the lady and gentleman. Do you go with her, Katie," — turning to the child at the window — "You'll see, now, how spry Nellie is," said Miss Mills when the two little girls had gone down-stairs, "Up-and-doing. Not a lazy bone in her!"

"And the other little girl?" asked Miss Loring.

"Oh, *Katie!* — Katie's well enough, to mind a baby and that, — but she's ordinary. That's what Katie is, — *ordinary.*"

Here was Nellie, to be sure, back again, plate in hand; and on the plate a thin slice of fruit cake and a thick slice of plain cake. This plate she briskly presented to Miss Loring, while ordinary Katie two minutes later entered with a twin plate which she very shyly gave into Mr. Loring's hands. Or *was* it a twin plate, after all? The brother and sister exchanged a swift smile. The fresh snowy napkin underlying Mr. Loring's cake was absent from the plate of his sister.

His cake lay in even slices while hers—the under slice looked as if small fingers had been busy forming a curious ornamental design along the edge.

"You're slow, Katie," said Miss Mills coldly; at which the color in Katie's cheeks deepened.

Nellie drew herself up with a comical little air of self-satisfaction, and Jennie and Rhoda looked anxious. Each was fairly sure of her own superior attractions, yet with grand ladies and gentlemen, creatures well-known to be subject to whims, one never could tell.

The matron found her two visitors strangely silent folk, but she was used to all kinds, and now, to fill the time, she asked the little girls in turn to come and speak to the lady, and tell her what they could do. Angie McMannus professed an aptitude for ironing. Mary Haines, it seemed, found her joy in darning fine laces.

"I can trim my own hats, and the other children's hats," said Nellie, "and I can set tables, and wash dishes, and dust, and clean up, and make —"

"That will do," said Miss Mills, for she had caught a look of impatience on Mr. Loring's face. She summoned Jennie next, Annie, Rhoda, and last of all, Katie.

"Speak up now, Katie!" said the matron, as the little girls slowly advanced and stood with drooping head before the three. Instead of speaking up, Katie's head bent a little lower, so that one now saw not only the band of green ribbon encircling her hair, but the ribbons' two floating ends.

"You've a tongue I suppose, as well as Angie or Jennie!" went on Miss Mills.

"I know what she can do!" said Mr. Loring, taking Katie very gently by the hand, and drawing her to his side. "She can look the other way when big men who ought to know better fall all over themselves."

Mr. Loring's eyes looked into the little girls' with an expression she had never met before from any grown-up. It was a look that called to her, and she knew that her own eyes were

answering, even though her tongue was tied. It was a look all fun and bright understanding. And suddenly a look upon her own face, a look delicious in its hint of laughter, as some rare curving shell seen through the covering wave, brought Miss Loring's gaze as well to the child's face.

"Tell me, please, what you like to do," said she in her low, pleasant voice.

"I can't do things. I'm not smart," came almost in a whisper.

"True enough!" cried Miss Mills, while the children tittered.

Now the next to youngest child in the Orphanage was Patsy O'Brien. Patsy was five; and he adored Katie from the crown of her dusky head to the toes of her worn shoes. And Patsy, watching from afar the face of Miss Mills (his sworn enemy), and the row of elder girls, decided at just this point that they were all in some despicable conspiracy against his Katie, and fast getting the better of her. Before anybody quite knew what was happening, a small fury was in their midst, whirling arms and legs like some strange sort of pin-wheel. Miss Mills felt one cheek tingle, and then the other. Leaving her as if turned to stone with amazement, he fairly and squarely slapped or kicked Nellie, Jennie, Rhoda, Mary, Annie and Angie. This mission accomplished, Patsy flew to Katie for shelter, for well he knew he had evoked a storm. Katie's short arms were powerless to avert that storm, but she did her valiant best. . . .

Surely this was a day of surprises at the Orphanage. When the children were, one and all, banished from the room, Miss Mills somewhat breathlessly asked Miss Loring if any decision had been reached.

"Yes," said Miss Loring, "there seems to be really no question. I think my brother is agreed with me,"—turning to him.

"Certainly," said Mr. Loring, "there is but one to choose—that most charming child, the Little Lady."



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE — THE CASTELLATED RIDGE



BREAKING THE ROAD



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE — PEAKS ABOVE THE CLOUDS



THE OLD HILL TOWN



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE — A VIEW FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON



THE MOWER



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE — LOOKING ACROSS ECHO LAKE

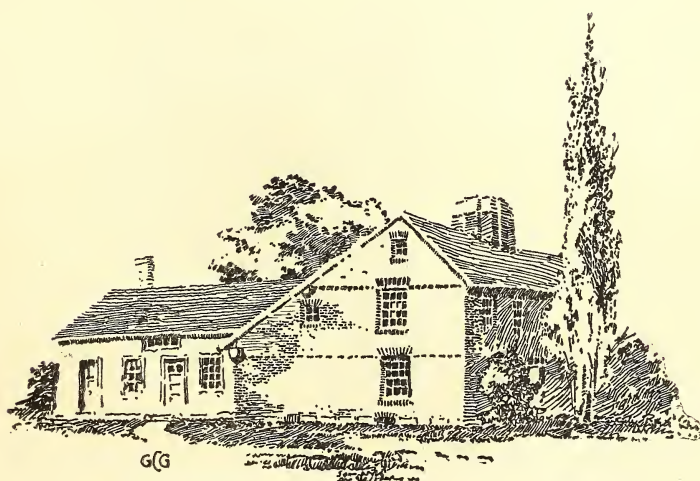
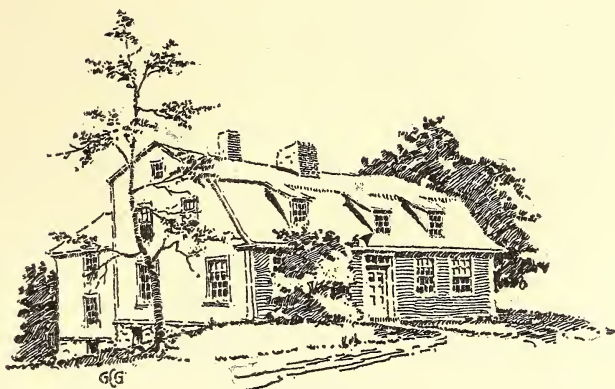


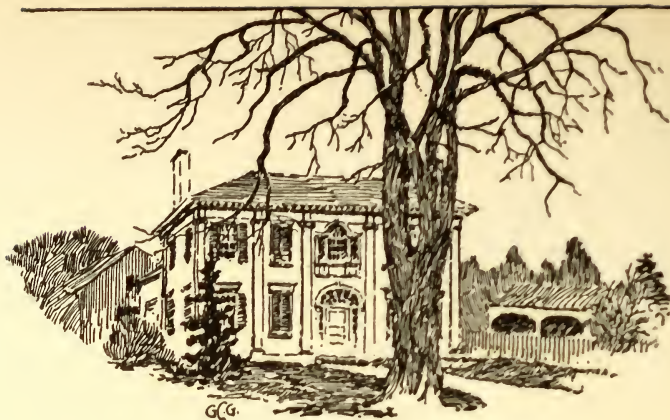
FALLING LEAVES

SOME COLONIAL HOUSES IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS



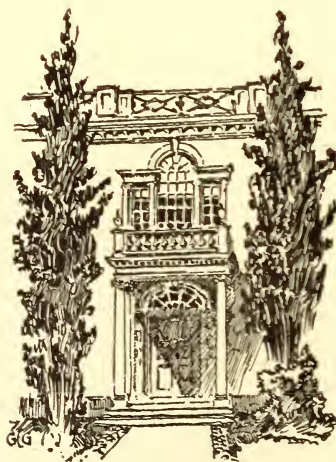
COLONIAL HOUSES IN
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS





AN OLD COLONIAL HOUSE IN AGAWAM, MASSACHUSETTS

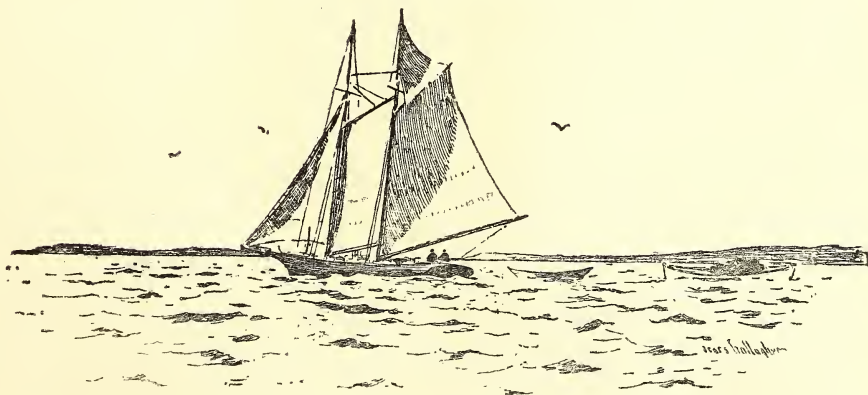
There was a small book published at Greenfield, Massachusetts, 1798, by Arthur Benjamin. To this very practical treatise, as well as to the work of its author as a practical builder, is due by far the greater part of the good Colonial architecture in western New England.



A DOORWAY IN
GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



A NEW BEDFORD WHARF



INWARD BOUND



AT THE HEAD OF THE HARBOR

Bits from quaint old Damariscove on the Maine shore. The English fishermen used to resort to this barren island to cure their fish. In 1622 as many as thirty vessels were reported there.



THE PERMANENT RESIDENT



IN THE MAINE WOODS — RANGELEY



A MAINE WOODS CAMP



GOING INTO THE MAINE WOODS



THE WOODSMAN'S HOME



A ROAD IN THE MAINE WOODS



A SPRUCE FOREST



HUNTERS' CABINS IN THE MAINE WOODS



PRIMEVAL PINES

THE GUARDIAN

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XXVI

(Continued)

Nat was well pleased with the arrangement. Not only would this keep the house alive during the week, but it gave him a chance to do something for Tommy. He had always liked the lad. When on the following Saturday he came home after his long walk from St. Croix, it was not to a cold and dark house but to lighted windows, a fire on the hearth, and a steaming hot supper prepared by Flint. The latter was a good cook and had spent the entire day in getting things ready.

So a month passed, and life went better with Nat Page than it had the preceding month—better in every respect save one. Though the work in camp ran smoothly though 'Gene continued to live up to his good name, though Julie so far as he could learn was happy, the ache would not out of his own heart. Night and day, day and night, he suffered like one tormented with a grievous illness. In spite of all he could do, the girl remained as the supreme necessity of his life. Work as hard as he might, he was left wakeful by thoughts of her. Whenever he did sleep, he dreamed of her and awoke with her name on his lips. He couldn't make his life count for anything without her; he couldn't disassociate her from either the past or the future. The past dated from the first time he saw her, and the future was a chaos of hopeless dreams.

His sole outlet was through 'Gene, and he paid heavily whenever he used this, for the latter now realized fully that the one vulnerable spot in his brother was his regard for Julie. Nat liked to send back to her every Saturday some little present. Once it was a few choice bits of spruce gum, another time a pretty strip of bark, and then

again a brace of partridges which he spent a half-day in getting. The first time he handed over these gifts to 'Gene the latter smiled contemptuously.

"What are these for?" he inquired.

"They are a present from you to your wife," answered Nat.

"What do you think she wants of those fool things?" demanded 'Gene.

"She will like them because you bring them," answered Nat.

"Huh," grunted 'Gene, "I reckon she gets enough to eat at home."

"Maybe," answered Nat. "But you will carry something to her every Saturday."

Though at first 'Gene thought this merely a bit of foolishness, he found that the little presents really did make a difference. Julie seemed actually pleased with the attention.

"It must have been a lot of trouble for you to get these," she said when he brought home the partridges.

"No great trouble," he answered lightly.

"Well, it's good of you, Gene. I'll cook them for your supper."

She did, and though she ate but little of them 'Gene finished them off with a decided relish.

In spite of this, 'Gene rebelled when Nat came back to camp one Saturday with a deer, and cutting off a haunch of venison weighing some twenty pounds handed it to him to carry. This happened too on one of the worst nights of the winter. A snow-laden gale had swept over the mountain for two days, and when that noon the weary crew dragged themselves back to the shacks a chorus of snow-wraiths skirled out of the pines at their heels. A man could not raise his face to them, and breathing came hard. The trees were whipped until they souged like the after-moan of a tear-dry woman. There was no landscape, no horizon. The world was reduced again to chaos; to a swirling

infinity of icy particles. Man did not belong in it, for it tested the strength of even the deep-rooted things.

It had been a bad day for Nat too. The very fury of the storm seemed to drive Julie deeper into his heart. When he had gone hunting for her that morning, it was because the call for her was so great that he could not even work. The best he could do was to fight that storm to get some little thing for her. The fiercer blew the gale, the more real it made his effort seem. So that day it was necessary, more than any other day which had preceded, for him to go to the house at St. Croix. It was after lunch that he gathered in his belt and nodded to 'Gene.

"Not to-day — not in this?" stammered 'Gene in amazement.

"She'll worry if ye don't come," answered Nat.

"Worry be hanged!" answered 'Gene. "A wolf couldn't live in this weather."

"Maybe not," answered Nat, "but a man can."

"I'll be damned if I can," replied 'Gene sulkily.

"Ye'll prove yourself a man by trying," concluded Nat.

As they started, Nat tossed the haunch of venison to 'Gene.

"For your wife," he said briefly.

'Gene was speechless. When he recovered his breath, he stifled an oath. Then, with a wicked smile about his lips, he picked up the venison and followed at Nat's heels. That was one of the days when Nat paid big, for from the time they started 'Gene never ceased talking of Julie. He pictured the glory of returning to her and waxed shamelessly eloquent over the tingle of her warm arms about his neck. But at the end of the tenth mile he stumbled and fell under the weight of his gift. Nat shouldered it the remainder of the way, and for the last mile also bore the weight of his brother on his shoulder. He made no reply to anything 'Gene said, though most of the way his fingers itched to throttle off the speech.

At the door of the little house Nat left his brother. After knocking for

him and stepping back quickly into the darkness, he saw the door open and caught a brief glimpse of the flushed face of Julie. She reached out her hands to help her husband over the threshold. A cry of wonder escaped her lips.

"On a night like this, 'Gene?" she exclaimed.

Speechless, numbed, 'Gene dropped the frozen haunch of venison at her feet.

Nat saw her stare in amazement at the gift. Then he heard her voice once more.

"Oh, 'Gene, 'Gene, I know you mean to be so good!"

Then she took his arm to steady him, and closed the door against the gale and against the man hidden in the icy shadows.

CHAPTER XXVII

'GENE HAS A DRINK

IT was on the morning of March third that Al Foley slunk into camp for the ostensible purpose of selling tobacco, gloves, and woolen stockings. Because Foley moved like a gray wolf, Nat Page did not see him, but he learned that night at grub what the man was about, for at table the talk grew loud, and later that evening one-half the men were drunk, among them 'Gene. Nat was stretched out on his bunk, when he heard the rumpus, but when he appeared it was too late. The men were as wild as hawks. 'Gene, with flushed face and bleared eyes, sat in their midst, telling stories both vile and fantastic. Foley was in a corner half hidden from sight. After a look around Nat went outside and waited. There was nothing to be done at present. So long as the men had the liquor they had it and that was an end of it. He could not take it away from them as though they were small boys. He was not worrying so much about them as he was about 'Gene. As he thought of the wasted work of two months, his jaws became hard-set. But he

waited — waited for 'Gene and waited for Foley.

It was not until eleven that the trouble began which Nat knew in the end was sure to begin. It was then that there came a quick exchange of the lie, and 'Gene found himself facing Bartineau once again. Neither man was mad drunk. They were both able to stand on their feet and both able to fight. When Nat came in, they were already at it. But it didn't last long. Within five minutes 'Gene was shielding his face and backing away before the stiff blows from Bartineau's fists. The latter followed him up, and Nat heard 'Gene exclaim;

"For Gawd's sake, quit!"

Bartineau lowered his fists. He stood amazed a second and then deliberately spat on 'Gene and turned away.

Without resenting even this, 'Gene huddled back into the crowd, which shied away to let him through.

This was the pity of the incident — two months of wasted work. In less than five minutes all Nat's efforts came to nothing; 'Gene had caved in before the whole camp. And yet it was not to him that Nat spoke when he entered but to Al Foley. He crossed the room and seized the latter by the shoulder. He dragged him out of the door, a cringing cur of humanity beseeching help of the camp. Two men started forward to protest, but changed their minds and stepped back into their places. Once outside, Nat spoke briefly.

"It was you who sold the stuff?" he demanded.

"You can't prove it," whined Foley.

That was true enough, for it was a matter of honor among the men not to tell where they secured their liquor.

"No," answered Nat slowly, "I don't suppose I can. But I reckon it ain't necessary."

"Ye'd better keep yer hands off'n me," warned Foley. "I'll have the law on ye. Ye can't prove nothin'."

"I'm not tryin' to prove anything," answered Nat. "Have ye any more?"

"Ye can't prove nothin'." repeated Foley.

Nat reached down and tapped the man's pockets and found two pint bottles.

"I want those," said Nat.

He took them, and tossed the man a dollar. But the latter was too crafty to pick up the money, and it lay half buried in the snow where it fell. It was at this point that 'Gene staggered out, his head splitting, his tongue parched.

"You're just the man I want to see. Come on over to the barn."

"What for?" demanded 'Gene.

"I've got some more over there," answered Nat.

"Ye've got a drink?" exclaimed 'Gene in amazement.

"Lots of it. Come on!"

Dragging Foley along, Nat led the way to the barn and in. He handed one bottle to 'Gene.

"Here," he said, "help yourself. Keep your eye on Foley while I fasten up."

There were two side doors leading out of the barn, and Nat fastened both of these from the outside. When he came back, 'Gene had drank half the bottle. It restored his confidence.

"Say," he exclaimed to Nat, "I'm goin' back and knock the head off that Frenchman. I waren't ready. I —"

Nat placed his hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Later," he said quietly. "I want you to lick him when you're sober. To-night I want you to drink deep and hearty — drink all ye want. Maybe ye won't get another chance."

He turned to Foley.

"Foley," he said, "ye stay here an' keep him company. Every door in the barn is locked. There's two windows back of the horses, but I'm goin' to stay out there and if ye open them I'll knock ye in again. This is your party, and now ye'll stick it through."

"What ye mean?" demanded Foley.

"Wait an' see," answered Nat.

He handed the second bottle to 'Gene.

"Here's some more. Drink it all if ye want — every last drop of it. I shouldn't wonder but what it's the last ye get in this camp."

"I dunno what ye're drivin' at," answered 'Gene good-naturedly, "but here's how."

He raised the bottle to his lips. Nat went out and turned the key in the padlock on the outside of the big main door. Then he took his position beneath the two windows and waited.

For the matter of five minutes he heard nothing from 'Gene except broken snatches of song and from Foley nothing at all. This was followed by a story, and then 'Gene's thoughts apparently reverted again to the fight.

"I tell ye I weren't ready," he explained to Foley. "I licked him once an' I can lick him again. Have a drink."

Foley answered that he didn't want a drink.

"Have a drink," insisted 'Gene.

It was evident that 'Gene had staggered to his feet and moved towards Foley.

"Easy, Gene," Foley tried to placate him. "I'll have a drink, but keep yer shirt on."

Apparently Foley took a drink, for after a moment's silence, 'Gene burst out:

"That's a good feller. Ye're a good feller, Al. Where be ye? It's so darned dark here I can't see ye."

"That's all right," answered Foley. "I'm here."

"Then come over where I can see ye. I want to show ye what I'm goneter do to that Frenchman. I want to show ye."

"I know ye can lick the tar outer him," Foley hastened to assure the man.

"But I want to show ye."

There was a sound of scuffling, and then Foley's voice came from a distance:

"Why don't ye curl up in the hay an' have a sleep, 'Gene?"

But 'Gene let out a wild whoop. The liquor was fast making him crazy drunk.

"Look out," he yelled, "for I'm a-comin'."

Nat heard him stumble across the barn and heard Foley scrambling out of reach like a frightened rat. From this point on 'Gene grew wilder, both in talk and movement. He became surly at being balked, surly and vengeful.

"Let me git my hands on ye," he yelled. "Gawd, I'll show ye. I'm goneter have another drink and then I'll show ye."

Evidently he had another drink and then started once more after his man. With a grim smile Nat heard another wild scramble across the barn floor. The chase further excited 'Gene, and with one devilish yell after another he hounded the frightened man through the stalls and around to the floor again.

"Quit," screamed Foley.

"If I catch yer, I'll quit. I'm goneter choke ye, Foley. I'm goneter kill ye dead, Foley," screamed 'Gene.

Another wild scramble followed, and then the window back of the horses was thrown open and Foley thrust out a foot.

"Get back," warned Nat.

"Let me out," pleaded Foley. "He's crazy mad."

"Back!" answered Nat. "If he's mad, ye made him mad. Look out for him."

Foley withdrew his foot just in time to escape 'Gene's clutch. The next time Foley's voice was heard it evidently came from the barn loft to which he had climbed.

"If ye come up here," he screamed, "I'll kick ye back."

"I'm a-comin'," answered 'Gene.

In terror Foley crossed a beam to the other side and scrambled to the floor. Once again he appeared at the window.

"Fer Gawd's sake, let me out," he whined, his voice dry and strained. "He'll murder me."

"He will if he catches ye," answered Nat. "But ye brought the stuff that's responsible."

"Whoop — he!" shouted 'Gene once again on the barn floor.

Foley's face disappeared from the window, and he bolted in past the horses.

(To be continued)



A VIEW IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS



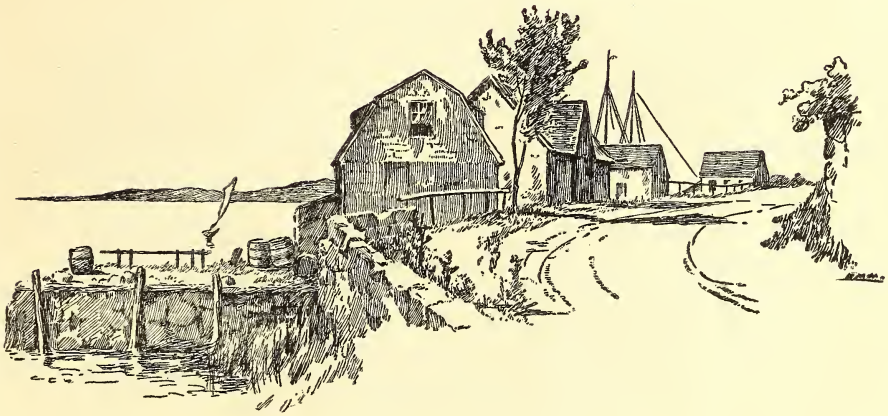
THE BERKSHIRE HILLS — LOOKING TOWARD GREYLOCK



IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS — THE BIRCHES



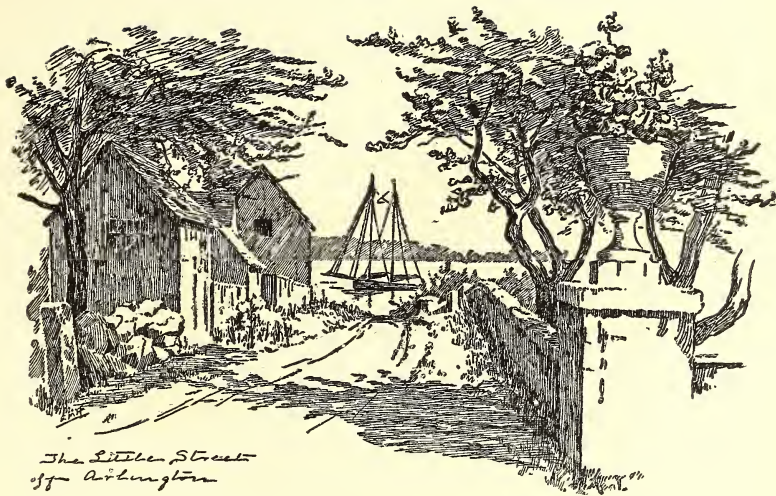
IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS — LATE FALL



"It is not in the wharves or docks, not in the majesty of the hill toward the bay, not in the little avenue of summer cottages, that one feels the true New England character of the village; but in the streets of the old town. There is the sturdiness of the Pilgrim Fathers in the independence with which these take their course, untrammelled by any conventional rules, wandering along Curve Street, fitly named, as it follows the windings of the little Cove." — *Elizabeth Moore Hallowell.*



"Any ordinary street can run straight; it is the intent of Curve Street to suit the fishermen and their work, and according as the wharves vary, so does it. A happy little street is Curve Street. In and out it runs, occasionally scattering by the road-side a group of yellow lilies free to all, with an extravagance that no sensible city street would think of showing; anon sobering down, as with respectful air it goes by the ancient Custom House — which they tell you was the first of its kind in America — sitting in dilapidated glory on the water's edge." — *Ibid.*



"Many such little streets, a hundred yards or so in length, exist in this erratic town; but more honest than Arbor Street, there is one, the shortest of all, without so much as a name, and known only as the "Little Street off Arlington Street," which will tell its length to whomsoever stands at one end by giving a glimpse of the river at the other end, with fishing craft and stately schooners galore. This glimpse discloses all that an actual exploration would reveal, and makes experimental knowledge of the by-way needless; so, with an enjoyable memory of orchard slopes and shadows, and a quaint old urn at the corner filled with scarlet geraniums, the traveler turns away." — *Ibid.*



Leonard Street.

“Pleasant it is to come upon Leonard Street, the home of hollyhocks and white gates, of stone walls and apple trees, and all the many things dear to the artist’s heart. There, too, are the artists; for it is one of the summer amusements of this motherly old town to shelter in her arms these loving children who would portray her face; and along the broad expanse of Leonard Street may be seen, at any time of day and in almost any weather, the white umbrella and the triangular apparatus of the artist. — *Ibid.*”

SOME NEW ENGLAND MEMORIES



THE VILLAGE STREET



SOME QUAIN OLD
DOORWAYS





ON QUAIN T CAPE COD



NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE GIRLS IN ACADEMIC REGALIA



BUILDING UP NEW ENGLAND

IN the fall of 1911 the Boston Chamber of Commerce presented to the people of New England an Industrial and Educational Exposition, consisting of many of its manufactures and products. The Exhibition was very successful, having representative exhibits, a large attendance, and a definite advertising value to New England which has been shown by the great impulse given this section of the country by later developments. The possibilities thus opened have led several of the Chambers of Commerce of the New England cities to the belief that the time is ripe to again bring to the front the great question of New England supremacy, but this time on a much greater scale. With this end in view, the management has secured the endorsement and approval of the Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, and Business Men's Associations of all New England, and with their co-operation will unite in one great comprehensive Exposition to be held in Mechanics Building, Boston, from October 4th to November 1st, inclusive, 1913.

The general purposes of the Exposition are:

First: To promote manufacturing and commercial activity in New England.

Second: To show the people of New England the methods and extent of our manufacturers and resources.

Third: To attract the attention of the entire country to New England's large and varied industries.

Fourth: To bring the employer and workman, merchant and buyer, into closer touch with the manufactory and its products.

Fifth: To stimulate the people of New England, particularly the younger generation, to a realization of the dignity and possibilities of a trade, and thus promote industrial education.

Many other groups of states have their Expositions, but until two years

ago New England had kept still about her wonderful resources, and let the South and West boast of their great development, while we did nothing. It is time to wake up! This and every real New England exposition furnishes an opportunity for us to get together and let the world know that we are really as progressive as any section of this country.

The scale of the exposition will be fully equal to that of other great Industrial Shows which have been held throughout the country. It will last four weeks, and the total attendance is estimated at 500,000. As far as possible it is the intention to have the exhibition made up of "working exhibits," manufacturers producing their goods on the premises. Representative New England manufacturers will be invited to exhibit. There will be model exhibits of factories whose business is too large to be reproduced in the space at command.

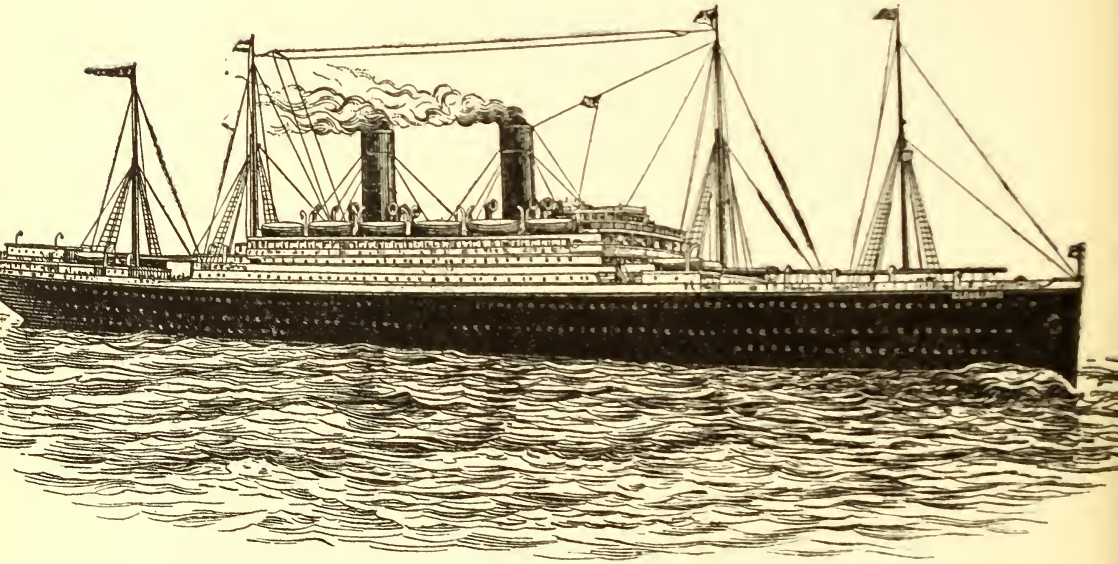
Unusual exhibits bearing on industrial development have been suggested, such as used and unused waste power, modern devices for utilizing small streams, models of docks and shipping facilities, raised models of land available for manufacturing sites, plans and models of waterways. Exhibits from technical schools, with pupils at work, educational exhibits by the State Departments, such as fish hatching, weights and measures, milk transportation, — all these have been suggested.

A special feature will be made of the educational possibilities of the exposition by interesting the schools throughout all six states in allowing the pupils to attend in a body. Manufacturers will be encouraged to send their most intelligent employees. The usual popular features, such as good music, spectacular exhibits, and daily lectures will not be overlooked, for it is the intention that the exposition shall attract people of every taste.

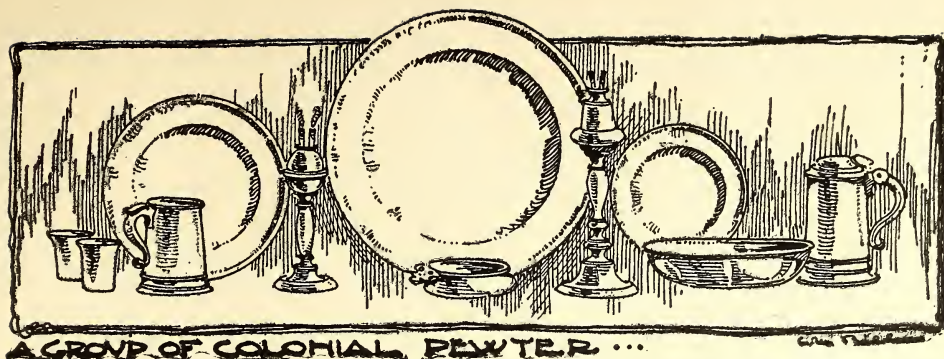
The manager is Mr. Chester I. Campbell, well known as manager of all the large New England expositions and who had charge of the exhibition two years ago. He is an active member of the Chamber, and is much interested in the purposes for which the exposition is to be held.

The manufacturer and business man

is asked to keep in mind the fact that the main purpose of the exposition is a gigantic advertisement of the resources, development, and opportunities of New England, and in order to make it a success and to have a complete showing of New England's diversified industries his co-operation is needed.



THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINER "CLEVELAND" ENTERING BOSTON HARBOR



GRANDMOTHER'S COOK BOOK

By the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE Cooking Club

AS stated before, these rules have all been tried with success by New England housewives.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

Mix together two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one-half cup of milk and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Add to this mixture the yolk of three eggs, well beaten, then add one-half a pound of grated cheese. Mix all well, then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and fold them into the mixture. Bake in a well buttered serving dish set in a pan of hot water. Serve at once.

PEACH CAKE

Sift together four even teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt and two cups of sifted flour. Into this work about four tablespoonfuls of shortening. Add sufficient milk to make a soft dough and spread in a well buttered pan. Pare six firm peaches and cut into halves and push these into the top of the dough so that the hollow of each half is uppermost. Sprinkle the top with sultana raisins, and considerable sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes. May be served with butter or with sugar and cream, or with the following sauce.

PEACH SAUCE

Beat one-half cup of butter to a cream and add gradually one cup of sugar and beat thoroughly. Beat the white of an egg very light and whip into the mixture. Then add one-half a cup of peach pulp mixed with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and beat the whole. This is an excellent sauce for use on other desserts where peach flavoring may be desirable.

GINGERBREAD

Mix one-half cup of molasses one-half cup of sour milk. Add one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Mix this well and add one cup of flour. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

FRENCH DRESSING

This is by far a tastier dressing for fruit salad than mayonnaise, especially if the salad contains nuts. Six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of sherry wine. Beat together and add one-half a teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of paprika. Beat all well. This will be sufficient dressing for about three cups of salad material.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM

Melt one cup of sugar in half a cup of boiling water. Cover it and let it boil about two minutes. Then uncover and let boil until the syrup will thread when dropped from the spoon. Let cool and beat to a cream. Set over a dish of hot water, add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and three ounces of chocolate melted. Beat all until smooth and thin.

RAISIN PIE

Seed one cup of raisins. Stir into one cup of boiling water and let cook until the raisins are tender. Mix two level tablespoonfuls of flour with half a cup of sugar and stir into the raisins until the mixture thickens. Beat well two eggs and add one-half a cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and the juice of one-half a lemon and add this to the raisin mixture. The whole must be allowed to cool before pouring into the crust or it will toughen the crust. Bake with two crusts.

A GOOD CAKE FROSTING

Two cups of confectioners' sugar,

one teaspoonful of lemon or orange juice and enough boiling water to make thick enough to spread. The mixture must be well beaten. A little of the grated peel if orange be used, may be added. Also, a chocolate frosting may be made from this rule, by adding melted chocolate and vanilla instead of orange or lemon juice. This is a delicious frosting and will not harden too much. Cream may be used in place of the boiling water.

APPLE CAKE

One and one-half cups of flour, two-thirds cup milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two teaspoonfuls sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls butter. Prepare as for biscuit dough. Do not roll but place the very soft dough in a buttered pan. Into the top of it press slices of apple as thickly as possible. Then sprinkle the top with about three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-third of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Serve with cream and sugar or with a caramel sauce.





